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## THE WICKED WOMEN OF NIGHT CALLS

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# PLAYBILL

THIS VALENTINE'S DAY, a Dutch treat: cover model **Daphne Deckers,** the latest Bond girl to pack heat in a steely PLAYBOY pictorial. **Bart Van Leeuwen** photographed the beauty who, thanks to a TV gig in Holland, is more famous than Queen Beatrix. With a role in the 18th Bond flick, *Tomorrow Never Dies*, the pouty blonde promises to be hotter than tulips. When it comes to Bond, nobody does it better than **Lee Pfeiffer,** co-author of *The Incredible World of 007*. Here, in *Bond's Little Black Book*, Pfeiffer delivers a white paper on our favorite facts (Dom Pérignon must be chilled below 38 degrees Fahrenheit), figures (Pussy Galore and Plenty O'Toole) and Q tips (Bond had a submarine in the shape of an alligator). Then it's from Germany with love. *Tomorrow*'s psychotic enforcer, **Götz Otto,** weaves his way through *Out of Bondage*—a sexy, spy-crazy fashion spread. It will help you look dangerous in tuxedos or trousers.

New cinematic sensation **Paul Thomas Anderson** has an oversize hit on his hands with *Boogie Nights*, his ode to the golden age of adult films. It's a pants'-eye view of the impressive rise, rise, rise and fall of endowed porn star Dirk Diggler (Mark Wahlberg). Contributing Editor **David Rensin** met with Anderson for *20 Questions* in which the director sends a Valentine's Day kiss to porn star Veronica Hart but is less kind when it comes to his mother. He also says Warren Beatty wanted Wahlberg's part. (And maybe one day he'll get it—it's actually a 13-inch prosthesis.) Speaking of funny bones, **Conan O'Brien** has been tickling ours since he took over David Letterman's old *Late Night* slot. Now that the rest of the world has caught on to his humor and his ratings are soaring, we asked him to sit for a hilarious *Playboy Interview* with Contributing Editor **Kevin Cook.** You can tell Conan's from Harvard—he's as funny in print as he is in person.

In the Fifties a comedian like O'Brien would have been clapped into jail. It was a time of extreme conformity and repression. On TV no one had sex; in real life the country coped with Red Menace hysteria, Senate witch-hunts and government studies on "sexual deviants." Thankfully, there was a man named Hefner who, in his new magazine, celebrated sex and a lot of other manly urges. The tale is in **James R. Petersen's** *Something Cool*—the sixth installment of *Playboy's History of the Sexual Revolution* (illustrated by **Tim O'Brien**). Forty-plus years later, it's OK for a woman to accept a man's advances—and to initiate a few moves of her own. The tough part is trying to figure out when she'll do what we're praying for. We asked **Alison Lundgren** and **Tracey Pepper** to poll the distaff side for the article *Why Women Say Yes* (**Guy Billout** did the artwork). As their results make plain, if you aren't a musician or a bartender, you'd better enter the sensitivity sweepstakes. Then join the millions of fans of Playboy TV's *Night Calls* and pick up some sex tips from **Doria** and **Juli Ashton.** (It airs on the first and third Wednesday of the month at 11 P.M. Eastern time.) During the day, you can turn to *Couch Tomatoes*, our pictorial of the cable-ready ladies.

**Jimmy Buffett** is a franchise player. As Contributing Editor **David Standish** relates in *The CEO of Margaritaville*, Buffett has a fan base of Parrotheads who fill his Margaritaville bars and buy his best-selling books. His music has become a lifestyle. Read the piece and learn how to sign on. For another escape try the short story *Down in the Bahamas* by **Paul Brodeur.** Join his protagonist, Faustman, for tan women, white beaches and a lot of bonefishing. (**Gary Kelley** did the illustration.) Then zoom into the sunset with Playmate **Julia Schultz** in a pictorial by Contributing Photographer **Arny Freytag.** Miss February's dad was a Hell's Angel. *Vroom!*

VAN LEEUWEN

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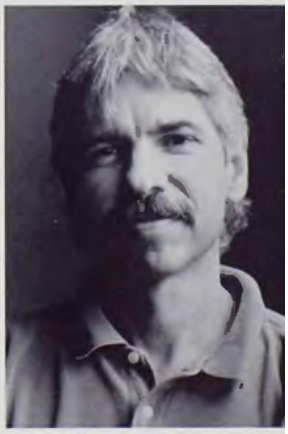
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# PLAYBOY

vol. 45, no. 2—february 1998


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**COVER STORY**

Dutch supermodel-actress-author Daphne Deckers is quite busy these days. "The face" of Veronica TV (a wild Dutch television station) and author of two books, Daphne plays a sexy PR agent in the Bond film *Tomorrow Never Dies*. Bort van Leeuwen shot the cover, Bastiaan Van Schaik styled it and Allard Honigh styled Daphne's hair and makeup. Miss Deckers' outfit and vinyl boots are by Karl Lagerfeld. This month, our Rabbit has taken up shadowboxing. Pow!

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### SIZZLIN' SUZEN

I've always enjoyed PLAYBOY's intelligent articles, the fabulous ladies and, most of all, the class that your magazine brings to men's entertainment. Having said that, I feel that featuring an obvious tabloid pawn on your November cover is uncharacteristic of PLAYBOY. Suzen Johnson is a beautiful woman, but there are better ways to increase your readership and maintain a classy image.

Bryan Reiley
Knoxville, Tennessee

What do you have scheduled for the next cover? Marv Albert's victim pointing to the tooth marks?

Curtis Allen Bany
Los Angeles, California

While it's true that Frank and Kathie Lee Gifford live a public life, aren't some things better left private? Spouses sometimes stray, but to feature the other woman on your cover is distasteful.

Patty Breeden
Baltimore, Maryland

Kudos to PLAYBOY for the magnificent Suzen Johnson pictorial. She's the sexiest, most voluptuous 47-year-old who has ever appeared on your magazine cover. It's no wonder Frank Gifford succumbed to her charms.

Paul Mehler
Alexandria, Virginia

PLAYBOY took Suzen Johnson off the tabloids and made her a real human being. The text was well written, and the photography was up to PLAYBOY's high standards. Thanks for proving that glamour is not confined to youth.

Gordon Reigle
Midland, Texas

I've always considered myself open-minded about sex and relationships. As a newlywed, I considered PLAYBOY to be the competition, but my husband showed me that your magazine was tasteful and informative. I even gave him a gift subscription for Christmas. But when you featured Suzen Johnson in November, it went against everything I thought you stood for. PLAYBOY has glorified a woman whose fame came from a liaison with a famous married man. I'm offended and surprised. I won't be renewing our subscription.

Jennifer Poe Umphress
Arlington, Texas

The November issue, with pictures of Suzen Johnson, is why I subscribe to PLAYBOY. It's the one magazine where all the hot topics are discussed.

Mike Cantrell
Tampa, Florida

### HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

I have lived through a great deal of what is described in the latest chapter of *Playboy's History of the Sexual Revolution, Part V, 1940-1949* (November). James R. Petersen has done a terrific job of putting it all together. I hope PLAYBOY plans to issue the entire series as a book. I would buy it to leave to my children and grandchildren so they might understand the changes that have taken place from my youth to the present. Every generation seems doomed to reinvent the wheel and to rediscover its sexuality.

Peter Roberts
Pasadena, California

*Peter, you're in luck. When the series is completed, there will be a book, published by Dutton.*

As teenagers of the Forties, my wife and I have enjoyed remembering and singing almost every song in your *Praise the Lord (and Pass the Ammunition)* sidebar to *Male Call*. While you came close to listing the best and worst World War Two songs (*Sentimental Journey* and *Remember Pearl Harbor*, respectively), you missed two of the best: *I'll Walk Alone* and *You're a Sap, Mr. Jap*, which was given a lot of

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radio play in December 1941 because it was one of the first post–Pearl Harbor ditties. It's easy to see why *I'll Walk Alone* won our hearts.

Karl Sterne
Alameda, California

I just finished reading Petersen's great article. At the bottom of page 88 is a reprint of a War Department poster of Rosie the Riveter, one of two versions I've seen (the other shows her working on the wing of a Grumman). She was an aircraft worker during the war who, with the help of a co-worker, once riveted 3345 rivets in six hours on an Avenger bomber. She was portrayed in a 1944 musical of the same name by Jane Frazee. Rosina Bonavita—known as Rosie the Riveter—was a real person, and my cousin. Most of our family (many were first-generation Italian immigrants) are now deceased. My sister and I have been searching for years for copies of these two posters, but our efforts have been futile. I work for the government and have tried to get them from the archives of the Government Printing Office. But thus far, I've been unsuccessful.

Jimmi Bonavita
Chesapeake, Virginia

*Our visual of Rosie came from Ande Rooney's Porcelain Enameled Advertising Signs at P.O. Box 758HN, Port Ewen, New York 12466.*

### THE MONEY GAME

*Men* columnist Asa Baber is always entertaining and informative, and his column is one of the best features in PLAYBOY. But November's "Real Men Hedge Their Bets" is off the mark. Baber is not a financial expert. First, not all financial markets are zero-sum games. Then he confuses hedging with reducing exposure to risky assets such as stocks. Lastly, he alludes to market crashes as predictors of economies headed for a depression. Throughout this century, market crashes have been poor predictors of both depressions and recessions. The point of Baber's column—that investors should be aware of the risks they are taking and avoid complacency with the stock market's stellar performance over the past couple of years—is lost in inaccuracies and misstatements.

Brad Miller
Overland Park, Kansas

*Baber responds: Hedging (shorting stocks, for example) is actually a way to reduce exposure if you think the market might go down. I called this economy a predepression economy, but I never suggested a market crash would be a predictor of a depression. And while I'm not a financial expert, my point was that so-called experts sometimes get it wrong.*

### GOING TOO FAVRE?

Grow up, Brett Favre (*Playboy Interview*, November). You have a wife and daughter. Farts and dirty jokes? I felt like I was reading an interview with my nine-year-old son.

Jean Pieper
North Haven, Connecticut

Brett Favre may be one bad football player, but there's no way he's a Cajun. I say Cajuns come from the bayous of Louisiana, not small towns in Mississippi. *One Bad Redneck* would have been a more appropriate title.

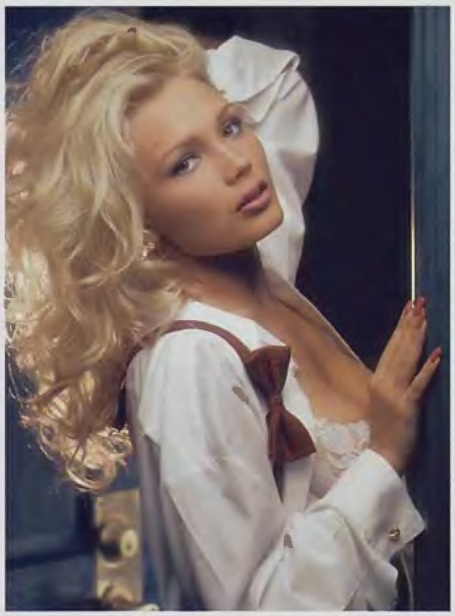
Jimmy Tidwell
Lafayette, Louisiana

I wish Brett Favre the best, but I hope he realizes that for someone with a substance abuse problem, all mind-altering substances are off-limits. Beer too.

Fred Laitinen
Green Bay, Wisconsin

### RUSSIAN PASTRY

A Playmate whose turn-ons include Pushkin? Wow! Inga Drozdova (*From Moscow With Love*, November) is one



more reason to salute the end of the Cold War.

John Harper
Cleveland, Ohio

What I like about Inga, aside from her obvious beauty, is that she's smart and competent and she speaks English.

Len Walter
New York, New York

### EXTREMELY TAME

Riding an outsized roller skate down the street is extreme (*Inside the Extreme Machine*, November)? If doing semi-artistic "look, Ma, no hands" stunts on the kind of bike I stopped riding when I was 12 qualifies as extreme, how would slackers describe being strapped into a fiberglass rolling coffin full of fuel and howling around Michigan International Speedway at 200-plus miles per hour? For a genuinely extreme sport, PLAYBOY should check out Denver's National Western Stock Show Rodeo.

Richard Lawler
Idaho Springs, Colorado

### ROBERT'S RULES OF ORDER

Though I've never seen an episode of *Arliss*, I agree with Robert Wuhl's (*20 Questions*, November) comments about what's wrong with television. I grew up with six sisters who tried to model their personalities on TV characters, and for 30 years, I've paid for it. So much for those wholesome shows from the early days of TV.

David Allen Kelly
Sartell, Minnesota

### GOT MILK?

You blew it regarding lactose intolerance (*Health & Fitness*, November). Only one Swede in 20 can't digest an entire quart of milk. But Dr. Michael Levitt's Minnesota population is not typical of the rest of the world. Except for northern Europeans and a few African goat herders, 70 to 95 percent of most populations begin to lose their ability to digest lactose at the age of weaning.

Don Matteson
Professor of Chemistry
Washington State University
Pullman, Washington

I've seen estimates that as much as half of the world population is allergic to dairy products. There are so many other sources of calcium that you never have to drink another glass of milk.

Jim Russell
Dallas, Texas

### BABY, IT'S COLD OUTSIDE

The only thing missing from Charles Plueddeman's wrap-up on winter (*Winter: Deal With It!*, November) is advice on where to go skiing. I would like PLAYBOY's take on the best powder and the best snow bunnies.

Mark Gates
Denver, Colorado

### MURDER WITH A SMILE

I've always been a fan of Lawrence Block's fiction, especially his thief and antiquarian book dealer Bernie Rhodenbarr. In *Keller on the Spot* (November), he brings us a hit man with a conscience.

Marianne Burns
Los Angeles, California

### BAKED ALASKA

The male students at the University of Alaska in Fairbanks are really big PLAYBOY fans. During the long, bleak winters here, we count on your hot pictorials to keep us warm.

Anthony Kanouse
Fairbanks, Alaska

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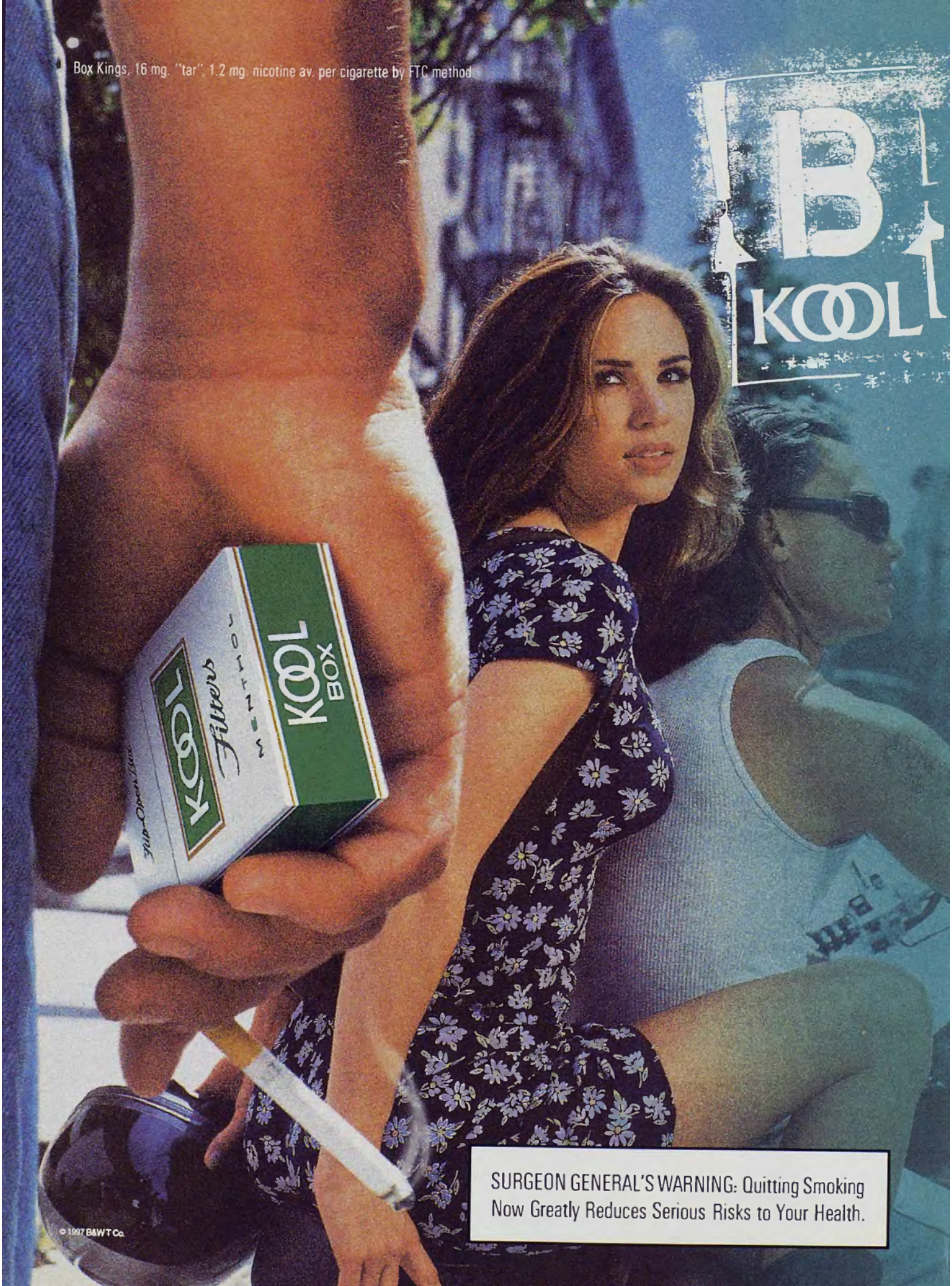
*Those who appreciate quality enjoy it responsibly.*

# Heaven on earth.


Box Kings, 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method
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SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.
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# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

### ANYBODY GOT A COMPASS?

The latest vaginal hot spot to be touted in the media is the anterior fornix erogenous zone. Discovered by Malaysian gynecologist Chua Chee Ann, the AFE zone is said to produce erotic sensations when rubbed the right way. In *Secrets of Better Sex*, therapist Joel Block offers these enticing suggestions: "Stimulate the AFE zone by sliding a finger up and down the area. Then move from the AFE to the G spot and back again. Stroke the AFE area in a clockwise, then counterclockwise, motion." The zone is supposedly on the front vaginal wall—south of the cervix, north of the G spot and somewhere east of Shangri-la.

### JOCK HITCH

We're not sure he has found his core audience, but John Tesh has a new CD coming out. *Victory: The Sports Collection* is a disc of his TV sports compositions, including *Roundball Rock*, which NBC plays for the NBA. If that's not tempting enough, there's more. Included in every CD is a collection of six—count 'em, six—trading cards on which Tesh is caricatured engaging in sports such as cycling, diving and basketball. The swish you heard was the sound of our CD hitting the wastebasket.

### SCIENTIFIC BOOBS

The Uplift and Separate Department: A recent study by Seattle's Fred Hutchinson Cancer Research Center revealed that women who have their breasts enlarged are more promiscuous, drink more alcohol and are more likely to dye their hair than the unenhanced babe. Next: a study that shows how ponytails on balding men lead to celibacy.

### GETTING THE BUG

University of Florida researcher Mark Hostetler went to extreme lengths to research his book on the collision of insects and automobiles, *That Gunk on Your Car*. According to the *Los Angeles Times*, he did what it took to gather the most evidence—including scraping the windshields of Greyhound buses and taking a 12,000-mile road trip. He even equipped his car's roof with a net to catch the bugs that bounced off his windshield. So what's the last thing that went through his mind as he wrote this book? We think everyone knows the answer. . . .

### INFECTIOUS CHARM

As part of the cause-awareness marketing wave, Carpediem International is producing boxer shorts and neckties imprinted with enlarged reproductions of major disease organisms, including cholera, measles, gonorrhea, chlamydia, AIDS and syphilis. Bear in mind these may become garments you have trouble getting rid of.

### SCUD DUDS

We all remember (if only vaguely) Arthur Kent, the CNN reporter who televised his dispatches from the Gulf war while Iraqi Scud missiles flew overhead. His war-distressed leather jacket has gone on display at the Freedom Forum's Newseum in Rosslyn, Virginia. It shares space with Paul Revere's glasses, Frederick Douglass' pocket watch and Ernie Pyle's typewriter. Cara Sutherland, the museum's curator, asked Kent for the jacket because it had such a visual impact during that news event. In *The Washington Post*, Freedom Forum chairman Charles Overby put it in perspective: "It's not a gown of Princess Diana's, but it's pretty good for journalism."

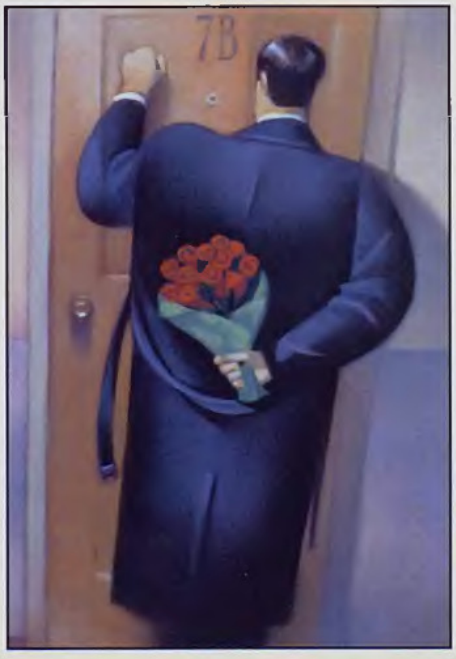



ILLUSTRATION BY GARY KELLEY

### URBAN POUR

*The New York Times* reported that several cities, including Houston and North Miami Beach, want to bottle and market their own drinking water. And why not? The deputy director of Houston's public-works department says, "The fact is, we sell a quality product at a ridiculously low price." Corpus Christi already sells tap water. Perfect for baptisms.

### BURNT OFFERINGS

*Cooking Rock*, a food zine for slackers, addresses the issue of food preparation for the crowd that eats take-out. While we enjoyed its black-and-white pin-up of a nude chick named Cookie, we were particularly taken with two of its food haiku. The *Meat Eater's Haiku*, by Brian Robinson, expresses a sentiment dear to our stomachs: "Didn't claw my way/To the top of the food chain/Just to eat veggies." *Another Helping Haiku*, by Jeff Meyers, arrives just in time for the holidays: "Bacon and cheesecake/I'll eat as much as I like/Coronary soon."

### HASTA LA VISA

If you think you might be kidnapped and held for ransom while traveling abroad on business, you should consider holding a fake passport. Because it is illegal to sell a fake passport from a real country, Scope International issues them from countries that have ceased to exist, such as British Honduras, Burma, Rhodesia and New Granada. The thought is that a kidnapper is less interested in a tourist from a small, politically unimportant country than he is in a business traveler from a large, politically active one. The passports cost about $400 and have embossed covers, entry

# RAW DATA

## SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

### QUOTE

"I'll get a chain and tie you to the front bumper of my pickup, and you try to pull it while I'm in reverse. Then you'll know."—GREG OSTERTAG OF THE UTAH JAZZ ON THE STRENGTH OF SHAQUILLE O'NEAL

### ER BY THE NUMBERS

Average loan debt of a medical student: $64,000. Average debt of a dental student: $68,000. Average debt of a law student: $40,000.

### HOT TYPE

Percentage increase in number of books published between 1991 and 1996: 83. During the same period, percentage increase in number of books of erotica: 324.

### GUN SHOW

According to a national study funded by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, percentage of Americans who support legal hunting: 81. Percentage of Americans who hunt: 6.

### THE THREE-CAR GARAGE

Number of American households in 1960 that had three or more cars: 1 million; in 1990: 16 million.

### HARDENING OF THE ARTERIES

Average amount of time per year drivers in America's 50 most congested cities and suburbs spend stuck in traffic: 33 hours (20 percent of their total commuting time).

### CHECKBOOKS AND BALANCES

According to *Wastewatcher*, published by Citizens Against Government Waste, percentage decrease between 1989 and 1995 of government employees with the rank of GS-1 (who earn $13,000 to $16,000 a year): 76. Percentage increase in GS-15s (those in the $76,000-to-$99,000 salary range): 19.

STEVE TURK

### FACT OF THE MONTH

The lock that was picked by the Watergate burglars in the 1972 break-in that doomed Nixon was recently auctioned off for $13,000—$2000 less than the price Yul Brynner's cowboy hat fetched at the same auction.

### JUMBO JOCK

Weight of Aaron Gibson, a tackle at the University of Wisconsin and the heaviest player in college football: 385 pounds.

### ARACHNOPHOBIA

The number of spider bites that were reported to poison-control centers in the U.S. in 1994: 9418. The number of bites that were from tarantulas: 82.

### EXEC SET

Percentage of the FAA's national air traffic control system resources needed to track flights of corporate jets: 20. Percentage of air traffic control revenue that comes from business jets: 2.

### THIS IS WHERE WE GET OUR NEWS?

In a survey of 780 newspaper editors, publishers and advertising directors, percentage who felt their reporters were informed enough to cover education reform: 24. Percentage who said reporters understood complex changes in welfare: 10.

### CAMPAIGN DOLLARS: NO CHANGE

According to Paul Taylor, director of the Free TV for Straight Talk Coalition, number of votes taken in Congress on the issue of campaign finance reform during the past decade: 113. Number of speeches delivered on the subject: 3361. Pages of congressional testimony: 6742.

### DISINGENUOUS GENDER

According to a Lutheran Brotherhood survey, percentage of respondents who feel men are more ethical than women: 10. Percentage who feel women are more ethical: 51.

—BETTY SCHAAL

and exit stamps and a security hologram. Scope also provides corroborating documents, such as a federal insurance card and club memberships. The company says that government officials use its passports and that petroleum engineers used them to get out of Kuwait during the Gulf war. Of course, the success of these passports is predicated on the sad state of geopolitical knowledge in certain parts of the world. And that may be a good thing, even if we may not be able to locate where.

### NEW WORD ORDER

Say you have a sexual relationship that isn't out in the open. Or maybe you have a relationship that you're hoping will become sexual but hasn't yet. In these cases, you have an umfriend, as in "This is Cindy, my . . . um . . . friend." Other new terms for modern conditions include beepilepsy—the back-twisting, eye-squinting maneuver you make when your beeper goes off. The Brits came up with something called clubber's burn—for the poxlike spots you get in a nightclub from careless dancers waving cigarettes. And warn your girlfriend about PVC bottom. It's when she wears a rubber miniskirt without panties and gets a rash—and when you get out the baby oil.

### DO THE MATH, TOVARICH

Even in Russia's newly expanding and stabilizing economy, there is still a place for a bribe. To wit, this report: A wine importer who was trying to bring in a shipment of Bordeaux was told by a customs official to pony up $10,000 or forget it. The importer pointed out that ten grand was awfully steep, considering that for $2000 he could simply have the official killed. The wine sailed through.

### IGNORANCE IS MARITAL BLISS

A study by the University of Canterbury in New Zealand asked 74 married couples to imagine what their mates were thinking in various situations. The researchers found that the longer the husbands and wives had been together, the less each understood what the other was thinking. The results help explain why long-term marriages endure.

### SCENTS AND SENSIBILITIES

Beautiful women smell better than other women. Scientists at the Institute of Urban Ethology in Vienna asked one group of men to rate a sample of women according to physical beauty, while another group was asked to rate the smell of each woman's T-shirt (worn several nights in a row). The most attractive women had the best-smelling shirts, but the opposite was found among men who were rated by looks and smell. The better a man looked, the worse he smelled. Guess that's why he's called Brad Pitt.

# MOVIES

## By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

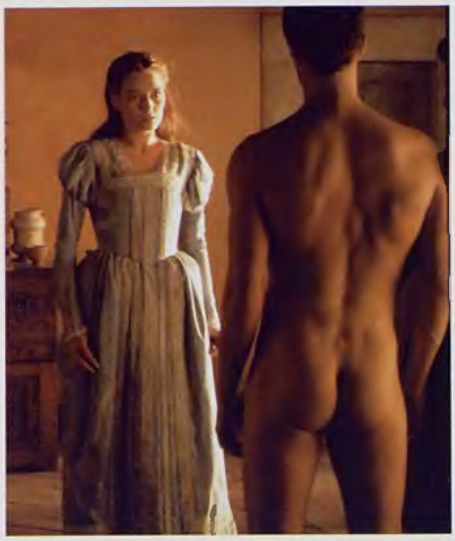
WOODY ALLEN'S ***Deconstructing Harry*** (Fine Line), his most personal film to date, is patently drawn from his own experience as a first-rate comic artist with a screwed-up private life. It is ostensibly the bio of a successful novelist named Harry Block (Woody's role) who wrings best-sellers from his marriages, frequent affairs and flings with prostitutes but concedes he can't function in real life. In Allen's inventive mélange of fact and fancy, Block imagines actors playing scenes from his books, then contrasts those moments with a real world that often spins out of control. As a film, *Harry* alternates between self-absorption and outright hilarity—particularly in achingly funny scenes with Judy Davis and Kirstie Alley as two of the angry ex-wives he has offended in print and in private. Enlisting the usual cast of names—all of whom seem eager to play any part for Allen—he has Robin Williams in a juicy role as a man who is out of focus, plus Julia Louis-Dreyfus, Demi Moore, Eric Bogosian, Billy Crystal, Elisabeth Shue and Richard Benjamin as various characters, real or imagined. At times it's edited in a disconcertingly jumpy style and is also suspiciously misogynistic. But any movie by Allen nowadays turns out to be a cornucopia of egocentric analyses and unbuckled laughter. ¥¥¥½

•

The main reason to see ***Afterglow*** (Sony Classics) is the captivating performance by Julie Christie, who dominates this otherwise frail romantic comedy from writer-director Alan Rudolph (produced by Robert Altman). Christie plays a one-time B-movie actress who spends most nights watching her old films on television and waiting for her errant husband (Nick Nolte) to come home. He's a building contractor named Lucky, actually a sort of repairman who lucks out with most of his female clients—particularly Lara Flynn Boyle, who plays a bored housewife with a career-obsessed husband (Jonny Lee Miller). By coincidence, Julie and Jonny Lee strike up an acquaintance while tracking their mates to a hotel bar. The foursome's transgressions run a predictable course, but Christie's dazzling stint as a wry has-been makes it all worthwhile. ¥¥½

•

Rock singer Jon Bon Jovi bids for movie-star status in ***The Leading Man*** (BMG Independents). Under director John Duigan (whose credits include *Sirens* and *Wide Sargasso Sea*), Bon Jovi convincingly portrays a cool superstud from Hollywood who makes his London stage debut in a new production by England's most prolific playwright (Lambert Wilson). Since the playwright is married and enjoying a torrid affair with the show's promising ingenue (Thandie Newton), the actor agrees to some sexual moonlighting—he'll seduce the author's angry, lovely, neglected wife (Anna Galiena) to take her mind off her husband's infidelity. Turns out the husband gets jealous when his wife enjoys getting laid by the boy toy. *Leading Man*'s best of show are the women—Newton as the impatient, wounded starlet in the wings, and Galiena as a wife so warm and sexy that no guy in his right mind would opt for a substitute. ¥¥¥



McCormack: Beauty in training.

Fictional folk get real, performers play false and politicians risk scandal.

•

A slice of life in 16th century Venice is played with gusto by Catherine McCormack, Rufus Sewell and Jacqueline Bisset in ***Dangerous Beauty*** (Warner Bros.). McCormack, the beauty who was Mel Gibson's woman in *Braveheart*, gives a strong, spirited performance as Veronica Franco, a lady so famous in her time for using sex as a weapon that she had the most powerful Venetian males competing for her favors. Well-born but not rich enough to marry the nobleman she loves (Sewell as the dashing Marco), she is instructed by her mother (Bisset), once a courtesan herself, in the ways of the world. Veronica blossoms as the city's most coveted whore and even retains her hold on Marco after he finds a suitable wife. She also winds up charged with witchcraft in the Inquisition, at which point *Dangerous Beauty* pauses for pure melodrama prior to a happy ending. All in all, producer-director Marshall Herskovitz delivers an intriguing vintage romance about a woman empowered by her gender. ¥¥¥

•

A compelling clash of cultures in the wild Australian hinterlands fuels ***Dead Heart*** (Fox Lorber). Bryan Brown, co-producer and star, is a forceful presence in a tight spot as Ray Lorkin, the beleaguered, hard-drinking lawman who struggles to maintain order in a remote outpost called Wala Wala. Ray's troubles pile up when a native prisoner is mysteriously hanged in his cell. Aboriginal justice demands revenge, and all hell breaks loose thereafter. The local pastor (Ernie Dingo) knows secrets he won't tell. Another native named Tony (Aaron Pedersen) is a handsome devil who illegally smuggles liquor to his fellow tribesmen and has nude romps in a sacred place with the bored wife (Angie Milliken) of the community's Australian teacher. When Tony shows up dead in what seems to be tribal retribution, *Dead Heart* becomes a cauldron of sex, murder and black-white enmity. Don't let the sometimes impenetrable accents deter you. A prize-winning play before it was brought to the screen, *Dead Heart* is a thoughtful, exotic sizzler. ¥¥¥½

•

Satire, according to the playwright George S. Kaufman, is what closes on Saturday night. That may be a problem for ***Wag the Dog*** (New Line), director Barry Levinson's timely political spoof about a U.S. president facing sex charges amid the public perception that he likes to fool around. In this pointed essay on the fickle misuses of power, written by David Mamet and Hilary Henkin, the president is pretty much an offscreen character, away on a foreign mission. His handlers scheme to keep him away until the scandal can be defused. With an illustrious cast headed by Robert De Niro as the emergency spin doctor and Dustin Hoffman as a Hollywood movie producer and one of the president's pals, the backstage conniving takes on a topical glow. Anne Heche plays a presidential aide, with Woody Harrelson, Willie Nelson, Kirsten Dunst and Denis Leary keeping everything lively. Finally, the damage-control group is inspired to invent a minor war and a top-secret airplane to protect the Oval Office. These guys will stop at nothing, including murder, to keep the chief executive out of hot water. While *Wag the Dog* inevitably

Nucci: Wet and working.

## OFF CAMERA

The career of **Danny Nucci,** 29, has gone swimmingly since his stint as a submarine officer in *Crimson Tide*, which in turn won him a role as a Navy Seal in *The Rock*. He's at sea again as a romantic immigrant in the new, epic *Titanic*. "It was a long, tough shoot, and I was wet a lot," Nucci recalls. "But I play Leonardo DiCaprio's buddy, and he's a master mimic. He had me on the floor laughing." Last year Nucci scored as a scene-stealing Lothario wooing Bette Midler's daughter in *That Old Feeling*. Speaking to us on the phone "from a bed and breakfast in the middle of fucking nowhere," he was actually somewhere in New Mexico filming a comic Western called *The Outfitters*. Among other forthcoming credits are *The Unknown Cyclist*, about four friends on a grueling bicycle ride for an AIDS charity. He also has the lead in *Sugar*, "playing a sexually addicted man whose family and girlfriend have him sent to a rehab clinic. I frequent brothels, have a masturbation room and spend thousands on phone sex."

Nucci refers to himself as a quiet type, "a boring Hollywoodite who likes to sit home in front of the TV with my wife and kid and watch the Dallas Cowboys win." Born in Austria (his parents were Italian, French, Spanish and Moroccan), he grew up in Queens and the San Fernando valley and wanted to be a pro athlete. "I liked football, but I was too small and not very good." At 14, he was doing volunteer work at a telethon when the man who is still his manager handed him a business card, in case he wanted to give acting a try. Nucci is confident he made the right decision. "On *Falcon Crest*, for a year all I did was go up and down the stairs saying, 'Hi, Dad.' Now my goal is to be the kind of actor people want to see—I mean, they'll go to a film because I'm in it."

holds your interest, the movie wobbles somewhere between dark inside jokes and calculated overstatement. ¥¥¥

•

Brazilian director Bruno Barreto's cogent and provocative ***Four Days in September*** (Miramax) re-creates a brief, blood-curdling episode in 1969 when some would-be terrorists decided to shake up the military regime by kidnapping the American ambassador to Brazil. As the victim, Ambassador Charles Burke Elbrick (Alan Arkin) brings a resigned philosophical dignity to his role as a hostage who knows he may take a bullet in the head at any moment. Point man among the rebel group is a journalist named Fernando (Pedro Cardoso) who considers himself an idealist and shudders at the thought that he may be chosen to exterminate Elbrick. The strength of Leopoldo Serran's screenplay is its balanced view of all sides: the amateurish kidnappers, the cruel military powers they oppose, the ambassador himself and the Secret Service agents closing in on the villa where the gang is holed up. Filmed in Rio with the sting of documentary truth, *Four Days* is a taut story about a band of naive revolutionaries who betray their ideals. ¥¥¥

•

Robert Duvall's electric performance in ***The Apostle*** (October Films) cannot be denied. Duvall wrote, directed and co-produced this labor of love, casting himself as a renegade philandering preacher from Texas who flees to Louisiana after he kills his estranged wife's boyfriend in a fit of jealousy. Once away, he starts a fire-and-brimstone church, mostly for rural blacks, then waits for the law to catch up with him while he stomps and shouts to praise the Lord. Duvall frequently acts up a storm and is obviously unwilling to trim any excess footage. Despite a nice uncharacteristic stint by Farrah Fawcett as the harried wife and a cameo by Billy Bob Thornton as a convert, *Apostle* is atmospheric but overworked—an ego trip that lasts too long. ¥¥

•

Director Barbet Schroeder's ***Desperate Measures*** (TriStar) is a standard but solid suspense thriller in which Michael Keaton is cast against type as a criminal psychopath whose bone marrow is compatible with that of a dying boy. The boy's father (Andy Garcia) is a San Francisco cop who must keep the homicidal madman alive, even after he escapes from the hospital as the life-saving operation is about to begin. Such stuff makes for a far-fetched action drama. With Marcia Gay Harden up-to-speed in this fast company as the sick boy's intrepid doctor, Schroeder's film makes a big-city hospital look like a firing range. ¥¥½

## MOVIE SCORE CARD

*capsule close-ups of current films*
*by bruce williamson*

***Afterglow*** (See review) OK, but most of the glimmer is from the luminous Julie Christie. ¥¥½

***The Apostle*** (See review) Duvall has the spirit but needs a tougher editor. ¥¥

***Boogie Nights*** (11/97) The Los Angeles scene back when porno was chic. ¥¥¥¥

***Dangerous Beauty*** (See review) Whores d'oeuvres in Venice several centuries ago. ¥¥¥

***Dead Heart*** (See review) Cultures mingle and clash on a sunbaked Australian outpost. ¥¥¥½

***Deceiver*** (1/98) A lie detector tests the mettle of two cops and a suspect. ¥¥¥

***Deconstructing Harry*** (See review) Woody as a writer haunted by his best-sellers and angry women. ¥¥¥½

***Desperate Measures*** (See review) Michael Keaton looking good as the bad guy. ¥¥½

***Four Days in September*** (See review) The U.S. ambassador to Brazil held hostage. ¥¥¥

***Good Will Hunting*** (1/98) A streetwise Boston tough is also a genius. ¥¥¥¥

***Hugo Pool*** (12/97) Not quite in the swim with Downeys Jr. and Sr. ¥¥½

***The Leading Man*** (See review) Yikes! That's Bon Jovi center stage as the womanizer. ¥¥¥

***Live Flesh*** (1/98) Cops' wives seduced by the ex-con the wives sent to jail in a fanciful Spanish love story by Almodóvar. ¥¥¥½

***Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil*** (Listed only) Eastwood directs this deft take on the book about murder and mores in Savannah. ¥¥¥½

***Oscar and Lucinda*** (1/98) A church made of glass symbolizes their fine romance. ¥¥½

***The Sweet Hereafter*** (1/98) Local tragedies in the wake of a school-bus accident. ¥¥¥

***Swept From the Sea*** (12/97) A helping of love and loss ashore for a shipwrecked sailor. ¥¥¥

***Titantic*** (Listed only) Romance at sea with Winslet and DiCaprio in a lengthy cinematic spectacular. ¥¥¥

***Wag the Dog*** (See review) An oversexed U.S. president in serious need of damage control. ¥¥¥

***Welcome to Sarajevo*** (12/97) Wartime chaos in the ruins of the onetime Olympic paradise. ¥¥¥½

***The Wings of the Dove*** (12/97) Vintage Jamesian tale done to a turn. ¥¥¥

***The Winter Guest*** (1/98) Emma Thompson and her actress mother heat up the dialogue on a witheringly cold day in Scotland. ¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

# VIDEO

## GUEST SHOT

"I like porno and I'm not ashamed to say it." So confesses **Drew Carey,** whose hit ABC sitcom remains a family-hour hit. When naming his favorite not-quite-ready-for-prime-time picks, Carey sounds more like an oenophile discussing vintages. "I like the gonzo genre—or what I call porno verité—in which the actors acknowledge the camera while they're having sex. Also the films of John Leslie, like *The Voyeur2*, which are carefully edited and always interesting." Carey also appreciates high-end smut, such as the arty porn of Michael Ninn (*Sex, Parts I* and *II*). "They're stylized and saturated in colors," he says, "with virtually no dialogue. Not good masturbation films, but beautiful to look at." Spoken like a pro. —DONNA COE

### VIDBITS

If *Titanic* and the *Jurassic Parks* have you itching to learn more about the behemoths of land and sea, A&E is your best bet. ***Dinosaur*** (four volumes, $59.95) tracks Barney's ancestors from the 1824 discovery of a giant fossilized tooth to today's Spielberg-inspired rediscoveries. Walter Cronkite hosts. ***Titanic*** (four volumes, $59.95) logs in a meticulous, moment-by-moment replay of the century's most notorious sea disaster. To order, call 800-625-9000. . . . Eat your heart out, Nick at Nite. From New Video comes ***The Very Best of the Bob Newhart Show*** (six tapes, $79.95) and ***The Very Best of the Mary Tyler Moore Show*** (seven tapes, $99.95). Bob's set features 12 episodes, including the tear-jerking finale, and Mary's boasts 14 shows, among them "Chuckles Bites the Dust," which was recently named by *TV Guide* as the greatest sitcom episode of all time. Call 800-314-8822.

### COMEBACK KIDS

When you go from the top of the Hollywood heap to the bottom, it's a long haul back up. Only a few have made that triumphant star trek:

**John Travolta:** The comeback poster boy. Reduced to TV flicks and the occasional *Look Who's Talking*, Travolta rose from the ashes with his Oscar-nominated hit man in *Pulp Fiction* (1994).

**Tom Hanks:** After *Big* (1988) he went small (*The 'burbs, Joe Versus the Volcano, The Bonfire of the Vanities*). But then he went two for two—an Oscar for each—with *Philadelphia* (1993) and *Forrest Gump* (1994).

**Eddie Murphy:** From 1989 to 1995 he tanked with dud after dud after dud (*Harlem Nights, Another 48 Hrs., Vampire in Brooklyn*). Only a bull's-eye such as *The Nutty Professor* (1996) could bring him back. It did.

**Marlon Brando:** Overweight and overbearing, he couldn't live down his gig as Vito Corleone in *The Godfather* (1972). So he lived it up, spoofing the Don in the mob satire *The Freshman* (1990).

**Julia Roberts:** Her post–*Pretty Woman* bomb run (*Hook, Prêt-à-Porter, Mary Reilly*) was ended by last summer's double whammy, *My Best Friend's Wedding* and *Conspiracy Theory*. Welcome back.

**Peter Fonda:** He was limited to goofy, drug-addled cameos—surfer dude in *Escape From L.A.* (1996), stoned grandpa in *Love and a .45* (1994)—but 1997's *Ulee's Gold* proved that the uneasy rider inherited the family chops after all.

**Jon Voight:** An Oscar for *Coming Home* (1978) and then . . . not much. But ever since playing Tom Cruise's duplicitous boss in *Mission: Impossible* (1996), Voight and his silver ponytail are everywhere.

**Jack Palance:** Back-to-back Academy Award nominations—*Sudden Fear* (1952) and *Shane* (1953)—led to B movies and woeful Westerns. Then Old Jack played the crusty Curly in Billy Crystal's *City Slickers* (1991). At 72, he finally lassoed his Oscar. —BUZZ MCCLAIN

## VIDEO CLAY FEET

Nick Park's *Wallace and Gromit* are fast gaining on the *Ab Fab* girls as England's favorite video duo. Now Fox has leashed together a video gift set ($25) of the Claymation man-and-dog act that features three of their top romps—***A Grand Day Out, A Close Shave*** and ***The Wrong Trousers.*** Watch them alone and show them to your kids—then try to figure out who enjoyed them more.

### LASER FARE

Perfect for Valentine's Day: Image has bundled together four musicals (*The Love Parade, Monte Carlo, One Hour With You* and *The Smiling Lieutenant*) and two comedies (*Trouble in Paradise* and *Design for Living*) directed by Ernst Lubitsch, who helped define the sophisticated, stylish romantic comedies of the late Twenties and early Thirties. Featuring trademark performances by, among others, Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier, ***The Lubitsch Touch*** (five platters, $190) shows off the director's mastery over pre–Production Code sexuality with the generous use of suggestive symbolism and provocative imagery. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

## VIDEO MOOD METER

| MOOD | MOVIE |
|---|---|
| BLOCKBUSTER | ***Air Force One*** (Russki nutjob Gory Oldmon hijacks prez Horrison Ford—who kicks ass chief-exec style), ***Contact*** (space calls, Jodie Foster answers yes to interstellar invite; muddled but engaging spin on Sagan's swan song). |
| COMEDY | ***Nothing to Lose*** (cuckold Tim Robbins tokes carjacker Martin Lawrence on joyride; lots of loughs, then gas runs out), ***George of the Jungle*** (ape-man Brendon Froser rescues sofori bobe from lion and dorky fiancé; harmless). |
| ROMANCE | ***Picture Perfect*** (ad exec Jennifer Aniston stumbles into loopy love triangle; friendly fun for movie dates), ***In the Company of Men*** (two white-collar cads target a deof womon for sport-boffing; riveting, unflinching trip to the dark side). |
| SLEEPER | ***Brassed Off*** (Yorkshire cool-town denizens find hope in locol horn blowers; uplifting *Commitments*-meets-Sousa offair), ***187*** (shell-shocked schoolteocher Samuel L. Jockson vs. psychotic gongbangers; coll it *To Sir With Uzis*). |
| IMPORT | ***Shall We Dance?*** (Joponese number cruncher finds joyful releose in doncing; light, chorming gavotte), ***When the Cat's Away*** (waifish Gorance Clovel searches neighborhood for lost kitty in breezy tour of Parision eccentricity). |

# MUSIC

## ROCK

TO UNDERSTAND the greatness of Bob Dylan's ***Time Out of Mind*** (Columbia), you should know his early albums. It's been said that this is the first album by an over-50 rocker that dwells on death. But Dylan was obsessed with death on his first album, released 36 years ago. The difference is that he now takes death more personally, as do his core listeners. Similarly, it's plausible to admire the new songs (especially the beautiful *Make You Feel My Love* and the harrowing *Love Sick*) for their emotional clarity. But Dylan's first three albums had plenty such songs. In tone and structure, *Time Out of Mind* draws heavily on the folk and blues ballads Dylan learned in his youth. This music reflects, for perhaps the first time in his career, a tremendous continuity. Bob Dylan's best records are the antitheses of record production. They sustain our interest because they're made crudely yet their spirit is overwhelming. *Time Out of Mind* is the first time in 20 years that Dylan has sustained that feeling for an entire album.

Mike Watt's ***Contemplating the Engine Room*** (Columbia) presents a rock opera in the tradition of *Tommy* and *The Wall* (including World War Two plot elements and psychedelic guitars). Even when not slashing away like vintage Minutemen (as it does on *The Bluejackets' Manual*), this is powerful and emotionally connected music about fathers, sons, friends and neighbors. —DAVE MARSH

In the two decades since Joan Jett started her career as a teenager playing guitar for the Runaways, she has played rock and roll with a vision rivaled in its single-mindedness only by AC/DC. She does one thing perfectly, and she's never seen any reason to try anything else. That one thing is making music with two guitars, bass, drums and big-time attitude. No experiments, no obscure messages, no syrup in her sentiment, no issues beyond the personal. What she and her backup band, the Blackhearts, do have on ***Fit to Be Tied*** (Mercury), a greatest hits collection, are 15 terrific singles varying in length from 1:01 to 4:20. Joan's concerns range from loud declarations of her own badass existence (*Cherry Bomb*, *Bad Reputation*) to bitter criticism of you for your badass existence (*I Hate Myself for Loving You*, *Fake Friends*). Beyond that, she really loves rock and roll. And she really wants you to touch her there—that's a command, not a request, on *Do You Wanna Touch Me? (Oh Yeah!)*. Oh yeah!

After an unusual amount of turmoil, the Verve returns with ***Urban Hymns*** (Virgin), an album that falls somewhere between Crowded House and Live. Sensitive, hypnotic, frosted with electronic weirdness, the hymns manage to inspire and lull simultaneously. And they have enough drive to satisfy the noodle dancers at your next rave. —CHARLES M. YOUNG

Dylan *Time*.

Bob is back. So are Jackson, Janet and Joan Jett.

Maybe if I knew more about the techno flavors of the month, I wouldn't think Spring Heel Jack was so special. But I know enough to recognize a good band. Ashley Wales is the raving electro wiz who attends every UK new-music premiere. John Coxon is the pop pro who makes sure things don't get too forbidding. There are no vocalists in Spring Heel Jack, and despite a fondness for string sounds, there isn't much fluff. What you hear are rock synth noises over superfast drumbeats, augmented by rumbling subbasses and electronic carillon. They sure sound like compositions to me. I'm not betting the college fund, but I doubt you'll find much like it out there. The U.S. debut was *68 Million Shades*. ***Busy Curious Thirsty*** (Island) is less danceable, but just as good. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

If Bob Dylan reminded male pop musicians to use their intellects, Jackson Browne showed them they could explore their emotions and not seem like wimps. ***The Next Voice You Hear: The Best of Jackson Browne*** (Elektra) is light-years ahead of what passes as confessional songwriting today. Browne took on spiritual blindness in *Doctor My Eyes* and drew intimate portraits in *Fountain of Sorrow*. His music always mirrors his emotional revelations, and he can write a political song with heart.

For two decades, Midnight Oil has been Australia's answer to the Clash and U2. Like the Clash, Oil's stance on native rights, the environment and the abuse of power ranges from heartfelt to strident. And like U2, Midnight Oil seems desperate to make every song an anthem. ***20,000 Watt RSL*** (Columbia) is an 18-track retrospective that shows the band at its best. —VIC GARBARINI

Janet Jackson's ***The Velvet Rope*** (Virgin) is the work of a pop star trying to stay hip. Despite her calculation, she succeeds. Like all pop divas, Jackson is challenged to project a larger-than-life persona while staying on top of trends. Aided by the versatile Jimmy Jam and Terry Lewis, *Velvet Rope* has a slick veneer that uses hip-hop sampling, retro dance beats, trip-hop ambience and a touch of Alanis Morissette. As interludes between the songs, monologs and skits pull the listener out of the music. The album standout is *What About*, which begins as a romantic walk on the beach and then becomes an angry, explicit rant. The only real clunker here is Jackson's version of Rod Stewart's *Tonight's the Night*. Her wispy voice simply doesn't do it justice. —NELSON GEORGE

## R&B

***La-La Means I Love You*** (Arista) by the Delfonics is a perfect anthology of sweet late-Sixties soul. It offers romance in a falsetto swoon while making 20 arguments in favor of the production genius of Thom Bell and the smooth singing prowess of William Hart. —DAVE MARSH

## WORLD

More than 700 years ago, Persian music found its way into the Indian royal courts, contributing to the development of vocal styles such as *qawwali* and instruments such as the sitar and tabla. That is why Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan's voice echoed both Middle Eastern and Indian sounds. The music of these Indo-European cousins comes together on ***Ghazal: Lost Songs of the Silk Road*** (Shanachie). An expert spike fiddle player joins with sitar and tabla masters to create mesmerizing improvisational music. —VIC GARBARINI

Bally Sagoo's ***Rising From the East*** (TriStar) is a product of the UK's fascinating melting pot. The DJ meshes his East Asian sensibility with hip-hop and jungle

to create a fresh, idiosyncratic approach to dance music. —NELSON GEORGE

### COUNTRY

"My mother's husband is a pretty good guy./They were lovers since before my daddy died," begins one ditty on Lonesome Bob's ***Things Fall Apart*** (Checkered Past, 3940 North Francisco, Chicago, IL 60618), which ends up being about compromise, not revenge. A New Jersey native buried hip-deep in the Nashville underground, Bob mines country music for its darkest truths. Also, he rocks. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Dean Miller is the son of songwriter Roger Miller. Dean, who arrived in Nashville in 1990, has written more than 300 original songs. The sincere, straightahead results are celebrated on his debut, ***Dean Miller*** (Capitol). *Nowhere, USA* features guest vocalist Raul Malo of the Mavericks. It's a jangly anthem that salutes the values of Roger Miller's hometown, Erick, Oklahoma. *Wake Up and Smell the Whiskey* is a more traditional fiddle-laced honky-tonker. But the stunner is *Dreams*, a tender ballad about love in the rearview mirror. Dean Miller does the King of the Road proud.

At 22, Mindy McCready sings with sass and seasoning. She cuts through adult themes, as on the title track of ***If I Don't Stay the Night*** (BNA), and she puts her gospel roots to use on *Cross Against the Moon*. But the album's biggest winner is the sexy *Oh Romeo*, replete with Phil Spector–style background singers.

—DAVE HOEKSTRA

### JAZZ

Though no longer a major jazz capital, Kansas City is still home to noteworthy singers. Karrin Allyson's ***Daydream*** (Concord) seems at first to be headed for the soft-focus indolence of the title track. Then she redeems things with a touch of Brazil, a medley of Thelonious Monk tunes and guest solos by Gary Burton. Still, *Daydream* lacks creative variety. Allyson's capable of more. —NEIL TESSER

### CLASSICAL

Grandiosity can have its place. Hector Berlioz is regarded as a grandiose (perhaps even excessive) composer. There are overblown moments in his oratorio ***L'Enfance du Christ*** (Harmonia Mundi), but Philippe Herreweghe's expert direction reveals Berlioz' luminous Romanticism. Richard Wagner wrote ***Siegfried*** in Paris about the same time Berlioz was there. London Records' remastering of Sir Georg Solti's reading of the opera takes bombast to a magical level. Birgit Nilsson is a great Brünnhilde. —LEOPOLD FROEHLICH

# FAST TRACKS

## ROCKMETER

| | Christgau | Garbarini | George | Marsh | Young |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Jackson Browne** *The Next Voice You Hear* | 7 | 10 | 9 | 9 | 9 |
| **Bob Dylan** *Time Out of Mind* | 8 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 6 |
| **Janet Jackson** *The Velvet Rope* | 8 | 8 | 7 | 5 | 9 |
| **Joan Jett** *Fit to Be Tied* | 8 | 8 | 7 | 9 | 9 |
| **Spring Heel Jack** *Busy Curious Thirsty* | 9 | 9 | 7 | 5 | 8 |

**KISS AND TELL DEPARTMENT:** **Kiss** has set its sights on Tinseltown and hopes to have a docudrama out this year to complement another album and tour. The idea is to have actors act and Kiss do its own music. We thought Kiss already was acting.

**REELING AND ROCKING:** After many fits and starts, the **Janis Joplin** bio starring **Melissa Etheridge** has started filming. . . . **Babyface** and his wife, **Tracey Edmonds** (hot off of *Soul Food*), are producing a TV series for Fox called *Schoolin'*.

**NEWSBREAKS:** A musical based on **Jim Morrison's** *Celebration of the Lizard* and some of the **Doors'** classic songs is being developed by the San Diego Repertory Theater for a premiere in late 1998 or early 1999. A live performance of *Celebration* is on the four-CD boxed Doors set released last fall. . . . Check out the rock supersite Rocktropolis (www.rocktropolis.com), an Internet music channel with regular features and live concert cybercasts, and its online music magazine, *Allstar*. . . . Digital Domain, which made videos for the **Stones,** has signed on to create a staged, ride-like exhibit for **Paul Allen's** Experience Music Project in Seattle, called The Artist's Journey. It will immerse the audience in a multimedia experience. Look for it in 1999. . . . The **Dead** plan to perform without **Jerry Garcia** for the first time on New Year's Eve 1999. The show will mark the opening of the interactive Terrapin Station, described by the editor of the band's official newsletter as "equal parts interactive museum, sensory playground and social-cultural laboratory." It will house a holographically enhanced dancehall, a live-performance room, a recording archive (which will allow fans to create custom CDs), a fan art exhibit and a research center for music scholars. To help pay for this ambitious project, the Dead released a limited-edition three-CD set of their songs. . . . **Etta James'** music joins that of **Prince, Elvis** and the **Beach Boys** as sources for ballets. *Suite Etta* opened in San Francisco to good reviews. Tell Mama. . . . Percussionists **Don Alias** and **Jack DeJohnette,** both **Miles Davis** alums, have teamed up on *Talking Drummers*, a videofest of playing and reminiscing on Homespun Tapes. It's the first in a series. Call 800-338-2737 for more info. . . . Look for new albums any second from: **Eric Clapton, Bonnie Raitt, Seal, Madonna, Don Henley** and the **Beastie Boys.** . . . **Paula Abdul** plans to resume recording this year on Mercury. . . . **Sinéad O'Connor** joined composer **Joseph Vitarelli** to score a play about two families in Northern Ireland. She appears with the **Chieftains** on the soundtrack for a four-part PBS documentary, *The Irish in America*. **Elvis Costello** and **Van Morrison** are also heard. . . . Check your copy of **Bob Dylan's** album *Biograph*. You may have a collector's item on your hands. About 5000 copies of the reissued disc were shipped with errors. They have the wrong versions of *I'll Be Your Baby Tonight* and *I Don't Believe You*. . . . **Billy Joel** wants to follow **Paul Simon** to Broadway with a musical based on his hits. **Jimmy Buffett, Randy Newman, Pete Townshend** and, yes, **Barry Manilow** also have productions opening or in various stages of development. . . . Last, *The Practical Guide to Practically Everything 1998* has a generational jukebox to help Boomers figure out the Nineties, musically. Here are some examples: If you like **Joni Mitchell,** try **Paula Cole; Patsy Cline, Deana Carter; Blondie,** the **Cardigans.** You get the picture.

—BARBARA NELLIS

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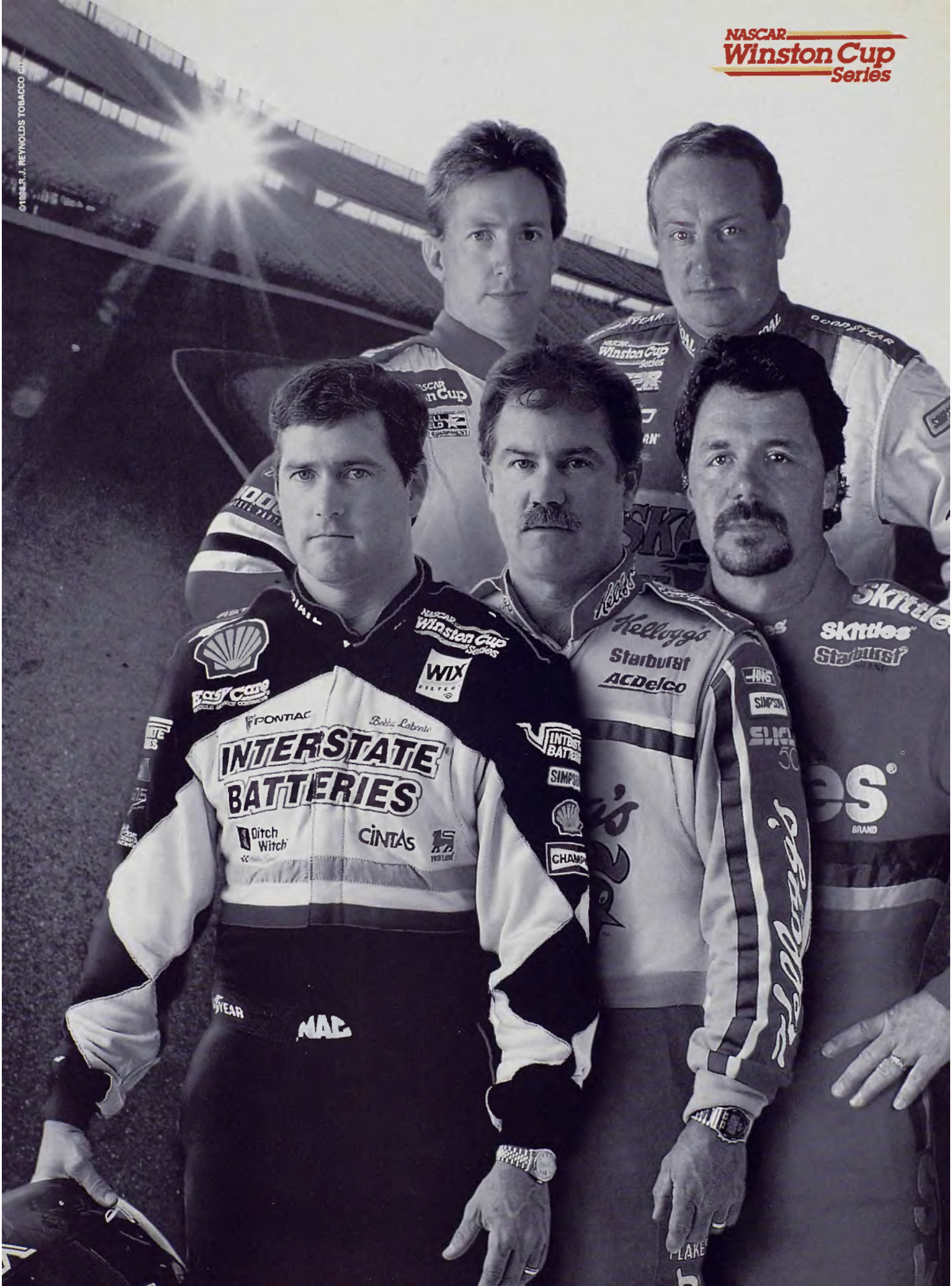

## TOONS 2000

Fans of *The Simpsons* know satirist Harry Shearer as the voices of Mr. Burns and Principal Skinner, among others. Recently Shearer donned a motion-sensitive suit (like the one pictured below) that fed his body and facial movements to a computer. Instantly, the computer used the motion data to animate a cast of wacky characters, including cartoons of President Clinton and Vice President Gore. The technology is called Real Time Animation, and it was used to create an HBO pilot produced with the help of Modern Cartoons, an animation studio in Venice, California. According to Modern Cartoons' president, Chris Walker, RTA has the potential to transform the entertainment industry. Aside from being economical ("RTA could cut in half the budgets of movies like *Who Framed Roger Rabbit*," says Walker), the technology offers a spontaneity you can't get with traditional animation. "The actors who are wired respond to direction and can improvise," he says. "They laugh, and the cartoon characters they're playing laugh too." Walker envisions a future in which RTA is used to put popular animated characters "on the talk-show circuit or in programs similar to *Alf*, which combined live action and nonhuman characters."

## DIVX: JUST SAY "OH NO!"

We are generally enthusiastic about emerging technology, but the constant introduction of new—and incompatible—formats ticks us off. Witness DiVX, Digital Video Express System, a CD-sized digital video disc format backed largely by Circuit City. DiVX was announced in fall 1997 as an alternative to DVD. If you've never seen a DVD movie, be assured that the picture and sound quality contained on the five-inch discs are exceptional. So why do we need something new? We don't, but movie studios stand to benefit considerably from the odd rental structure of DiVX technology. Instead of buying a five-inch DiVX movie, you'll pay a $5 fee, which allows you to watch the film as often as you like within 48 hours. After that, you can access the disc again only if you pay another rental fee or buy the movie outright (the additional cost has not been established). You register your choices on the DiVX player, which is connected by modem to a phone line. As with pay-per-view movies, you're billed every month for extra DiVX viewings or purchases.

What's more, DiVX machines will play DVDs, but the reverse is not true. If you're one of the 100,000 or so consumers who've bought a DVD player, you're out of luck. DiVX is expected to be introduced later this year. We can wait.

## WE VIEW IT FOR THE ARTICLES

Call it a shameless plug, but membership in the Playboy Cyber Club (cyber.playboy.com) definitely has privileges. In addition to having access to vast amounts of archival material (including the *Playboy Interview* Collection), you can click your way through thousands of photographs of Playmates. Looking for interaction? Check out the Playboy Cyber Club's newsgroup exchanges or log on to chats, where you can trade wit and wisdom with a PLAYBOY editor, or ask your favorite Playmate that all-important question: "Do you prefer men bearded or clean shaven?" (It comes up a lot.) There's even a virtual Playboy Mansion (pictured), where you can chat with other members in cartoon-character form. The price: $6.95 per month or $60 per year.

## WILD THINGS

Looking for an electronic organizer that can fit just about anywhere—including your wallet? Check out REX PC Companion. Pictured below in actual size, REX is a PC card that stores phone numbers, addresses, schedules and even spreadsheets downloaded from your computer. You can connect REX directly to a PC card slot or buy the top-of-the-line model, which comes with a docking station (also sold separately) that plugs into your PC's serial port. The price: $130 to $180, depending on features. • We love receiving updates on Manticore Products' latest Gallery MousePads. Some of this year's include Cézanne's *Nudes in Landscape*, Monet's *The Boat Studio* and *Colored Campbell's Soup* by Andy Warhol. Also new from Manticore are Gallery Computer Fonts inspired by the signatures of the masters. Salvador Dalí and Frank Lloyd Wright are two of the first in this series. There's even matching Gallery Laser Stationery, so you can write a letter in, say, the Dalí font and print it out on paper featuring the artist's melting clocks from *Disintegration of the Persistence of Memory*. Other cool stationery: *The Scream* (Edvard Munch), *The Thinker* (Auguste Rodin) and gargoyles from Notre Dame Cathedral. The mousepads cost $16 each, the fonts are $25 and the stationery is $16 for 40 printed sheets and 20 matching envelopes.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 143.

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1. Five WINSTON CUP drivers will qualify to be the "NO BULL 5" for each of the five races and in the manner set forth below. If the winner of one of the first four races is one of the NO BULL 5 drivers designated for that particular race, five Finalists will be drawn at random 10 days following the race from the entries postmarked by the "Entry Dates" set forth below and notified by mail. The Grand Prize Winner will be drawn from the names of these five Finalists at the next race on the following schedule. (Since the 1998 Talladega race is the last NO BULL 5 race, if one of the NO BULL 5 drivers wins Talladega, only one entry will be drawn as the Grand Prize Winner and notified by mail):

| 1998 Race | Race Date | NO BULL 5 | Entry Dates |
|---|---|---|---|
| Daytona 500 (FL) | 2/15/98 | Top 5 Finishers 10/12/97 Talladega race | 2/14/98 |
| Charlotte CC 600 (NC) | 5/24/98 | Top 5 Daytona 500 Finishers | 5/23/98 |
| Indy Brickyard 400 (IN) | 8/2/98 | Top 5 Charlotte CC 600 Finishers | 8/1/98 |
| Darlington (SC) | 9/6/98 | Top 5 Indy Brickyard 400 Finishers | 9/5/98 |
| Talladega (AL) | 10/11/98 | Top 5 Darlington Finishers | 10/10/98 |

If the winner of any of the races is not one of the NO BULL 5 drivers designated for that particular race, no drawing will be held and that prize will not be awarded.
2. Here's How To Enter: On an official entry form, hand print your name, home address, and home phone number, and complete the smoker/age certification. Entries missing name and address or on which the certification box has not been fully completed (including entrant's signature) will not be considered eligible.
3. Mail your entry to: NO BULL 5 Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 5801, Norwood, MN 55583-5801. All entries must be mailed via U.S. Postal Service first class mail (no express, registered or certified mail accepted). Participants must pay postage when submitting entries. No reproductions of entry forms accepted. (Alternatively, you can enter by writing to P.O. Box 5801, Norwood, MN 55583-5801, specifying the drawing you wish to enter by the name of the race and writing on a plain piece of white paper your name, home address, home phone number, birth date, and the signed statement, "I certify that I am a smoker; that I am 21 years of age or older; and that I want to receive offers, premiums, coupons, or free cigarettes that may be sent to me in the mail. I understand that giving false information in order to accept these offers may constitute a violation of law." Alternative entries must be legible and must contain all the required information.) You may enter as many times as you like, but only one sweepstakes entry for each race per envelope, mailed separately, is allowed (maximum of 5 per envelope). Incomplete, illegible, or mutilated entries are ineligible. Sponsor is not responsible for lost, late, damaged, postage-due, misdirected, or slow-delivered mail. Proof of mailing does not constitute proof of delivery.
4. The NO BULL 5 Sweepstakes is limited to legal residents of the 50 United States (D.C. included) who are 21 years of age or older and are smokers, except employees of R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, its affiliates, subsidiaries, advertising and promotion agencies and the immediate families of each. All federal, state and local laws and regulations apply. Offer void in MA, MI, VA and wherever prohibited by law. Prize delivery limited to United States only.
5. R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Company is the Sponsor of this promotion. All entries become the property of the Sponsor and will not be returned. Sponsor will not acknowledge receipt of or confirm eligibility or ineligibility of any entry. Sponsor will not return any ineligible entries.
6. Drawings will be conducted by an independent judging organization whose decisions are final on all matters relating to this promotion. Finalists will be eligible for the final drawing to determine the Grand Prize Winner, which shall be held at the next race on the schedule, and will be awarded two tickets to attend that race (approximate value: $150). Finalists need not be present at the next race to be awarded the Grand Prize. The Grand Prize Winner will be announced immediately following the drawing at the race and will be notified by mail if not present. If Finalist resides more than 100 miles away from the race venue, Finalist shall also be eligible to receive $100 spending money and a travel package for Finalist and one guest which shall include: air travel (coach class) to an airport in the vicinity of the race venue, accommodations for the two nights surrounding the day of the race, and transportation to the race (the "Travel Package," approximate value: $2500). If a NO BULL 5 driver wins the final race (1998 Talladega race), no Finalists shall be selected, and tickets, and Travel Packages will not be awarded. Finalists are subject to age verification. Finalists must sign and return an Affidavit of Eligibility/Release of Liability/Publicity Release/Prize Acceptance Form within 10 days of attempted delivery in order to be eligible to receive tickets to the race or the Travel Package and/or to win the Grand Prize. Noncompliance within the 10-day time period or return of any provisional prize notification as undeliverable may result in disqualification and the selection of an alternate provisional prize winner. Accommodations and airline reservations are subject to availability and change without notice. Trip companions must be 21 years of age or older and must also sign and return a liability/publicity release prior to travel. Taxes, tips, alcoholic beverages, ground transportation not specified herein and all other expenses not specified herein are solely the responsibility of winners. All airfare will be round-trip coach from airport nearest winner's home location. Finalist and guest must travel together. All hotel lodging is one-room double occupancy. The difference between any stated value and actual value will not be awarded to winners. In the event of cancellation by winner, the ability to reschedule will be allowed only at Sponsor's discretion.
7. No substitution, transfer of prizes, or election of cash in lieu of prizes will be permitted except at sole discretion of Sponsor. All federal, state and local income and other taxes on prizes are solely the responsibility of the winners. Acceptance of prize offered constitutes permission to use winner's name, biographical information, and/or likeness for purposes of advertising and promotion without further compensation, unless prohibited by law.
8. Approximately $2,000,000 official entry forms will be distributed. The odds of being selected as a Finalist depend upon the number of eligible entries submitted and the performance of the NO BULL 5 drivers in any given race. The odds that a Finalist shall be selected as the Grand Prize Winner are 1:5.
9. GRAND PRIZE: The following Grand Prizes are available to be won. Five Prizes of $1,000,000 payable in payments of $50,000 per year for 20 years (present value: $600,000). No interest will be paid. Total value of all prizes, including travel packages and race tickets, is $3,055,000.
10. Any game materials, including without limitation the offer, rules, and announcement of winners, containing production, printing or typographical errors, or obtained outside authorized, legitimate channels are automatically void; and the liability of Sponsor, if any, is limited to the replacement of such materials, and recipient agrees to release Sponsor, its parent, the judging organization and their respective officers, directors, employees and agents from any and all losses, claims, or damages that may result.
11. By claiming a prize, winners agree that R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, its parent, and the judging organization and their respective officers, directors, employees and agents shall have no liability for any injuries, losses or damages of any kind (including death) resulting from acceptance, possession, participation in or use of any prize.
12. For advance copies of Affidavit of Eligibility/Release of Liability/Publicity/Prize Acceptance Form or the names of prize winners (available after October 11, 1998), send your name and address to P.O. Box 5518, Norwood, MN 55583-5518. Indicate "Affidavit" or "Winners List" as applicable on the outside of the envelope.
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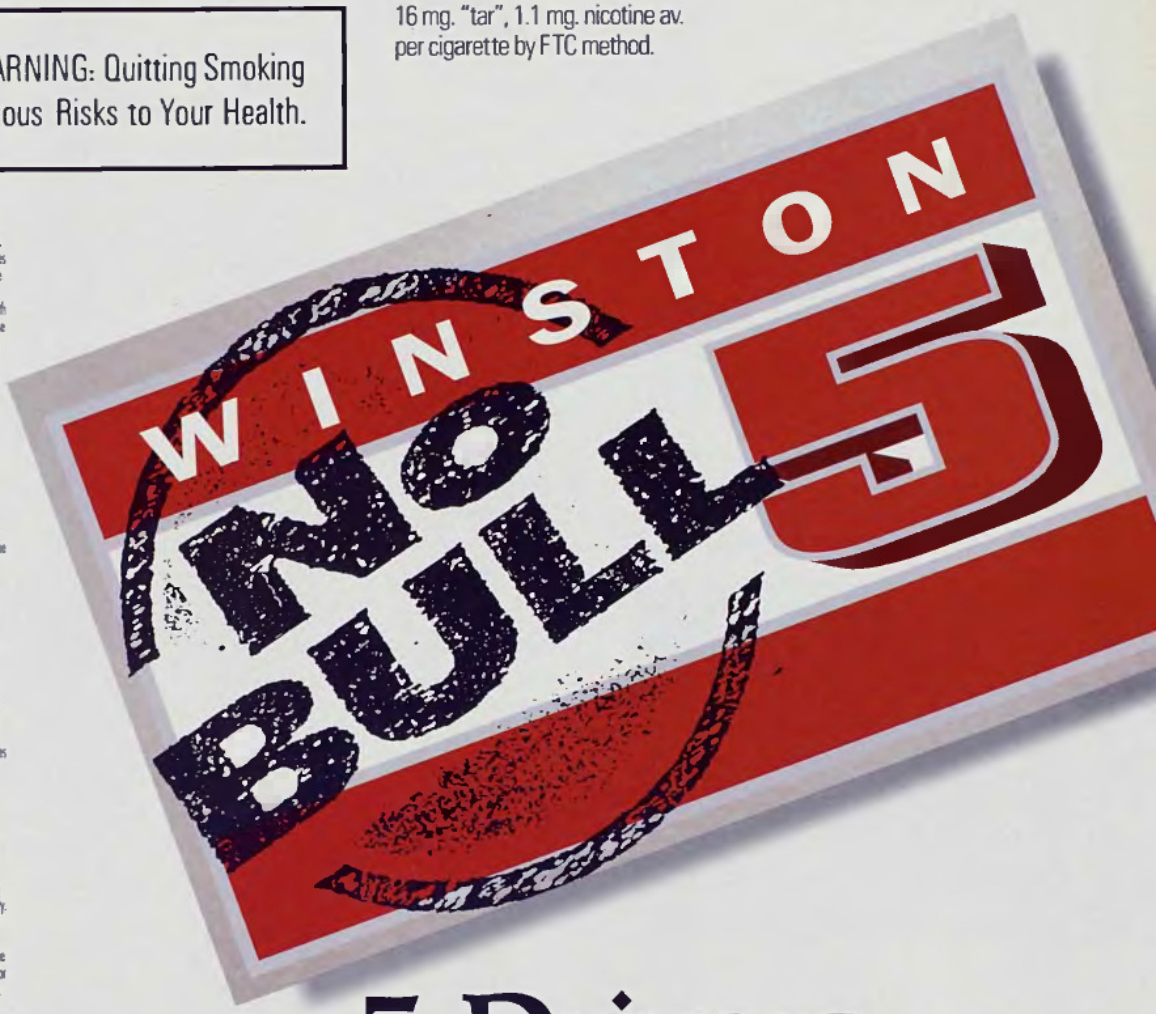


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# TRAVEL

## GET PAMPERED AT 35,000 FEET

If you have a monster travel budget, a bazillion frequent-flier miles or really want to impress a date, several airlines now offer superluxe accommodations on their international flights. The best choice? British Airways, which eases the pain of ten-hour Los Angeles–to–London treks ($9900) with private minicabins (there are two for couples) and seats that recline into 6'6" beds (pajamas are included). Plus, you can order "room service"—presented on pull-up tables with linen and china—any time. Air France's L'Espace 180 (Los Angeles to Paris, 10½ hours, $9872) boasts roomy, fully reclining seats and a separate smokers' bar. Air New Zealand serves fine wines in a cabin turned fine dining room on routes such as Los Angeles to Sydney (15 hours, $8000). South African Airways, the only carrier offering daily nonstop flights from Miami and New York to Johannesburg and Cape Town (15 hours, $8254), features "stratosleepers" with adjustable back supports and 62-inch seat pitches. Swissair (Los Angeles to Zurich, 11 hours, $8456) is the first to include the Interactive Flight Technologies entertainment system, which gives passengers access to 20 movies, 60 hours of music and several computer games. Japan Airlines' first-class section on flights from New York to Tokyo (14 hours, $9670) has a $95,000 lavatory (nearly twice the size of a standard airplane loo) that features a window and gold-plated fixtures. United Airlines' Chicago–to–Hong Kong flight is one of the longest nonstops (16 hours, $8102). Upon landing you'll be whisked by a concierge to the Red Carpet Club, where you can shower and have your suit pressed and shoes shined. And Virgin Atlantic Airways recently opened the Virgin Touch airport salon (for massages, aromatherapy and manicures) in Boston's Logan Airport.

DAN CLYNE

## NIGHT MOVES: SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA

Sydney, which boasts the most beautiful harbor and the best beaches in the world, has nightlife to match. As the sun sets over the water, enjoy the view with cocktails and jazz at the Harbourside Brasserie (Hickson Road, Walsh Bay) or at the Basement (29 Reiby Place). A five-minute walk brings you to the Rocks, where pubs such as the Lord Nelson Brewery Hotel (19 Kent Street) and the Australian Hotel (100 Cumberland) brew their own beers. Hungry? Ride a ferry to Doyle's (11 Marine Parade) for fresh fish or to Watermark (2A, the Esplanade, Balmoral Beach), which combines fantastic views with Australian-Asian cuisine. If it's Friday night, and you want to see sophisticated, professional Sydney wind down, head to Bar Luca (52 Phillip Street) to mingle with the futures traders. Or try Sydney's classy new restaurant Banc (53 Martin Place) for fabulous French fare. A more relaxed—but still trendy—spot is the Edge (60 Riley Street, East Sydney), famous for its pizza. In Surrey Hills there's Bills 2 (355 Crown Street), a great joint that has patrons lined up each night for its East-meets-Aussie delights. You can dance later at the chic Goodbar (11A Oxford Street), or try Kinsela's (383 Bourke Street), a raucous, multilevel party place. Cap the night with a stroll on the balmy beach—without thinking of the nasty winter you left behind.

## GREAT ESCAPE

### GOLFING ON MAUI AND KAUAI

The Hyatt folks take golf seriously, and nowhere with as much style as in Hawaii. On Maui, the luxurious Hyatt Regency sits adjacent to the Ka'anapali course, where the PGA Seniors play the Ka'anapali Classic. Before your round, it pays to visit the golf fitness center, which offers a regimen based on the body-straightening theories of Pete Egoscue. The exercises help promote a golf swing that

puts less stress on your body and provides a smoother action, too. On Kauai, the Poipu Bay Resort is a sprawling, low-rise wonder of captured streams, tropical gardens, seductive terraces and first-class restaurants. Hiding amid the tropical flora is a spa, where workouts can be followed by therapeutic massages and a rinse-off in showers set outdoors in black lava rocks. The guest rooms are outstanding—even the complimentary bathroom stuff is great. You'll want to play the challenging Robert Trent Jones Jr. course (pictured here) early in the day. That way, if your swing lets you down, you can return to the luxuries of a hotel that definitely lives up to its promise.

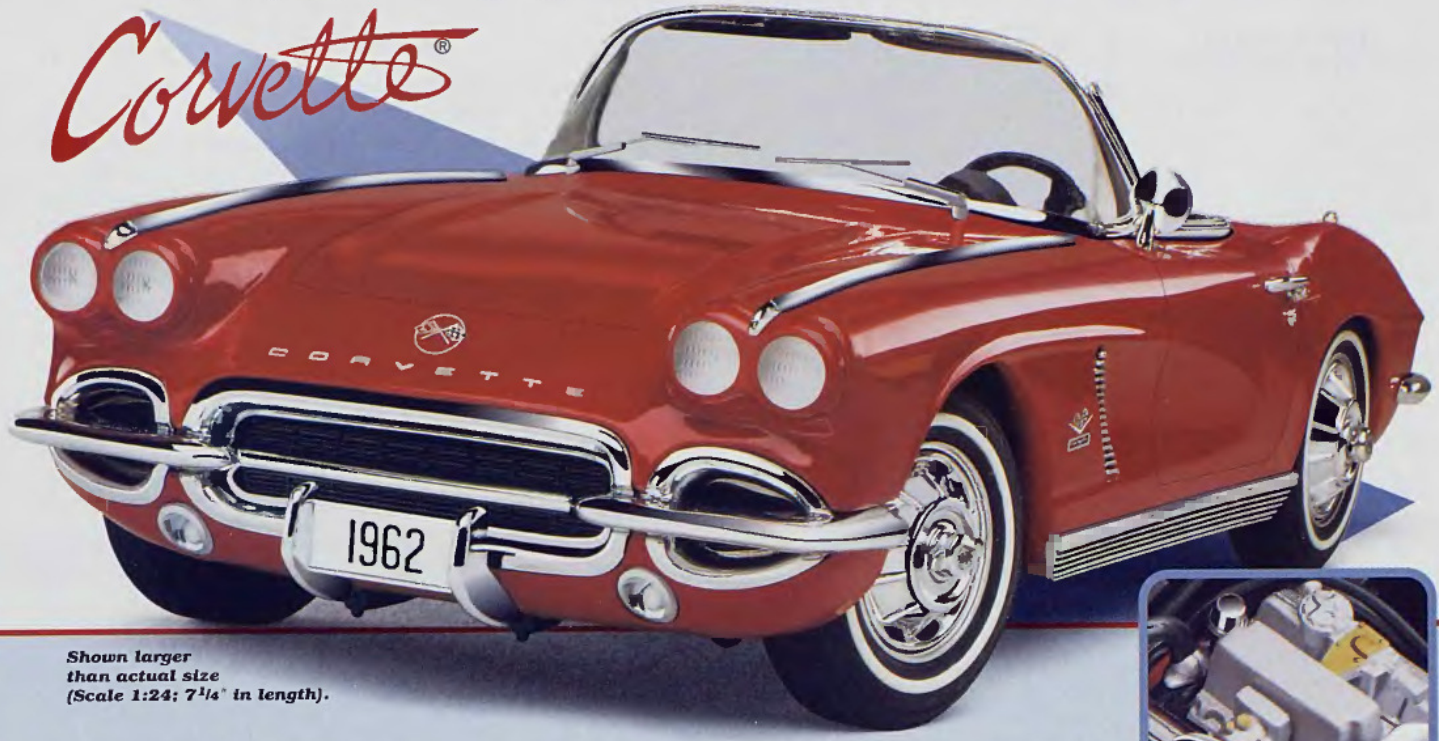
## ROAD STUFF

Computergo, the "office on the go" (below), was designed for those who can't find an adequate or adjustable surface to work on while traveling. Closed, the 21"x14.5"x9" Computergo can be easily rolled down an airplane aisle and then stashed under a seat. Open it, and you have a surface for your laptop, wings for documents and a mouse, organizer and document file pockets and a built-in surge protector. Price: $985. • The Travel Companion Exchange offers *Pickpockets & Travel Scams*, a 23-page report that tells in detail how con artists, bag snatchers and pickpockets work. Send $3.95 to the Exchange at P.O. Box 833, Amityville, NY 11701-0833.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 143.

# THE 1962 CHEVROLET®

Corvette®




*Shown larger than actual size (Scale 1:24; 7 1/4" in length).*

## A collector-quality, die-cast metal replica featuring acclaimed Danbury Mint fit, finish and detail.

There is only one true American sports car...the Chevrolet Corvette. But it wasn't until 1962, when Chevrolet introduced the high-performance 327 cubic inch V-8 engine, that the Corvette could truly boast that it could take on all competitors...and win. This Corvette is thought by many enthusiasts and collectors to be the purest and most beautiful one ever made. Now, you can acquire an incredibly detailed replica of this legendary red rocket...*The 1962 Chevrolet Corvette.*

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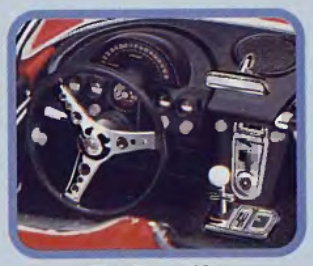
*The 1962 Chevrolet Corvette* is available exclusively from the Danbury Mint for $105, payable in four convenient monthly installments of just $26.25*. Your satisfaction is guaranteed. Return your Reservation Application today!

**Plus any applicable sales tax and $1.20 shipping and handling per installment.*

***Hood opens to reveal a stunning replica of the 327 cid engine.***



***Hardtop lifts off to show the dashboard gauges.***

***Mat, tire cover and genuine rubber spare tire are removable.***

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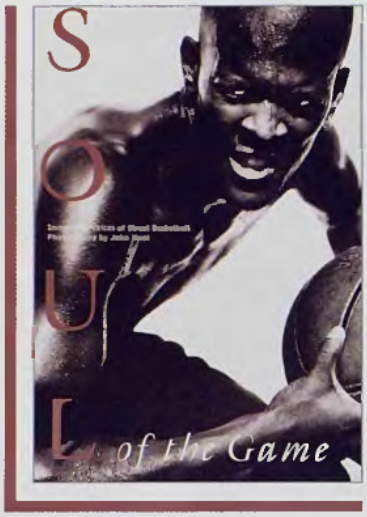
# BOOKS

## THE LORDS OF THE BOARDS




Are you hungry for college hoops even after watching 900 televised games back-to-back? Do you relish knowing that Clemson finally beat Duke only after Tiger coach Rick Barnes told his team to "be motherfuckers"? Do you worship former Carolina coach and now legend Dean Smith and that special hue called Carolina blue? Need to know if Coach K eats Special K for breakfast? If you answered yes even once, pick up John Feinstein's ***A March to Madness*** (Little, Brown), everything you need to know about the teams and coaches of the ACC. ***Soul of the Game*** (Workman/Melcher) is a tribute to street basketball. In it, John Huet's black-and-white portraits glorify the muscle, sweat, grace, beauty and defiance of Bedford-Stuyvesant's Jumpin' Jack, Los Angeles' Free and Arkansas Red, as well as the broken pavement and netless iron of Rucker Park and Soul in the Hole. The book includes street poetry, but nothing beats the in-your-face images of these superbly skilled men taking the rock to the hole. —GARY COLE

## MAGNIFICENT OBSESSIONS

The 1998 calendars have something for you, including cigars and great-looking women. The itinerary for a cruise of roadside America and Route 66 in ***Car Culture Calendar*** (Machine Age Inc.) includes vintage diners, cafés and sleek cars. ***The Secret Art of Seduction*** (Imagine Magazine) features 12 months of sexy women, five of whom are PLAYBOY Playmates. If you've enjoyed Helmut Newton's offbeat sensuality on our pages, Taschen has a diary and a calendar that feature his work. For something more prosaic, there are 365 online adventures in ***The Whole Internet*** page-a-day calendar from Workman. The editors of *Smoke* magazine offer 365 great ones in ***Cigar*** (Warkman). ***The Cigar Aficionado's Appointment Diary*** (Running Press) provides a place to record your tastings and develop an index of your favorite brands. Before you tee off, check *Golf Digest's* ***365 Golf Holes*** (Workman) for technique and tips, as well as trivia and a history of the game. —HELEN FRANGOULIS

## LISTEN UP

How powerful has the $1.6 billion, 65,000-title audiobook business become? So powerful that Tom Wolfe surprised the book world by releasing his new novella, ***Ambush at Fort Bragg*** (BDD Audio), on tape before publishing it traditionally. Today, most best-sellers are accompanied by the release of audiotape versions. They range from John Berendt's ***Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil*** (Random House Audiobooks) to ***You Have More Than You Think: The Motley Fool Guide to Investment*** (Simon & Schuster Audio), read by the authors, Thomas and David Gardner. Much of the audiobook market is made up of captive commuters, and God knows they need a laugh. ***Drew Carey's Dirty Jokes and Beer*** (Simon & Schuster Audio) is culled from his bawdy stand-up routine. Or check out ***Dave Barry Is From Mars and Venus*** (Dove Audio), a collection of his columns. Paul Reiser is happy to tell you how to improve your relationship in ***Couplehood,*** or how to raise your children in ***Babyhood*** (BDD Audio). If you aren't getting enough sports, you can listen to ***The Big Show*** (Simon & Schuster Audio) by Keith Olberman and ESPN's Dan Patrick on Monday morning. Instead of scanning the radio for something worth listening to, try NPR's *Star Wars* series, ***Star Wars, The Empire Strikes Back*** and ***Return of the Jedi*** (Highbridge), with the original movie sound effects and Mark Hamill as Luke. The sketches from *A Prairie Home Companion* crackle with wit in ***Garrison Keillor's Comedy Theater*** (Highbridge). Distinctive voices make a difference, particularly in mystery audiotapes. You'll recognize the gravelly voice of Darren McGavin on any of the tapes in John D. MacDonald's Travis McGee series, such as ***Bright Orange for the Shroud*** (Random House Audiobooks). Judy Kaye has been the voice of Sue Grafton's PI Kinsey Millhone for so long that it's hard not to think of her as the character in Grafton's latest, ***'M' Is for Malice*** (Random House Audiobooks). For more information about audiobook publishers, dealers, rentals or clubs, contact Terry's World of Audiobooks on the Internet at http://www.idsonline.com/terraflora/audio. —DIGBY DIEHL

ADAM BENNETT

STRIKE A POSE AND VOGUE:
World-famous photographer Francesca Scavullo's career began 60 years ago, after his grandfather took him to the movies to see Greta Garbo and the boy fell in love with beauty. Since then, he has aimed his camera at Jerry Hall (pictured), Sophia Loren, Raquel Welch, Elizabeth Taylor, Mikhail Baryshnikov and Mick Jagger, to name a few. ***Scavullo: Photographs*** (Abrams) shows off 225 photos (full color and duotone) in a definitive collection of his work. Scavullo thinks everyone was fabulous. This book shows why.
—HELEN FRANGOULIS

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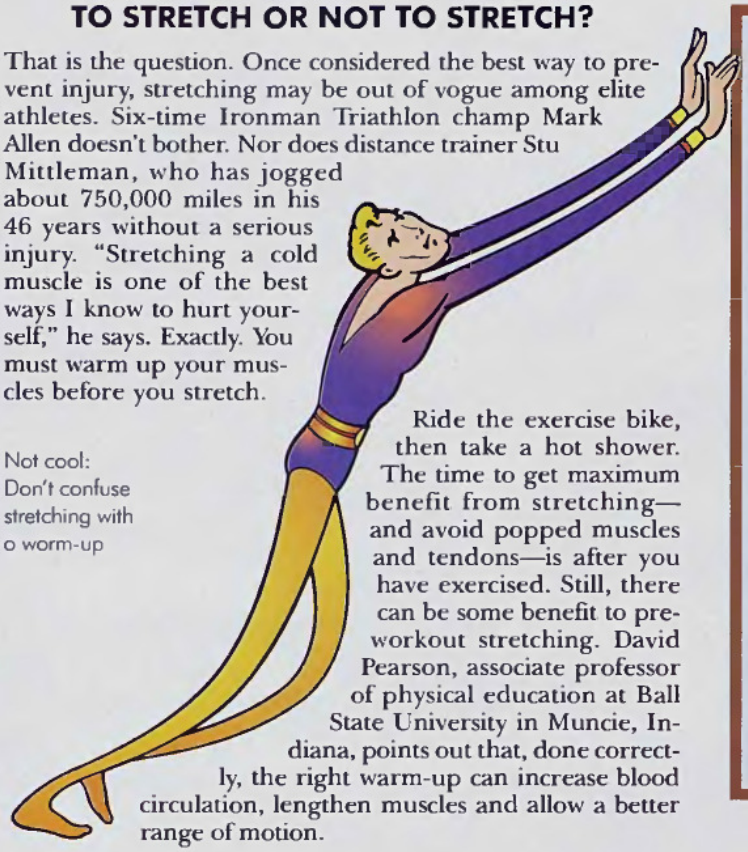
# HEALTH & FITNESS

## TO STRETCH OR NOT TO STRETCH?

That is the question. Once considered the best way to prevent injury, stretching may be out of vogue among elite athletes. Six-time Ironman Triathlon champ Mark Allen doesn't bother. Nor does distance trainer Stu Mittleman, who has jogged about 750,000 miles in his 46 years without a serious injury. "Stretching a cold muscle is one of the best ways I know to hurt yourself," he says. Exactly. You must warm up your muscles before you stretch.



Not cool: Don't confuse stretching with a warm-up

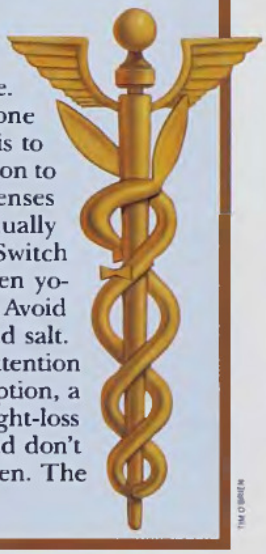
Ride the exercise bike, then take a hot shower. The time to get maximum benefit from stretching—and avoid popped muscles and tendons—is after you have exercised. Still, there can be some benefit to preworkout stretching. David Pearson, associate professor of physical education at Ball State University in Muncie, Indiana, points out that, done correctly, the right warm-up can increase blood circulation, lengthen muscles and allow a better range of motion.

BUC ROGERS

## DR. PLAYBOY

Q: I lost weight and kept it off with the fen-phen combination. Now that the FDA has banned the drugs I'm having a tough time. How do I lose weight?

A: First, do you need to lose weight? Compare your height and weight against doctors' tables, not models in magazines. Then remember that while fad diets come and go, one truth remains: To lose weight you must eat right and exercise. You can still have the occasional T-bone and pint of Häagen-Dazs—the trick is to eat them less often. Don't go from bacon to carrot sticks overnight. Give your senses and appetite time to reorient. Gradually introduce healthful low-fat foods. Switch from daily ice cream to low-fat frozen yogurt and then taper to a pint a week. Avoid prepared foods, often high in fat and salt. Cook for yourself and start paying attention to labels. Check your liquor consumption, a big source of calories. Set realistic weight-loss goals, as little as a pound a week. And don't sneak up to Canada for your fen-phen. The stuff isn't safe.



TIM O'BRIEN

## TREAD ON ME

If you can have just one cardiovascular machine in your home, make it a treadmill. According to a 1996 study published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, "the treadmill is the optimal indoor exercise machine for enhancing energy expenditure." The study compared the heart rates of people who exercised on six different machines: treadmill, stair-stepper, rower, cycle ergometer, Airdyne cycle and cross-country skier. Unfortunately, too many people buy inexpensive models that are underpowered, uncomfortable and flimsy. According to Richard Miller, the owner of the Gym Source (which sells equipment to health clubs), "There are two kinds of treadmills—quality and garbage. You can't buy a decent one for much under $1500." Miller recommends using a machine that weighs at least as much as you do, with a large deck, steel frame and a good warranty. If your deterrent to exercise is boredom, invest in the Widestride Duo 48 (see photo above). You can run with a pal or your dog.

## WHY DIE OF EMBARRASSMENT?

Colorectal cancer is the nation's number two cancer killer—1000 people die from it every week. Early detection raises the survival rate to 85 percent, but symptoms often go undetected because testing can be invasive, inconvenient or embarrassing. Now there's a clean, fast home test called Colocare. You simply drop a test pad into the toilet bowl and see if it turns blue (indicating blood in the stool). The product is FDA-cleared, inexpensive (about $7) and accurate. Buy it at leading drugstores, or call 800-927-7776.

## NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION

If you're going to imbibe, the best way to avoid a hangover is to drink premium liquors. This from New Age medic Dr. Andrew Weil. "Whenever possible, choose quality brands," exhorts Dr. Weil in *Your Top Health Concerns*. As we've always said, quality counts.

## DON'T BET ON IT

RALPH CRAGMAN

Why talk about your problems when a pill can take care of them just as nicely? Psychiatrists now have a pill to cure compulsive gambling—they say. An eight-week study took 19 relapsed Gamblers Anonymous members, gave them a drug used to treat obsessive-compulsive disorder and monitored their behavior. Half dropped out of the study but seven of the remaining ten managed to stop gambling—at least temporarily. One "success story" who used to gamble all night in Atlantic City and shunned the entertainment is apparently reformed: "Now," he admits, "I would be interested in going to watch a show." Uh, maybe longer-term studies are needed.



WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 143.

# MEN

## By ASA BABER

The Beaver is sexy, spunky, smart and industrious. She is also obsessed with professional football, as are most of her girlfriends. While I consider myself a fan of the game, I know I can't match the Beaver and her Beaverettes, the National Football League's most committed groupies.

FYI, the Beav (as I call her) happens to be my significant other—for part of the year, anyway. From March to July, we do fairly well as a couple and I seem to be an important person in her life. But starting with the opening of training camp in July and continuing through the Super Bowl in January and the Pro Bowl in February, my status as a man diminishes in my own home as the Beav focuses her attention on her favorite football players.

My dictionary says fanatic comes from the Latin *fanaticus* ("inspired by a deity, frenzied") and means "marked by excessive enthusiasm and often intense uncritical devotion." That would hold true for the Beav and her buddies. For seven months a year, they are totally captivated by burly guys in helmets and shoulder pads. (For example, the safest bet you can make about the 1998 Super Bowl is that the Beav will be watching it with enthusiasm, along with millions of other women.)

Consider these numbers, my fellow football widowers: According to the NFL, 50 million women watched the 1997 Super Bowl and more than 40 million women watch professional football on an average weekend. The NFL calculates it has 23 million avid female fans (compared with a relatively puny 6.5 million serious female fans for professional baseball). And the NFL's "Football 101" classes for women are drawing hordes of eager beavers, anxious to learn more about this sport that speaks to them unlike any other. Clearly, what we used to call football should now be called beaverball.

What is happening here? I have interviewed the Beav and her Beaverettes extensively (during the off-season, of course) about this subject, and the following truths have emerged:

(1) *Sex sells.* In a masterpiece of politically correct understatement, the NFL lists 50 basic themes you can use in marketing football to women. Placed 49th on that list is the idea that women like to see professional football players in tight

DAVE CALVER

## SOME CALL IT BEAVERBALL

pants. However, I can tell you with great authority that the pants (and the accompanying butt shots on TV) should be listed first. All the women I talked with admitted that watching football makes them horny, and stimulus number one is the sight of muscular butts in tight pants. Most beavers are here for the rears.

(2) *Interest in football starts early. Then it grows and changes.* "Watching football is a great way to meet guys," says the Beav. First, you play innocent and let them explain the game to you. Men love to do that. 'Why did the referee throw his handkerchief?' and questions like that make them want to help you. But if that approach doesn't work, you get serious and start yelling things like 'Throw the goddamn ball' and 'That was zone coverage, you idiot.' You become a buddy, in other words. Believe me, every man is vulnerable to one of those two tactics. Early on, we use football as part of the dating game. But then something happens and the sport grows on us and suddenly we don't really care what men think about the game because we have our own opinions. Today, my winning percentage on football picks is better than that of any of the guys I know. I am woman, hear me win."

(3) *Coaches are love objects.* My sources tell me that they fall in love with certain NFL coaches because they are older and supposedly wiser than their players. "I love Marv Levy," says one Beaverette, "because he's a father figure to me. I trust him and wish he'd take me home and adopt me. I love Dave Wannstedt because I feel sorry for him and want to ease his pain. It also helps that I find him good-looking. I love Mike Ditka and I know I could have calmed him down when he was coaching the Bears. I also love Mike Holmgren because he's cute and huggable and smart. We eyeball the coaches more than you'll ever know."

(4) *NFL quarterbacks are major sex objects.* I never met a Beaverette who didn't have a crush on one or more NFL quarterbacks—crushes that they hold for years, even after the guys retire. "Personally, I'm hot for Jim Kelly," says a perky Beaverette who watches most of her football from a treadmill or Stair Master. "Win or lose, you have to love the guy. But I'm easy, and I'd sleep with almost any of them: Steve Young, Brett Favre, Jim Harbaugh—they're all cute. I keep their pictures by my desk. They inspire me."

(5) *Aggression is the name of the game.* Women admit that the naked aggression and legalized violence of football fascinate them. "It's like they get to do on the field what I want to do in the office," says a friend of the Beav's. "There are times when I want to knock somebody down, but I can't in real life. So I watch the tube and pretend it's me. If I were a guy, I'd be a linebacker. Hitting things and getting paid for it sounds good to me."

(6) *No female cheerleaders are ever to be allowed in beaverball.* Having admitted to a sensual enjoyment of the game and an appreciation of pretty boys and stimulating butt shots, all of the Beaverettes I interviewed were adamant in protesting the use of female cheerleaders in the NFL. "Remember when you griped about Mike McCaskey banning the Honey Bears?" asked the Beav. "I say he did exactly the right thing. It's not called the National Cheerleader League, is it? You guys should be concentrating on the game and not watching a lot of babes with plastic boobs bouncing up and down. So shut up or we'll sue you for sexual harassment or something."

Beaverball. Don't you love it?

# MONEY MATTERS

## By CHRISTOPHER BYRON

WAL TILLERY/HUNGRY DOG STUDIOS

## THE TROUBLE WITH BIG MEDIA

If you had to guess which companies would do best in the age of information, you'd probably pick America's biggest and best-known media firms, right? Over the past 15 years, the global spread of personal technology—from laptops to satellite dishes, from cell phones to the World Wide Web—has expanded the market for information into what is rapidly becoming the biggest business on earth.

Yet a careful look at the financial performance of this much-hyped sector offers some surprising cautions for any investor looking to take a profitable ride down that information superhighway.

In the media game, as elsewhere in business, bigger does not automatically mean better. In a time of rapid change, pursuing so-called economies of scale through the merger game—the abiding preoccupation of the media industry for more than a decade now—can in fact be downright ruinous. After all, what good will it do to own all the cable companies on earth if people wake up one morning and switch to satellite TV?

That is one important reason that both Tele-Communications Inc. and Time Warner, the two largest cable operators in America, have suffered weak stock prices. Both companies borrowed heavily to become giants in the cable game, only to discover that upstart satellite-dish companies are eating their lunch. Too bad, because the two companies are stuck with the debts they took on to pay for that growth—growth that no longer produces the profit that justified borrowing the money.

These are not isolated problems. Media companies as a whole have performed respectably from an investor's point of view over the past ten years. However, an analysis of the ten largest U.S. companies with holdings in various media shows that, as a group, they've done dreadfully. And these ten companies control about 30 percent of the business. The two things that characterize these outfits: bloated, heavily indebted balance sheets and overpaid, self-enriching bosses.

At first blush returns look OK. Between 1987 and 1997, during the greatest bull market of this century, the companies of America's information industry, in the aggregate, gave investors a 14.7 percent annual return on their money. That's pretty good by any standard, closely tracking the 14.8 percent return for the companies of the S&P 500, and much better than the 8.2 percent annual return for the entire stock market.

But if we look at just the ten largest multimedia companies, a completely different and more disturbing picture emerges. During the same period, these operations gave investors an average annual return of 6.5 percent, a figure sweetened by the strong performance of Disney, the biggest of the ten. And don't forget, these ten companies alone accounted for about one third of the market value of the entire industry. An investor would have been better off buying a ten-year U.S. Treasury bond than this portfolio.

In the main, the growth of the American media industry has been financed with borrowed money—for big companies and small companies alike. Borrowed money accounts on average for 87 percent of the shareholder equity in firms ranging in size from pipsqueak outfits you never heard of to giants such as the Washington Post Co. (which falls just short of making it into the top ten).

Yet the top ten outfits are much more heavily indebted than are the rest of the field, with borrowed money accounting for more than 92 percent of their shareholder equity. And the interest payments on that debt load, which looks to total an estimated $44 billion at latest tally, continue to put a crimp on earnings and stock prices.

Poor management puts another drag on stock prices. One good way to see that is through changes in the top ten's so-called operating margin, i.e., how much pretax profit a company earns in its day-to-day operating business. In 1988 the top ten companies in the field had an average operating margin of 23.7 percent. That means that for every $1 they collected in revenues, they wound up with just under 24 cents of operating profit. In 1997, the average operating profit stood at 18 cents on every dollar of revenues. A lesson? The bigger a company gets, the harder it becomes simply to run the business.

Yet that hasn't stopped folks from pocketing unbelievable fortunes for themselves in the process. In 1988 total cash-and-stock compensation for the five top employees of each of the ten top media companies in America were valued at about $67 million. That seems rather generous in its own right, but it pales in comparison with the estimated $380 million figure for 1996—a sum equal to 12 percent of their companies' total net profits for that year.

Michael Eisner, chairman of Walt Disney Co., walked off with $8.5 million in cash in 1996—plus, as part of his new long-term contract, a stock options package then valued at $195 million. By contrast, Disney's stock rose only 14 percent that year even though the Dow Jones industrials average rose 28 percent.

The lesson for investors in all this? If you want to put your money in a media stock, forget about the companies that have dominated the media game for much of this century, and certainly in the postwar era. Look instead for a smaller, nimbler operation—one whose bosses don't spend all day arranging merger deals that fatten their wallets at the expense of their shareholders. Besides, who knows, if you're lucky maybe that start-up company will get bought up by one of these supersize outfits, and you will wind up laughing all the way to the bank.

*You can reach Christopher Byron by e-mail at cbscoop@aol.com.*

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## Hayman Island Getaway

If you want to get oway from it all and still have every luxury available to you, head to Hayman Island, a resort on Australia's Great Barrier Reef. This self-contained retreat features vast expanses of beaches, six restaurants, every conceivable water sport, tennis, squash and a health club and spa. Hayman has only 203 rooms and suites so the resort never feels crowded. The staff is superbly trained in the pampering arts. The weather never varies much so there is no peak season for travelers, although Australia's summer is conveniently during the U.S.' winter. This destinatian is well worth the flight across the Pacific.

## How to Kiss

You must remember this: A kiss is nat just a kiss. We asked our panel of experts—Playmates, of course—to describe the perfect Valentine's Day smooch.

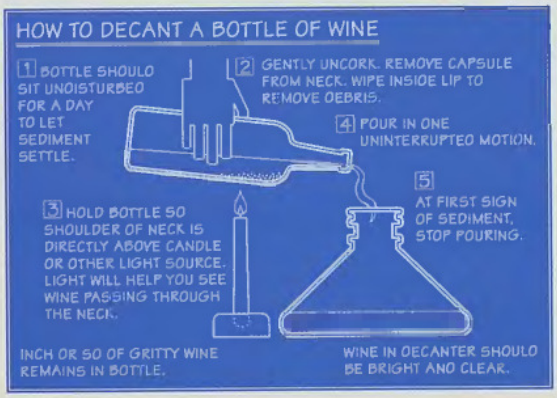
**Janet Quist:** "I love when a guy's mouth is wet—a dry kiss is awful. He should begin with his lips parted, then go into same smoldering tongue thrusting. When he kisses my face, I see fireworks."

**Kym Malin:** "I like soft, stiff-lipped kisses. No wussy lips. There should be some nontongue action before the French kiss comes into play. And no facial hair—it makes me sneeze."

**Jennifer Lavoie:** "If a guy doesn't know how to kiss, I won't even date him. I like him to hold my face in his hands and pull me in. It has to be slaw and soft—na tongue down my thraat! I alsa love nose and eye kisses."

**Maria Checa:** "Kissing is best after yau've had wine or chocolate. My favorite kisses happened on my honeymoon. They felt better than all the ones before."

**Heather Kozar:** "During intimate maments, I like soft kisses on my cheeks, neck and lips. Other times I like an erotic, all-out tongue-lashing that energizes."


HOW TO DECANT A BOTTLE OF WINE
1 BOTTLE SHOULD SIT UNDISTURBED FOR A DAY TO LET SEDIMENT SETTLE.
2 GENTLY UNCORK. REMOVE CAPSULE FROM NECK. WIPE INSIDE LIP TO REMOVE DEBRIS.
3 HOLD BOTTLE SO SHOULDER OF NECK IS DIRECTLY ABOVE CANDLE OR OTHER LIGHT SOURCE. LIGHT WILL HELP YOU SEE WINE PASSING THROUGH THE NECK.
4 POUR IN ONE UNINTERRUPTED MOTION.
5 AT FIRST SIGN OF SEDIMENT, STOP POURING.
INCH OR SO OF GRITTY WINE REMAINS IN BOTTLE.
WINE IN DECANTER SHOULD BE BRIGHT AND CLEAR.

## Wine Decanting 101

A red wine with more than ten years of age should be decanted to remove natural sediment. We consulted Kevin Zraly's *Windaws on the World Complete Wine Caurse* to make our blueprint. Or try pouring the wine through an unbleached coffee filter. Purists may shudder, but it warks.

# MANTRACK

## Rumble in the Jungle

The importation of o new, exotic rum from Venezuela would be news enough. But this one, Ocumare, has a secret ingredient: guarano, o seed from the Amazon rain forest prized for its aphrodisiac qualities. No wonder the salamander on the bottle's unique O-shaped logo looks so frisky. (The solamander symbolizes wisdom and longevity to the locals.) Two styles of 80-proof Ocumare are available: the cleor ond crisp *blanco*, and the more flavorful *añejo*, which has been aged in ook for at least three years. Better liquor stores carry both, which sell for about $14 and $16, respectively.

## Bulletproof Sick Calls

There are a number of good reasons not to show up for work, but most of them won't cut it with your boss. Absences attributed to ennui and *mal de siècle* are not eligible for sick-day stotus. That shouldn't matter. Here are some tips on how to call in sick with confidence. First of all, be specific and stick to one ailment or cluster of symptoms. It'll be easier to remember and will sound more convincing. Be graphic. Be so colorful about some symptom that the person on the other end of the phone will rush to get off. Try gastroenteritis. Symptoms include nausea, vomiting, cramping, diarrhea, fever, muscle aches and exhaustion. Could be food poisoning, or the 12 martinis you hod lost night. Only you'll know. Try migraine headaches. There are several varieties, all nasty. Some involve loss of vision, vomiting and severe head pain. They come ond go, just like you. Develop a history of debilitating bock pain. Sometimes your back goes out, and nothing shows up on an X ray. It's good for several days' absence; just remember to walk funny when you return.

## Crank Case

The next time you pack for the beach, the ball game or the park don't worry about the batteries in your portable going koput. Just crank the handle on Bay Gen's FPR2 AM/FM radio for obout half a minute and you have an hour of airtime. If you're plonning to cross the Kalahari or compete in Alaska's Iditorod, the FPR1 shortwave model provides a half hour of sound after cranking. The FPR1 is obout $110. The FPR2 radio costs about $80. In the works is a safety light ond a weather radio.

## Making the Classic Omelette

You do hove to break a few eggs to make an omelette. And if you do it right, you'll have a fast, elegant meal suitable for late nights or late mornings. Have a nonstick ten-inch skillet at high heat. Whisk two eggs until yolks and whites are completely integrated. Melt a little butter in the skillet. Pour in the eggs and coat the skillet. In a few seconds the eggs will form a light custard (fillings, if any, go in at this point). Lift the hondle to a 45-degree angle and push the eggs to the far lip of the pan with the back of a fork. Run the fork under the far edge of the omelette to loosen it from the pan. Top the handle to loosen the omelette and make it curl over onto itself. Keep over the heat a few more seconds so the bottom will brown slightly. Turn the omelette over onto a plate and top with a little butter.

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# MANTRACK

## Ten Reasons to Own a Plymouth Prowler

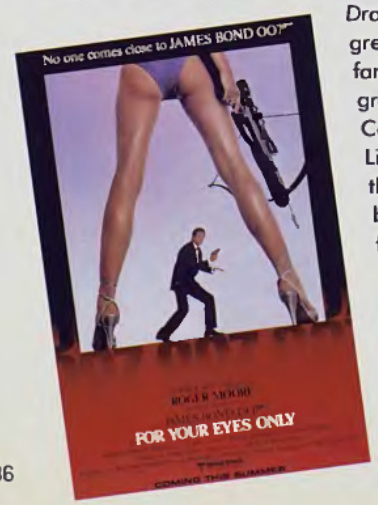
According to Dovid Stevens, PLAYBOY's Modern Living Editor (who drove the $39,000 beast for four doys), they ore: "(1) Women, (2) women, (3) women. . . ." You get the idea. He fondly remembers the cheerleoder who hung out the window of a passing minivan ond screamed "awesome, owesome!" "Drive o new Rolls-Royce," says Stevens, "ond people rush to the curb to spit ot you. Drive a Prowler and everybody rushes to hug you. Geeks, guys in high ond low places and the rest of the world had one thing in common when I motored by—big, shit-eoting grins." Any other reason to own a Prowler? "Did I mention women?"

## How to Make a Toast

Donn Davis' *Survival Skills for the Modern Man* reminds us that toasts can make or break o man. First, avoid giving the spontoneous toost. Find out beforehand if it's appropriate to honor someone with a few well-chosen words. Be brief, especially if yours is one of severol toasts. Prepare and proctice. As with any public speech, whot you say and how you soy it will be remembered. Speok from the heart. Be careful with humor: If you're not o funny person, don't try to be one now. Avoid emborrossing topics. For example, at a wedding, don't bring up ex-girlfriends, sexual idiosyncrasies or legol problems. In business, don't refer to interoffice squabbles, deals gone sour or money motters. Toosts should be kept brief—certainly never longer than o minute.

## Where Da Boys Are

If you're into *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg* ond *Little Women*, *The Guys' Guide to Guys' Videos* by Scott Meyer probably isn't for you. But if you like your steoks rore and your movies well done, keep this softcover reference next to your couch. Videos ranging from *A Clockwork Orange* and *Bad Day at Black Rock* to *For Your Eyes Only* and *Year of the Dragon* ore rated according to the degree of violence, bobes, cool cars, profanity and hero worship. Brief porographs cover Whot Happens, The Cost, Why Guys Love It, Memoroble Lines and tips on getting her to watch the movie ("*The Dirty Dozen* celebrotes forgiveness and the potential for good in all men"). *Top Gun*, starring "Tom Cruise (and his dimples)," is included in o section titled "Posers: Almost But Not Quite" ("Too many scenes of guys stonding around in the locker room with just towels on"), which shows that *The Guys' Guide* doesn't second-guess itself. Price: $12 ot bookstores.



## Blade Runners

To help tockle the 27 feet of whiskers you're likely to grow during a lifetime, there's the Art of Shoving's Gentlemen Borber Spa ot 373 Modison Avenue in Monhotton. For $30, you con settle back and let a professional barber give you a traditionol shave ond a facial mossage. The royol version includes a facial mask, and haircuts, beard trims, manicures and pedicures ore availoble too. A brother store, the Art of Shoving Shop at 141 East 62nd Street, stocks all manner of grooming accessories, including the $200 stroight razor pictured here.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 143.

# HOLLYWOOD'S BEST KEPT SECRET

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# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I'm an avid poker player. Several years ago I started to hear that casinos were going to experiment with a four-colored deck: red hearts, black spades, blue diamonds and green clubs. The rationale was that there would be fewer misread cards. Has this type of deck been tried? If so, what were the results?—M.T., Arroyo Grande, California

*The four-colored deck has popped up here and there but hasn't caught on. Now, however, it has a prominent champion in Mike "the Mad Genius" Caro, considered to be one of the best poker players in the world. He loves the decks and finds them easier to play with. The chief advantage, he says, is that the colored pips are easier to distinguish across the table. That makes game play faster and helps players who overlook cards that might fill out a flush. Caro hasn't had much success persuading the poker establishment to brighten things up, despite a "C-Day" in February 1995 when 50 California casinos tested the decks. He also broke out the cards for a tournament in 1992 but admits the colors were too dark and the experiment was a failure. (He has fine-tuned the colors and is looking for a company to manufacture the deck.) Caro sees hope in the next generation of poker players. "We tested the four-colored deck with novices, and none of the 50 players said they wanted to go back to two colors," he says. For more information about the four-colored deck, write Caro at 4535 West Sahara, Las Vegas, Nevada 89102, or e-mail him at caro@caro.com.*

Put me in the tub with a trickle of water from the faucet and I can masturbate to climax every time. But I never have orgasms with my sweet, gorgeous boyfriend. Now I'm trapped in this evil little box of faking them all the time because I don't want him to think he sucks. I know, I know—this is wrong and won't help anything. But I can't seem to stop. I love sex; it's just that the stimulation never seems to be as easy or sensational as what I get in the tub. Am I a freak?—G.A., Phoenix, Arizona

*Many women have difficulty reaching climax when they're put under pressure to do so, just as many men have trouble getting or maintaining erections. The lying and lack of communication with your lover is the larger problem because it gets in the way of your pleasure. If you tell your boyfriend now that you fake every time, he won't take it well. And if you confess that you sometimes fake, he will always wonder. So you need to tell a half-truth. Begin to teach your body other ways to get off. There are various products that can help. Phone Good Vibrations (800-289-8423), Xandria (800-242-2823) and Blowfish (800-325-2569) and request their catalogs. Purchase a multispeed vibrator, a love mitt and a Venus Butterfly. When they*

*arrive, tell your boyfriend you are in pursuit of more intense orgasms, which is the truth. But don't continue to fake them—if something isn't working, say so. Use the toys to open a dialogue about what gets you off. Be explicit. Describe the sensations you enjoy the most, including the trickle of the faucet (are you listening, guys?). Don't climb toward orgasm—let yourself fall into it. The point of all this is to get around your lie and give yourself the sex life you deserve. Does that help? Let us know.*

Why do guys' balls hang so low? You'd think that with their important cargo they'd be tucked up inside the body.—W.S., New York, New York

*If they were higher, how could your lover fondle them? Testicles are nature's way of saying, "Place your other hand here." Scientists, of course, have other theories. Writing in the "Journal of Zoology," a British researcher observes that the most active mammals have external testes, while the more sedentary have an internal set. Monkeys, horses, kangaroos and deer have outies, while hedgehogs, moles, elephants, sloths and manatees have innies. Why? External testes prevent sperm from being forced out when pressure is applied to the abdomen, which occurs more often in active mammals. The prevailing theory, however, has been that sperm thrive in cooler temperatures, so evolution moved the production line away from the furnace.*

I purchased a used car only to discover that I paid too much because I used the blue book as a guide. Then a friend told me that there are also red, gray and black books. When did they come into play? And why have a blue book if it's not accurate?—P.P., Chicago, Illinois

*The "Kelley Blue Book" is meant to be a guide to a car's value, not gospel. Its prices are based on reports from auto auctions, dealers, wholesalers, banks and, most recently, input from visitors to Kelley's Web site (www.kbb.com). The actual value of any particular car varies according to mileage, condition, color, geographic location, options and, most important, its worth to the buyer. (Offer a Yugo to a Caddy dealer and the blue book goes out the window.) On the West Coast the "Kelley Blue Book" is used almost exclusively, but elsewhere the industry relies on multiple guides, including National Markets Reports' "Red Book" (an insurance company favorite), Hearst Media's "Black Book" (wholesale prices from dealer auctions), the "National Automotive Dealers Association's Used Car Guide" and, on the East Coast, the Galves dealer guide. Keep in mind that a seller will cite whatever book works to his or her advantage.*

For several years my husband and I have fantasized about a threesome. After reading the letter in October from the woman who was surprised by a stranger her husband brought home, our interest rose sharply. One night about a week after we read the *Advisor* together in bed, I was shocked when my husband produced a blindfold. The letter flashed through my mind, but I thought, Surely not. Before I knew it, he had blindfolded me, and another man was in the room with us. I could not tell whose mouth was biting my nipple or whose fingers and penis were where. When I had come a few times and my husband removed my blindfold, we were alone. My husband said it was unbelievable seeing me respond to another man. But he says he will never tell me who the stranger was, because he wants to make sure that I, unlike the woman who wrote to you, don't request a private performance. It drives me crazy when we are with his friends, because I wonder if it was one of them. My husband was wise to blindfold me. It was the most erotic, sensual experience I've ever had.—T.C., Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

*Glad to hear it. Your husband must be confident that other guy won't come back on his own—unless he blindfolded him too.*

I wear dress shirts with removable collar stays. Should I take them out before the shirts go to the cleaners?—M.B., Long Beach, California

*Yes. Otherwise they may create ugly impressions in the collars.*

In your column in the October issue, you state that one should "never use



ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

petroleum-based products with condoms or inside the vagina." I know that petroleum-based lubes can erode condoms but had never heard the warning against using them inside the vagina. My wife and I often use baby oil as a lubricant. What's the worry?—C.D., Toledo, Ohio

*The primary concern is that the vagina has trouble cleansing itself of petroleum-based lubes. Petroleum-based products can also cause allergic reactions in some women.*

My husband and I have been married for two years. We've tried new sexual things, from sharing our bed with another woman to using hot wax and ice cubes. We've made love at the park at one A.M., in our garage in the backseat of the car and in every room of the house. I'm out of ideas. We are in our early 30s and I know I will be with this man until the day I die. What can we do to keep it sexy?—R.D., Las Vegas, Nevada

*Get back to basics. We receive a lot of letters asking how to spice up sex lives. Often couples become so focused on gadgets, novelty and fantasy, they overlook two important elements of memorable sex: anticipation and connection. Practice abstinence for a week but tease each other as often as you can. Whisper into his ear what you're going to do when you get him into bed. Wear knockout lingerie under your clothes, and make sure he knows it. Touch and kiss, but don't let it go further than a few slips of the tongue. After you shower, clumsily drop your towel, repeatedly. Watch an erotic movie together but sit apart. Gently brush his cock with your hand when you pass by (be sure to apologize). Read dirty bedtime stories to each other. Tell him that if you catch him masturbating, you will punish him severely. Once you lose control (even if you fail, you succeed), proceed slowly in the same way you've been teasing each other. Lie facing each other and let your hands explore. Avoid the genitals, for now. Kiss softly. Put your hands on each other's hips and rub against each other like nervous teenagers. When you can't stand it any longer, begin petting. From that point, we promise great sex.*

Every once in a while, the Advisor seems to get in over his head. Your answer in October regarding heavier cables for speakers was a bit off. The reader needs to determine if his old wires were less than 16 gauge. If so, switching to thicker cables might help. The benefits of pricey monster cables have never been shown experimentally, though anecdotal evidence exists. The Advisor seems to have bought into the hype with the ludicrous suggestion that cable with "individually insulated" strands would "reduce cross talk between the strands." Come on! I've been a reader for decades. Don't blow your credibility now.—C.N., Buffalo, New York

*We did play the description of Litzendraht cables a bit loose, but that's not to dismiss their benefits. Litz wires have been around for decades and make a difference to anyone with a good enough ear to care. They work by reducing skin effect. In the simplest terms, higher frequencies migrate toward the skin of a conductor. Smaller conductors counter that, but they need to be insulated from each other. What else can we say? Yours was the most succinct of the letters we received on this topic. The rest explained, in excruciating detail, Ohm's law and resistance and electrical circuits, or dismissed all wire except that found at a hardware store. We're not inclined to experiment with music; we listen to it.*

There have been times when I will be talking to a girl and three or four other girls will say hello and start talking to me while I'm in the middle of a conversation. I don't want to be rude because God knows I want to talk to all of them. But I can't very well say, "Pardon me, but I'm trying to hook up here." How can I handle something like that without later being told I ignored one or the other?—P.A., Tallahassee, Florida

*Too many women want your attention? What kind of a problem is that? You could read this two ways: The object of your affection may be signaling her friends to "save" her, which doesn't indicate much interest on her part. Or her friends may just be daft. If you play the situation right, their interruptions can work to your advantage. The girl you're after will study how you interact with these other women, which could help your cause. She'll also like that you always return to the conversation you're having with her. If you want to talk to a woman outside the crowd, ask her out. In the meantime, you're surrounded by women. It can't be that bad.*

My sister says I have no judgment when it comes to women, and that if I'd listen to my family (really, her) I might do better. I argue that my taste in women is fine, and that it would help if my family respected my choices. Is there any truth to my sister's contention that relatives can tell where a relationship will end up?—K.C., Cleveland, Ohio

*Two Canadian researchers studied who knows best about how long a relationship will last: college students involved with someone, their roommates or their parents. Predictably, the students were the most optimistic (lovers like to think things will work out, whatever that means). Some of this can be attributed to hormone goggles—new partners have no significant faults, and they kindly overlook yours. Nietzsche, always the realist, once observed that "love is the state in which man sees things most widely different from what they are." The researchers found that roommates were generally more accurate than parents and much more accurate than the students in predicting how long the flame would burn. When they asked students in relationships to predict the success of other students' relationships, however, they turned out to be no more optimistic than parents or roommates. Your family and your roommate may have their own ideas about your romantic future, but who cares? You can't manage your love life according to their whims.*

I am a 21-year-old college student. This past fall I was introduced to golf. I love it, but I have a longstanding argument with a guy I play with. He says that the numbers on the ball indicate how far it will fly. I say that they are merely for distinction in the event two people play the same brand. Who's right?—C.B., Omaha, Nebraska

*You are. The numbers are for identification. For example, Jack Nicklaus plays balls with the number five. The second number on the ball indicates its compression, typically 90 or 100. In theory, a lower-compression ball flies farther for a player with a slower swing speed. Golf only looks that simple.*

While snooping in the bedroom that our teenage daughters (ages 16 and 17) share, my wife found a package of condoms. Five of the 12 were missing. It is obvious that at least one of our daughters is sexually active. My wife is shocked and furious. I'm willing to accept reality and am glad they are at least having safe sex. My wife wants to confront them and ground the culprit for a long time. She says that if they both deny it she will be able to tell who is lying. I think she shouldn't say anything. First of all, they will lose trust in her and maybe both of us. Second, if they are going to be sexually active, they will find a way. Confronting them may make them afraid to practice safe sex and use birth control for fear that the evidence will be discovered. I would like to know what the Advisor thinks.—D.L., Dallas, Texas

*We're with you. Your wife has violated your daughters' privacy and now wants to send the girls a message: no sex. That won't work, and it's too late anyway. If nothing else, the condoms are an indication that you've raised two responsible young women.*

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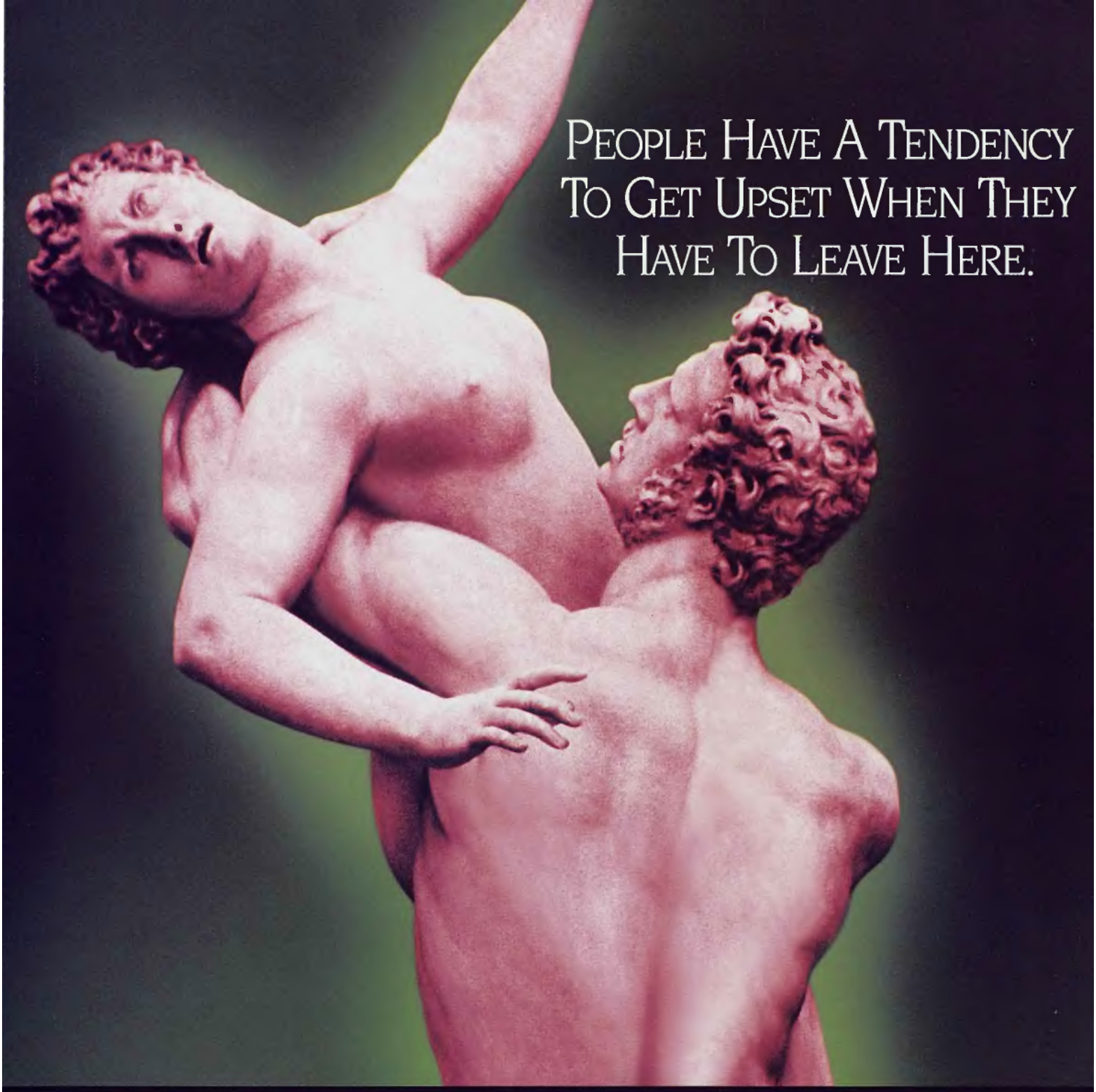
*All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most provocative, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Write the Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or advisor@playboy.com (because of volume, we cannot respond to all e-mail inquiries). Look for responses to our most frequently asked questions at www.playboy.com/faq, and check out the Advisor's latest collection of sex tricks, "365 Ways to Improve Your Sex Life" (Plume), available in bookstores or by phoning 800-423-9494.*

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# ABSTINENCE ED

## today's lesson: sex is very, very bad

Meet Bill, a high school student. Bill used to take his studies seriously but says, "I'd heard a lot from the guys who were dating, and I decided maybe less work and more play was what I needed, too." He soon met Sherry, and after a few dates, they "started having sex." Distracted, Bill fell behind in his studies, and in the middle of finals Sherry told him she was pregnant. "It turned out to be a false alarm, but for four weeks we went through hell." After that "we were finished with each other," says Bill. "I almost lost my whole future, just for the 'fun' of having sex."

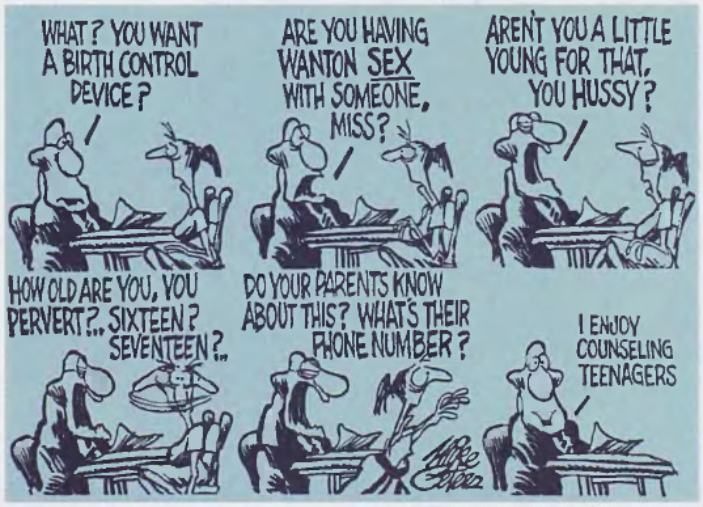
Is Bill for real? Not quite. He's a cautionary figure from the pages of *Sex Respect*, an abstinence education curriculum used in schools around the nation. Traditional sex education stresses that those who decide to have sex, whatever their age, should at least know what they're doing. Abstinence education, on the other hand, declares simply and emphatically that people who are not married should not have sex. No exceptions. As a result, the curricula of popular abstinence ed courses is so overwrought with misinformation and fearmongering, it's almost amusing.

What's not funny is that abstinence education has the weight of the federal government behind it. Hidden in the 1996 welfare reform law was a provision to grant $50 million per year from 1998 through 2002 to support programs which teach that "sexual activity outside marriage is likely to have harmful psychological and physical effects," and that "a monogamous relationship in the context of marriage is the expected standard of human sexual activity." Any program falling short of this absolute standard—or supplementing it with information about contraceptives—will lose its funding.

The specifics of abstinence education vary from curriculum to curriculum. Some courses are merely naive in their faith that all teenagers can be persuaded to say no. But many are far more pernicious, telling teenagers that premarital sexual activity is always hazardous.

The fear-based ethos is evident on page two of the *Sex Respect* student workbook, where an illustration depicts teen sex as a gleaming butcher's knife in the hands of a toddler. Later there's a premarital-sex "wheel of futures" whose stops go from pregnancy to various STDs to "ruined reputation," "emptiness" and "welfare." The best possible outcome is "survival." Couldn't they at least have included "orgasm"?

When *Sex Respect* states, "There's no way to have premarital sex without hurting someone," it reflects the quasi-official guidelines of the Medical Institute for Sexual Health. MISH is a conglomerate of people from *Sex Respect* and similar programs who want to see their agenda adopted nationwide. That agenda doesn't merely forbid intercourse outside marriage. MISH would like to tell teenagers that "any activity involving genital stimulation," including oral sex and "outercourse" (fondling), will bring disaster.


WHAT? YOU WANT A BIRTH CONTROL DEVICE?
ARE YOU HAVING WANTON SEX WITH SOMEONE, MISS?
AREN'T YOU A LITTLE YOUNG FOR THAT, YOU HUSSY?
HOW OLD ARE YOU, YOU PERVERT?.. SIXTEEN? SEVENTEEN?..
DO YOUR PARENTS KNOW ABOUT THIS? WHAT'S THEIR PHONE NUMBER?
I ENJOY COUNSELING TEENAGERS
MIKE PETERS
MIKE PETERS WITH PERMISSION OF TRIBUNE MEDIA SERVICES

*Sex Respect* recognizes that abstinence isn't always easy for teenagers. Extreme measures are required to counteract their powerful hormonal urges. To that end, *Sex Respect* peppers its pages with upbeat motivational slogans ("Pet your dog, not your date!") and grim tales of ruined lives. In a supplemental classroom video, one student asks, "What if I want to have sex before I get married?" The instructor's response: "Well, I guess that you'll just have to be prepared to die. And you'll probably take with you your spouse and one or more of your children."

The abstinence education program *Choosing the Best* reports that teenage girls who have sex are "six times more likely to have tried suicide." A college senior testifies that one night of sex when he was 15 (no one got pregnant or infected) ended his career as a star football player, hurt his grades and made him feel "like a failure." All these years later, he says, "I'm afraid of falling in love." Interestingly, there are as many female sexual predators in abstinence lessons as there are male. As *Sex Respect* acknowledges, "The liberation movement has produced some aggressive girls." First they wanted equal pay for equal work; now they want hot, steamy sex. What next?

Abstinence educators are prepared for tough questions. If a child asks why some people appear to be happy with their sex lives, *Sex Respect* answers: "Sometimes the consequences or guilt feelings are hidden or covered up." Presented with the observation that millions of teenagers do it, *Sex, Lies & the Truth*—another abstinence education textbook—responds: "At one point in time, thousands of people thought slavery and Hitler's plans were beneficial. But owning slaves and killing Jews caused

By DANIEL RADOSH

great suffering."

According to *Sex Respect*, the acceptable limit of affection is a simple goodnight kiss. Beyond that, "passion becomes like a car with worn-down brakes speeding downhill." And even if you can stop in time, don't think it's OK. "The pattern of petting and stopping, petting and stopping, can cause an association in our minds between petting and frustration. In marriage, when it's OK not to stop, the negative memories can prevent us from fully enjoying the physical side of marriage."

Abstinence curricula overflow with dubious lessons about marriage. "Most men and women prefer to marry individuals with little or no sexual experience," says MISH, adding that "individuals who lack sexual self-control prior to marriage may have difficulty remaining faithful during marriage." Also, "premarital sex can cloud a person's judgment so much that they may marry someone whom they would not otherwise have married." One could also argue the opposite case: that someone who vows premarital abstinence is more likely to marry rashly just to get laid.

There's little science in abstinence education. Instead, anecdotes stand in for evidence. "I had sex before marriage," a 42-year-old woman confesses in *Sex Respect*. "Even though I knew that it was wrong, I tried to make myself think it was right because we were engaged. That didn't help. The guilt still haunts me every time I have sex now, and I've been married over 20 years." And your husband is a lucky man, ma'am.

This zero-tolerance approach goes from silly to dangerous when it suppresses information about contraception and preventing sexually transmitted diseases. The abstinence ed line is that advocating chastity while discussing the benefits of condoms sends mixed messages, that teaching safer sex encourages promiscuity. Rigorous studies, however, have found that traditional sex education does not cause students to have sex sooner or more frequently.

Rigorous, however, is not a word that applies to abstinence programs. In their view, condoms are useless and even dangerous. (A *Sex Respect* section on contraception is titled "Birth Control: Friend or Enemy to Teens?") The value of condoms in preventing disease and pregnancy is beyond debate, but the only information teenagers glean from their abstinence textbooks is the failure rate. The range is given variously as ten percent to 15 percent, ten percent to 20 percent and ten percent to 30 percent—sometimes within a few pages. The actual range is two percent to 12 percent, and experts attribute much of that to human error.

The inaccurate statistics are spun for maximum impact. "When you use a condom, it is like playing Russian roulette," says *Choosing the Best*. "There is a greater risk of a condom failure than the bullet being in the chamber." The claim that "a 15-year-old student who uses a condom consistently has an 89 percent chance of infection by age 25" is a classic example of lying with statistics. (Besides being bad math, this assumes that whenever a condom breaks, someone gets HIV.) When *Choosing the Best* tells students that "people tend not to use condoms properly," it is a justification for dismissing the subject, not a prelude to a lesson on proper use.

DAVID SIPRESS

Instead, *Choosing the Best* makes putting on a condom sound like repairing the Mir. "For condoms to be used properly, over ten specific steps must be followed every time." The first is "inspecting the condom for holes and leaks." The last is "immediate washing of the genital areas with both soap and water and either rubbing alcohol or diluted solutions of Lysol." (Ouch.) *Choosing the Best* points out that these steps can "minimize the romance and spontaneity of the sex act." This is an admirable but unexpected show of concern for the romance of premarital sex.

The specter of AIDS is raised not only in conjunction with risky behavior but also as a way to thwart safe behavior that happens to exceed goodnight kisses. According to *Sex, Lies & the Truth*, French kissing can be chancy if you've been flossing or "eating crunchy foods." *Sex Respect* adds that compromising injuries "may even be caused by overly enthusiastic open-mouth kissing." In fact, there has been one confirmed case of HIV transmission through kissing. Each partner had advanced gum disease.

Why teach blatant falsehoods? Because abstinence education has an agenda beyond encouraging teenagers to remain virgins. This is obvious in issues these curricula cover that are tangential to abstinence. MISH warns teachers that if they must mention homosexuality, they should stress that people who are antigay should not be labeled "prejudiced." *Sex Respect* encourages kids to join "organizations that are trying to curb the sexual tone of advertisements as well as explicit sexual activity on TV and in movies." Several programs stress the risks of abortion, claiming ludicrously that "after one has aborted a child, she loses instinctual control over rage." For younger children, the program *Me, My World, My Future* instructs teachers to refer to a fetus as "a person, child or patient" who "engages in playful activities," and to have students draw pictures of themselves in the womb. "The assignment should be fun and provide interesting artwork for enlivening the classroom."

In other words, abstinence education is largely, as MISH admits, about "the nation's moral character." Ignorance is never bliss. By keeping kids in the dark, abstinence education doesn't make them chaste. Every reliable study has shown that the sexual behavior of students who receive abstinence education is about the same as that of students who do not. More important, eight out of ten parents say they want their kids to have comprehensive sex education. They recognize that sex ed should teach decision-making skills. But it shouldn't dictate the decisions.

# DEAD MAN'S SPERM

## now scientists can turn corpses into fathers

By TED C. FISHMAN

The woman was distraught. Her husband had just committed suicide by hanging. She wanted to preserve his sperm. Was it possible? The doctor agreed to perform the operation, reasoning that the woman wanted her husband's child and that she herself was of sound mind.

He stood over the corpse, cut the vas deferens (the conduit for sperm) and, to echo an old blues song, made a dead man come.

A recent story in *The New York Times* detailed this and similar requests. Seeking to aid a woman who wanted to take one last dip into the family gene pool, a doctor recovered sperm from her 32-year-old husband, who was brain-dead after being struck by a truck.

In another case, a gunshot claimed the life of a 15-year-old boy. The victim was the family's only male heir, and his sister asked doctors to preserve his sperm. After much debate, one doctor complied. When the sperm proved viable, the mother cried, kissed the doctor and handed him $20.

This procedure isn't common yet. A recent survey of 273 infertility clinics in North America found only 14 centers where it has been practiced. But reproductive technologies have a way of, well, reproducing.

We should have seen this coming.

Science has separated the seed of life from paternal responsibility. Men are viewed not as fathers but as mere participants who contribute missing chromosomes. Thanks to a few decades of feminism and male-bashing, a woman's desire to reproduce is held in higher regard than paternal responsibility. By some estimates, business at sperm banks has grown more than tenfold in the past decade, and the centers now perform hundreds of thousands of artificial inseminations a year.

The technology has given rise to some romantic notions. Before shipping off to the Gulf war in 1991, dozens of American soldiers made deposits at sperm banks. Some clinics, doing their part in the war effort, offered special Desert Storm discounts. Whether all of the soldiers had a mother-to-be in mind is unclear, but plan-ahead donors differ from their dead peers in one important way: They have made a conscious choice.

BORIS ZHEROIN

In matters concerning reproduction and sex, consent has always played a major role. Sex without a partner's consent is rape; forcing women to have children they don't want violates the law of the land. Can you imagine the outrage were men to use the corpses of women to incubate their own manufactured offspring?

We recently told you about the comatose woman who was raped in her hospital bed and impregnated. Her parents knew that their daughter was against abortion and speculated that she would have wanted a child. They decided that she should carry the pregnancy to term and went to extraordinary lengths to see the birth through. That case and those of the dead sperm donors make us queasy for the same reason: They reduce human beings to petri dishes that hold living souvenirs. Even medical professionals cannot agree on the ethical implications, especially when the request veers far from the interests of the donor. One doctor recounted the case of a woman whose husband had stated repeatedly that he did not want to have children. The widow claimed he had changed his mind the week before he died.

Like all rights, procreative liberty implies its opposite—the right not to reproduce. In his book *Children of Choice*, John Robertson writes that procreative liberty is valuable because "whether one reproduces or not is central to personal identity, to dignity and to the meaning of one's life."

The harvesters may protest that they chose to preserve their loved ones' genetic destiny as an act of love, as a memorial to a loving partner. How absurd.

The vows say till death do us part. Let men rest in peace.

# READER

### MARIJUANA MYTHS

In his crusade against medical marijuana, Dr. Eric Voth ("Puff and Stuff," *Reader Response*, September) grossly misrepresents the scientific evidence. Every study he cites showing marijuana-related harm is contradicted by dozens of other studies.

In our recent book *Marijuana Myths, Marijuana Facts* (Lindesmith Center), we review 30 years of scientific evidence based on marijuana research. We conclude that marijuana does not adversely affect sex hormones in humans; does not cause birth defects, lasting memory impairment or cancer; does not impair immune function and is not highly addictive.

The only clear health risk associated with marijuana use is lung damage from smoking, and this risk appears primarily among long-term, high-dose smokers, particularly those who also smoke tobacco cigarettes. Daily marijuana smokers experience slightly more respiratory symptoms than do nonsmokers. However, two recent studies, one conducted in the U.S. and the other in Australia, indicate no evidence of the lung disease emphysema among those who smoke only marijuana.

All effective medications produce unwanted side effects. Marijuana is no exception. Some people find marijuana's psychoactivity to be extremely unpleasant. But contrary to Dr. Voth's assertion, this adverse effect is less common with smoked marijuana than with the oral THC capsule, which has been approved by the FDA and is available by prescription. True, crude marijuana is sometimes contaminated with fungal spores, which is a problem for people with suppressed immune systems. However, this problem could be eliminated with proper quality control, under a system of legal distribution.

Both smoked marijuana and oral THC have the potential to produce psychomotor impairment. But a recent driving study, funded by the U.S. Department of Transportation, shows that impairment from marijuana is less substantial than that caused by many widely used medications. Even if driving impairment from marijuana were more substantial, that would hardly be a reason to forbid marijuana's use as a medicine—unless we are also prepared to forbid, on similar grounds, the use of many painkillers, antihistamines, tranquilizers, sleeping pills and over-the-counter cough syrups.

FOR THE RECORD

## SEX RESPECT

"Over the past 12 years, I've observed that the more uncomfortable a woman is with her sex life, the more outraged and irritated she is by porn and the women who are proud to make it. The angrier she is at 'the patriarchy' and the more she blames men for the ills of the world, the more she wants to punish men for their ability to become easily aroused through visual stimulation. In their efforts to remove the injustices of rampant sexism in the public arena, some women have become overzealous and extended their prohibitionary efforts to the bedroom, exactly where privacy and tolerance should be extended most. Speaking as one at whom a lot of their anger has been directed, it seems like they've cut off their clits to spite their orgasms."

—PORN STAR NINA HARTLEY IN THE BOOK *Whores and Other Feminists* (Routledge)

Voth's assertion that the availability of other "safe and effective medications precludes the need for marijuana or pure THC" is contrary to the principles of good medical practice. His own survey of oncologists indicates that 12 percent have recommended marijuana to patients undergoing chemotherapy. Other surveys of oncologists show even greater support for marijuana's use as an antinauseant. Physicians and patients need the maximum number of effective medications—not just those that work best in the majority of patients. The fact that marijuana is effective in some patients for whom other medications have failed makes it a valuable addition to the pharmacopoeia.

In a 1982 letter to the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, Congressman Newt Gingrich wrote that "the outdated federal prohibition" of medical marijuana was "corrupting the intent of state laws and depriving thousands of glaucoma and cancer patients of the medical care promised them by their state legislatures." According to Gingrich, "the hysteria over marijuana's social abuse" has prevented a "factual and balanced assessment of marijuana's use as a medicant." Voth seems committed to perpetuating the hysteria, regardless of the suffering it causes.

Lynn Zimmer
Associate Professor
of Sociology
Queens College
New York, New York

John Morgan
Professor of
Pharmacology
CUNY Medical School
New York, New York

### GOD SQUAD

As a parent and lifelong resident of Alabama, I am appalled that the parents of those Little League players did not first investigate the sponsorship of their teams ("Irrational Pastime," *The Playboy Forum*, November). Until our daughter is an adult, my wife and I will

always investigate the particulars of her activities. It is not only our right but also our duty as parents. Raising objections to immoral influences a season later? Come on, guys! If we had been talking drugs, your kids would be long gone by now.

Fennigan Spencer
Birmingham, Alabama

Robert Wieder's "Irrational Pastime" is not just an example of what happens when God takes the field; it also gives us more reason to doubt the existence of a supreme being. Surely if there were one, he wouldn't operate on such a mundane level.

A recent Yankelovich poll found that 90 percent of Americans believe in the existence of God, compared with just 48 percent of Britons; 76 percent of Americans think hell is a real place, compared with just 16 percent of Germans. More than 100 million Americans attend church each Sunday, which is a vastly higher number than in Europe. Radio and television teem with evangelists, while Americans donate an astounding $70 billion annually to churches and ministries—more than the national budgets of most countries. That's a colossal commitment to the supernatural.

But if 90 percent of the population believes in God, the other ten percent must be skeptics like me. Since America has 200 million adults, there must be about 20 million of us doubters. The agnostic viewpoint rarely gets media coverage, but we deserve a chance to toss our beliefs into the national stew. Free speech includes the right to raise doubts.

Agnostics operate from the point of view that no reliable evidence can be found of a spiritual realm. Among university faculties and research lab staffs and the like, religious believers have become oddities.

Not long ago, Yale professor Stephen Carter wrote a book, *The Culture of Disbelief*, protesting the spread of this skepticism among America's trendsetters. Carter called it a symptom of moral decay. I call it a sign of rising integrity.

Over the years, bold nonconformists have dared to doubt. Thomas Edison said, "Religion is all bunk." Sigmund Freud compared religion to a childhood neurosis. Albert Einstein wrote that he couldn't imagine a personal God or a hereafter, "although feeble souls harbor such thoughts through fear or ridiculous egotism." Thomas Jefferson wrote in a letter to John Adams: "The day will come when the mystical generation of Jesus, by the supreme being as his father in the womb of a virgin, will be classed with the fable of the generation of Minerva in the brain of Jupiter."

That day has obviously arrived for much of Europe. I hope that it comes to America.

Jim Haught, Editor
*The Charleston Gazette*
Charleston, West Virginia

*Send questions and opinions: The Playboy Forum Reader Response,* PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Please include daytime phone number. Fax: 312-951-2939. E-mail: forum@playboy.com (please include city and state).*

## FORUM F.Y.I.

### POSTAL DAZE

Hackers rule! And not just in cyberspace, as evidenced by artists Michael Thompson and Michael Hernandez de Luna. Their designs of fake postage stamps depict images not likely to receive approval from the postmaster general, yet several of the stamps passed postal scrutiny and were delivered. Though Thompson and Hernandez de Luna feared arrest at the opening of their gallery exhibit, celebrity status at their local post office appears to be worth taking the risk.

# BIG BUNNY

## let's clear up a few questions about

I am going to keep my images and there's nothing you can do! So please wipe your ass it's getting smelly butthead. Stop breathing or farting is what I should say! Do you read PLAYBOY much? I don't I just look at the pictures that I get free from the Internet. So let me have my freedom of speach you little cock because you are what you eat (you cock). P.S. When you fuck your pillow does it fuck back like your wife did to me!!!"

- "Fuck PLAYBOY! I am going to ask everyone that used to love this site to visit often to boycott PLAYBOY Magazine, the reason most of the good Jenny McCarthy sites are down. I ask that you never give any of your hard-earned cash to this piece-of-shit company."

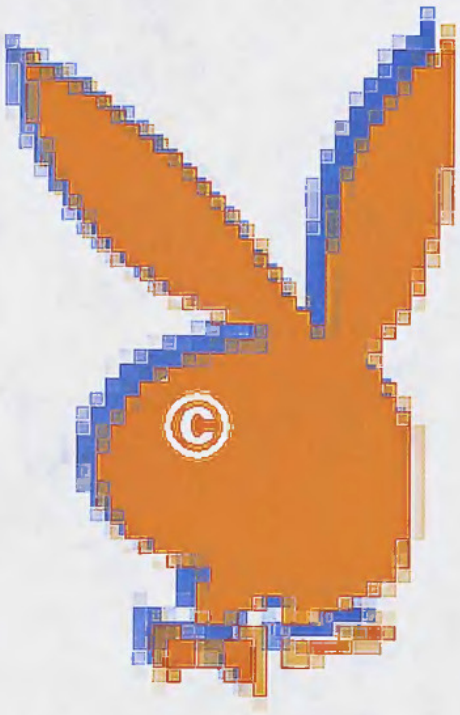
- "Is it not enough that you are making millions from the average person, shame on you for restricting the posting of Playmates over the Internet. I had a subscription, but considering PLAYBOY's greedy nature I will not renew."

- "I long ago quit my subscription to PLAYBOY and never visit the site. However, as an American taxpayer I am compelled to comment on your policies regarding copyright infringement. The copyright laws of this nation are enforced for your benefit. We should not be doing it in the first place. If you don't want it copied don't publish it, simply go out of business. I as a taxpayer don't want to protect your business."

- "I wanna know what your fucking problem is you damn dolt. Why in the hell are you taking all these wonderful sites dedicated to jenny mccarthy off. Hell your probably gay and don't give a damn jackass. Good-Bye You son of a bitch."

We're used to being attacked by anti-sex zealots and religious nuts. Now there's a new breed of moron sending us hate mail.

If you've surfed Usenet or any of hundreds of sites on the World Wide Web, you've spotted PLAYBOY images. They stand above the rest. Misguided "fans" scan photos from the magazine or our newsstand specials, or they download image files from our Web site. Then they play publisher and post them on Usenet, personal home pages or commercial sites. From there, the files are duplicated en masse with the click of a mouse. College students create shrines to Jenny McCarthy, Pam Anderson and other Playmates and republish every photo we've ever printed of the women. Several Scanmaster collections include more than 1000 pictures. Entrepreneurs create huge online archives of PLAYBOY images, then charge visitors $5 to $20 a month for access. Some earn hundreds of thousands of dollars. A few overseas operators have even mirrored the entire PLAYBOY Web site, and porn-site barkers love to use PLAYBOY images to tell visitors, "This is what you'll find inside!" It isn't.



All this thievery keeps our lawyers busy. Many Web masters post the images until we contact them, then they apologize and take them down. (For the record, PLAYBOY does not grant permission for our articles, interviews, illustrations, photographs, cartoons or any other material to be posted online.) Other pirates send the sort of ignorant mail mentioned previously.

Some surfers have written to ask how a magazine devoted to free speech can stifle students who want to decorate their online hangouts with beautiful women. Others remind us that the thousands of illegal PLAYBOY images floating around the Net are "free advertising" that has made the magazine what it is today (as if we were born yesterday). Still others accuse us of persecuting Scanmasters who routinely steal and distribute our photos as a "public service" (and who, frankly, need to get lives). They all want to know why we are being such bastards about a few digital images posted for surfers to download and admire, especially if no one's charging money. They want to know what gives us the right.

Let's begin with the Constitution, specifically Article I, Section 8, which serves as the basis for U.S. copyright law. Even as our nation was being formed, Congress saw the need for artists, writers, photographers and inventors to be able to benefit from their work. That provision doesn't include a qualification that an artist, writer, photographer or inventor who makes a profit, large or small, forfeits any protection. It simply says that if you create something unique, it belongs to you, and you have the right to control its use and presentation.

Some confused souls have asked why we are "censoring" their use of our work. But this is not about free speech. It's about capitalism and, more important, ethics.

People have always stolen from us. How many times have you seen the famous nude of Marilyn Monroe that appeared in our first issue in 1953? More times than we've given permission for it to be reprinted, no doubt. Technology has made it possible to create perfect digital copies in seconds, and to distribute them worldwide. That capability has led to a general erosion of ethics. People copy software for friends. People keep shareware with-

# IS WATCHING

## copyright in the digital world

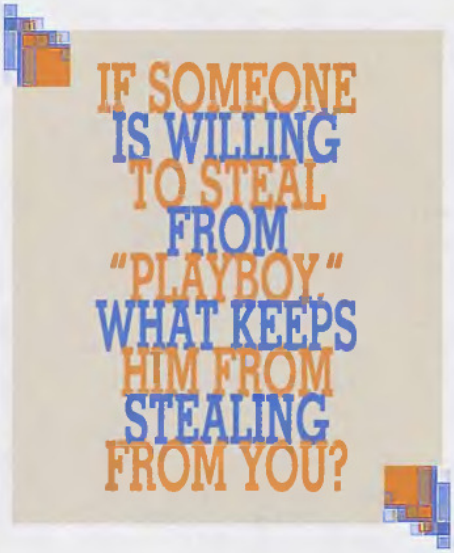
out licensing it. People "borrow" words and illustrations for home pages. People digitize songs and albums and bootleg them online. Soon people may be able to do the same with rental videos, or DVD. It's easy, but that doesn't make it right.

PLAYBOY isn't the only publisher addressing the issue of copyright online. To educate surfers, Brad Templeton of Clari Net has written an excellent primer, "Ten Big Myths About Copyright Explained," posted at www.clari.net/brad/copymyths.html. A common fallacy, according to Templeton, is that any material not displaying a copyright notice is not copyrighted. If that were true, all you'd have to do is remove the copyright notice from an image or article to gain control of it. U.S. and international copyright law holds that a work is protected the moment it is created. Notice only warns others and helps owners win "more and different damages," Templeton writes. "This applies to pictures, too. You may not scan photos from magazines and post them, and if you come upon something unknown, you shouldn't post that either." It's a common courtesy to assume that other people's work is protected, whether or not it bears a copyright notice.

Many Internet users believe that if you don't charge for access to copyrighted material, it's not a violation. "Whether you charge can affect the damages awarded in court, but that's essentially the only difference," Templeton explains. "It's still a violation if you give it away—and there can be heavy damages if you hurt the value of the property."

Another tricky copyright area is Usenet. Some people reason that anything posted to Usenet groups, including images, must be copyright-free. But as Templeton points out, the person posting an article or image must obtain the right to share it—otherwise the post and any copies of it are illegal. (There is a provision of copyright law known as fair use that allows for commentary, parody, news reporting, research and education. But that almost always involves a short, attributed excerpt that does not damage the value of the work. An example would be a few paragraphs of a novel quoted in a review. Fair use does not mean that a person can use an image or article freely as long as they give credit.) For an article or photograph to become part of the public domain, the copyright holder must explicitly abandon all legal claims to it. PLAYBOY has never done that, and you would be hard-pressed to find a publisher, writer, photographer or artist who has.

Images aren't the only medium pirated online. Witness the column stolen from Mary Schmich of the *Chicago Tribune*. An unknown Net user credited her work to Kurt Vonnegut and distributed it widely. PLAYBOY articles often get




the same treatment, though we haven't found any attributed to Vonnegut except those he's written. A more common technique is to scan or rekey text and credit the work to the talented, widely read "Anonymous." In one instance, we published a humorous exchange in *The Playboy Forum* called "Real Life Cybersex." Almost immediately after the article appeared, we found it posted anonymously on dozens of Web sites (including one gay site at which the female character had been changed to a man). In another example, a college student posted a PLAYBOY article called *Wit and Wisdom of the Supermodel* on his site. The article, which had been renamed, made no mention of its authors or origin. The student accepted awards for his witty compilation from *Yahoo! Internet Life*, Lycos, *Internet Underground* and Magellan. We're honored.

So what's the big deal? It's a big deal to us because those images and words represent our livelihood. We invest millions of dollars in our articles, photography and artwork—we've built a reputation on them—and a site that includes PLAYBOY material creates competition we don't need. Our photographers and writers have the right to control their creative work, like anyone else. If a surfer sees one of our photos on a site and it looks lousy, that reflects badly on us. Even at free sites, Web masters use our photographs to entice and impress visitors, and visitors are valuable. And pirated material becomes diluted, which affects its worth. Everyone sees it everywhere, and no one wants to see it again. A more important consideration might be this: If someone is willing to steal from PLAYBOY, which can afford big-time lawyers, what keeps him from stealing from you? Maybe they already are. The Net is a big place.

That's our piece. We realize that none of this will stop the flow of hate mail invoking Big Brother or calling us greedy. Some people on the Net have established their own ethical fiefdoms. But here's a suggestion for anyone who feels tempted to claim our work as their own: Start a magazine from practically nothing, sustain it over 44 years, build studios staffed with talented photographers and technicians, recruit the world's most beautiful women, conduct tens of thousands of photo shoots, develop and process the images, hire editors and artistic directors, pay top dollar for the best fiction and journalism and pay the printers' bills. Fly your photographers, writers, scouts and models around the world. Discover and popularize superstars like Jenny McCarthy and Pam Anderson. Develop a reputation for quality. To maintain that reputation, spend millions more taking photos of women who don't make the cut. Take that risk. Then you'll have plenty of articles and erotic images to post on your Web site. In the meantime, don't use ours.

# NEWSFRONT

*what's happening in the sexual and social arenas*

## ROAD STRIP

LONDON—*The Automobile Association has cautioned drivers not to look up when passing a sexy new billboard. The advertisement, erected in London and six other*

*cities in the UK, features a model wearing a tight black dress. The motorized board whirs every few seconds and the model "strips" to reveal her Pretty Polly tights. "Drivers have to be disciplined and keep their eyes on the road," an AA spokesman warned.*

## AWAY WITH WORDS

DELAND, FLORIDA—*The attorney for a man facing the death penalty asked the judge to declare the punishment a violation of the First Amendment. "If someone is put to death, it restricts his right to freedom of speech," said assistant public defender Larry Henderson. A jury convicted Henderson's 21-year-old client of killing a tavern worker by sticking two screwdrivers into his neck.*

## MINOR INDISCRETION

MADISON, WISCONSIN—*The state assembly unanimously endorsed a bill that would make it a felony for adults to talk dirty to children. The proposed law forbids anyone 17 years old or older from giving a child a detailed description or narrative of sexual excitement, sexually explicit conduct, sadomasochistic abuse or physical torture or brutality. The bill stems from a case in which a bus driver befriended elementary schoolgirls, encouraged them to phone him, then talked about explicit sex. The proposal, which was sent to the state senate, was amended to allow for dirty talk between minors. Without the change, one legislator said, it would be a crime "for two 15-year-old schoolboys to talk about what 15-year-old schoolboys talk about."*

## PUNCHING OUT

SALEM, OREGON—*The Oregon Supreme Court ruled that the state must pay workers' compensation to a man who made racist comments on the job and was punched in the face by a black co-worker. Though the exchange had nothing to do with the man's duties, the court ruled that his injuries were work related. Workplace hazards, it concluded, include "the risk that a co-worker may lose control of his or her emotions and assault the employee."*

## NAKED AGGRESSION

DALLAS—*Police arrested four protesters who entered a bookstore and destroyed several copies of a collection of art photography by Jock Sturges that includes pictures of nude children. Protesters also vandalized books by Sturges in New York City, Denver, Omaha, Kansas City, Independence, Missouri and other cities. James Dobson, of the religious right group Focus on the Family, and Randall Terry, former head of Operation Rescue, organized the campaign, which targets Barnes & Noble stores that sell Sturges' work. The men insist the photos are child porn. The publicity created such a demand for the photographer's books that the publisher couldn't keep up with orders.*

## CHEATING HEARTS

ROME—*The Italian Supreme Court has broadened the definition of adultery to include "spiritual" betrayal. When a man caught his wife cheating, she accused him of driving her away with his "intolerable behavior." In an odd twist, the court said the husband had been unfaithful. It ruled that infidelity includes mental mistreatment, emotional intimacy with another person or excessive indulgence in personal interests. By that definition, the husband had betrayed the couple's "spiritual and physical dedication to each other," sending his wife into the arms of another.*

## PILOT ERROR

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY—*A female pilot won $875,000 from Continental Airlines after she sued for sexual harassment. She said male pilots left pin-ups and porn hidden in the cockpit. The pilots glued the photos to the bottoms of drawers and the backs of clipboards, and hid them behind panels marked with Xs and in flight manuals. The female pilot said that when she complained, male pilots wrote her name on some photos in retaliation. Some pilots told the Associated Press that hiding porn for incoming crews is a traditional "male-bonding" prank that has become less common as more women become pilots.*

## CHEEK TO CHEEK

KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE—*The University of Tennessee agreed to pay $300,000 to a female trainer who saw a football player moon another athlete. According to a report compiled by the university, the 28-year-old trainer was examining quarterback Peyton Manning's foot when he exposed his buttocks to a male member of the track team. Hearing laughter, the woman glanced up and found herself 18 to 30 inches from bare butt. The distressed trainer took three months of medical leave, then*

*alleged the mooning was part of a pattern of harassment in the athletic department. Her boss told the university the woman had witnessed other moonings, but "the difference in this situation must be her close proximity."*



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# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: CONAN O'BRIEN

## *a candid conversation with the preppie prince of "late night" about his rocky start, his show's secret one-day cancellation and how david letterman saved the day*

*He was polite. He was funny. He gave us a communicable disease.*

*At 34, Conan O'Brien is hotter than the fever he was running when we met in his private domain above the "Late Night" soundstage. A gangly, freckle-faced ex–high school geek, he is "one of TV's hottest properties," according to "People" magazine. The host of "Late Night With Conan O'Brien" has become his generation's king of comedy.*

*Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. Congested, too, but O'Brien has far more to worry about than this head cold. A perfectionist who broods over one bad minute in an otherwise perfect hour of TV, he worries he might be anhedonic. "I have trouble with success," he says. "I was raised to believe that if something good happens, something bad is coming." Sure, things look good now. "Rolling Stone" calls "Late Night" "the hottest comedy show on TV." Ratings are better than ever, particularly among 18- to 34-year-olds, the viewers advertisers crave.*

*But O'Brien only works harder. Despite his illness, he taped two shows in 26 hours on three hours' sleep. He smoothly interviewed Elton John, then burst into coughing fits during commercials. Later, in his cramped corner office overlooking Manhattan traffic, Conan the Cool gulped DayQuil gel caps. He coughed, spewing microbes.*

*"Sorry, sorry," he said. Of course, O'Brien can't complain. He came seriously close to failing, to being banished behind the scenes as just another failed talk show host.*

*At his first "Late Night" press conference he corrected a reporter who called him a relative unknown. "Sir, I am a complete unknown," he said. That line got a laugh, but soon O'Brien look doomed. His September 13, 1993 debut began with O'Brien in his dressing room preparing to hang himself, only to be interrupted by the start of the show. Before long his career was hanging by a thread. Ratings were terrible. Critics hated the show. Tom Shales of "The Washington Post" called it as "lifeless and messy as roadkill." Shales said O'Brien should quit.*

*Network officials held urgent meetings, discussing the Conan O'Brien debacle. Should they fire him? How should they explain their mistake?*

*In the end, of course, he turned it around. The network hung with him long enough for the ratings to improve, and the host of the cooler-than-ever "Late Night" now defines comedy's cutting edge, just as Letterman did ten years ago.*

*Even Shales loves "Late Night" these days. He calls O'Brien's turnaround "one of the most amazing transformations in television history."*

*O'Brien was born on April 18, 1963 in Brookline, Massachusetts. His father, a doctor, is a professor at Harvard Medical School. His mother, a lawyer, is a partner at an elite Boston law firm. Conan, the third of six O'Brien children, became a lector at church and a misfit at school. Tall and goofy, bedeviled with acne, he tried to impress girls with jokes. That plan usually bombed, but O'Brien eventually found his niche at Harvard, where he won the presidency of the "Harvard Lampoon" in 1983 and again in 1984—the first two-time "Lampoon" president since humorist Robert Benchley held the honor 85 years ago.*

*After graduating magna cum laude with a double major in literature and American history, he turned pro. Writing for HBO's "Not Necessarily the News," O'Brien was earning $100,000 a year before his 24th birthday. But writing was never enough.*

*He honed his performance skills with the Groundlings, a Los Angeles improv group. There he worked with his onetime girlfriend Lisa Kudrow, now starring on "Friends." But Conan was not such a standout. In 1988 he landed a job at "Saturday Night Live"—but as a writer, not as on-air talent. In almost four years on the show O'Brien made only fleeting appearances, usually as a crowd member or security guard. His writing was*

*"How little you understand. Jay, Dave and I pal around all the time. We often ride a bicycle built for three up to the country. We sleep in triple-decker bunk beds and snore in unison like the Three Stooges."*

*"If Fabio sues me it'll be the best thing that ever happened. A publicity bonanza. Courtroom sketches of Fabio with his man-boobs quivering. Me shouting across the courtroom: 'Fabio, let's get it on!'"*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID ROSE

*"The show is my escape valve. When I tear off my shirt and gyrate my pelvis like Robert Plant, that just shows you how repressed I am—a guy who wants to push his sex at the lens but can only do it as a joke."*

*more memorable. He wrote (or co-wrote) Tom Hanks' "Mr. Short-Term Memory" skits as well as the "pump you up" infosatire of Hanz and Franz and the nude beach sketch in which Matthew Broderick and "SNL" members played nudists admiring one another's penises. With dozens of mentions of the word, that bit was the most penis-heavy moment in TV history. It helped O'Brien win an Emmy for comedy writing.*

*In 1991 he quit "SNL" and moved on to "The Simpsons," where he worked for two years. His urge to perform came out in wall-bouncing antics in writers' meetings. "Conan makes you fall out of your chair," said "Simpsons" creator Matt Groening. O'Brien's yen to act out was so strong that he spurned Fox's reported seven-figure offer to continue as a writer. He was dying for the spotlight.*

*By then David Letterman had announced he was jumping ship—leaving NBC, taking his top-rated act to CBS. Suddenly NBC was up a creek without a host. The network turned to Lorne Michaels, O'Brien's "Saturday Night Live" boss. Michaels enlisted Conan's help in the host search, planning to use him in a behind-the-scenes job. But when Garry Shandling, Dana Carvey and almost every other star turned down the chore of following Letterman, Michaels finally listened to Conan's crazy suggestion: "Let me do it." Michaels persuaded the network to entrust its 12:30 slot, which Letterman had turned into a gold mine, to an untested wiseass from Harvard.*

*O'Brien was working on one of his last "Simpsons" episodes when he got the news. He turned "paler than usual," Groening recalled. Then Conan moseyed back to where the other writers were working. "I'll come back with the Homer Simpson joke later. I have to go replace Letterman," he said.*

*NBC executives now get credit for their foresight during those dark days of 1993 and 1994. They spared the ax and now reap the multimillion-dollar spoils of that decision. In fact, the story is not so simple. We sent Contributing Editor* **Kevin Cook** *to unravel the tale of O'Brien's survival, which he tells here for the first time. Cook reports:*

*"His office is chock-full of significa. There's a three-foot plastic pickle the Letterman staff left behind in 1993—perhaps to suggest what a predicament he was in. There's a copy of Jack Paar's 'I Kid You Not' and a coffee-table book called 'Saturday Night Live: The First 20 Years.' His bulletin board features letters from fans such as John Waters and Bob Dole, and an 8"x10" glossy of Andy Richter with the inscription: 'To Conan—Your bitter jealousy warms my black heart. Love and Kisses, Andy.'*

*"Of course it's all for show. From the photos of kitsch icons Adam West and Robert Stack to the framed Stan Laurel autograph, from the deathbed painting of Abraham Lincoln to the ironic star taped to Conan's office door—they're all clever signals that tell a visitor how to view the star. Lincoln was his collegiate preoccupation; stardom is his occupation. Somewhere between the two I hoped to find the real O'Brien.*

*"As a* PLAYBOY *reader, he wanted to give me a better-than-average interview. I wanted something more—a definitive look at the guy who may end up being the Johnny Carson of his generation.*

*"Here's hoping we succeeded. If not, I carried his germs 3000 miles and infected dozens of Californians for no good reason."*

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**O'BRIEN:** Yes, this is how to do the *Playboy Interview*—completely tanked on cold medicine. I'll pick it up and read, "Yes, I'm gay."

**PLAYBOY:** We could talk another time.

**O'BRIEN:** (*Coughing*) No, it's OK. I memorized Dennis Rodman's answers. Can I use them?

**PLAYBOY:** You sound really sick. Do you ever take a day off?

**O'BRIEN:** No. The age of talk show hosts' taking days off is over. Johnny Carson could go to Africa when he was the only game in town—"See you in two weeks!" But nobody does that now. I will give you a million dollars on the first day Jay takes off for illness.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you ever slow down and enjoy your success?

*Then NBC picks a guy with crazy hair and a weird name. From Harvard. And the world says, "Harvard? Those guys are assholes."*

**O'BRIEN:** If anything, the pace is picking up. Restaurateurs insist on giving me a table even if I'm only passing by, so I'm eating nine meals a night. Women stop me on the street and hand me their phone numbers.

**PLAYBOY:** So you have groupies?

**O'BRIEN:** Oh yes. And other fans. Drifters. Prisoners. Insomniacs. Cab drivers, who must watch a lot of late-night TV, seem to love me lately. They keep saying, "You will not pay, you will not pay, you make me happy!"

**PLAYBOY:** How happy did your new contract make you?

**O'BRIEN:** Terrified. The network said, "We're all set for five years." I said, "Shut up, shut up! I can't think that far ahead." Tonight, for instance, I do my jokes, then interview Elton John and Tim Meadows. We finished taping about 6:30. By 6:45 my memory was erased and my only thought was, Tomorrow: John Tesh. And I started to obsess about John Tesh. Sad, don't you think?

**PLAYBOY:** Not too sad. You got off to a rocky start, but now you're so hot that *People* magazine recently said, "That was then, this is wow."

**O'BRIEN:** I try not to pay much attention. Since I ignored the critics who said I should shoot myself in the head with a German Luger, it would be cheating to tear out nice reviews now and rub them over my body, giggling. Though I have thought about it.

**PLAYBOY:** Tell us about your trademark gag. You interview a photo of Bill Clinton or some other celeb, and a pair of superimposed lips provides outrageous answers.

**O'BRIEN:** We call it the Clutch Cargo bit, after that terrible old cartoon series. They saved money on animation by superimposing real lips on the cartoons. I wanted to do topical jokes in a cartoony way—not just Conan doing quips at a desk. TV is visual; I want things to look funny. But we're not *Saturday Night Live*; we couldn't spend $100,000 on it. Hence the cheap, cheesy lips. You'd be surprised how many people we fool.

**PLAYBOY:** Viewers believe that's really the president yelling, "Yee-ha! Who's got a joint?"

**O'BRIEN:** It's strange. You may know intellectually that Clinton doesn't talk like Foghorn Leghorn. Ninety-eight percent of your brain knows the president wouldn't say, "Whoa, Conan, get a load of that girl!" But there are a few brain cells that aren't sure. When Bob Dole was running for president we had him doing a past-life regression: "*My* cave, get away." And then back further: "Must form flippers to climb onto rocky soil," he says. There may be people out there who believe that Bob Dole was the first amphibian.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you ever go too far?

**O'BRIEN:** The fun is in going too far. It's a nice device because you get Bill Clinton to do the nastiest Bill Clinton jokes. We'll have Clinton make fart noises while I say, "Sir! Please!"

**PLAYBOY:** Are you enjoying your job now, with your new success?

**O'BRIEN:** Well, there are surprises. I hate surprises. Like most comedians, I'm a control freak. But I'm learning that the show works best when it's out of control. Tonight I ask Elton John if he likes being neighbors with Joan Collins. He says he isn't neighbors with Joan Collins. He lives next door to Tina Turner. So I panic—huge mistake! But Elton saves the day. "Joan Collins, Tina Turner, it doesn't matter. Either way I could borrow a wig," he says. Huge laugh, all because I fucked up. Later he surprised me by blurting out that he's hung like a horse. The camera cuts to me shaking my head: *That crazy Elton. What can I do?* Of course I'm delighted that he went too far.

**PLAYBOY:** That "What can I do?" look resembles a classic take of Jack Benny's.

**O'BRIEN:** There's an old saying in literature: "Good poets borrow, great poets steal." I think T.S. Eliot stole it from Ezra

Pound. Comics steal, too. Constantly. When I watched Johnny Carson I noticed that he got a few takes from Benny and Bob Hope. When a comedy writer told me how much Woody Allen had borrowed from Hope, I thought, What? They're nothing alike. Then I went back and watched *Son of Paleface*, and there's Hope the nervous city guy backing up on his heels, wringing his hands and saying, "Sorry, I'll just be moving along." Now look at early Woody Allen. You see big authority figures and Woody nervously saying, "Look, I'll just be on my way." Of course Woody made it his own, but he must have watched and loved Bob Hope.

**PLAYBOY:** Who are your role models?

**O'BRIEN:** Carson. Woody Allen. *SCTV*. Peter Sellers. When Peter Sellers died I felt such a loss, thinking, There won't be any more of that. There's some Steve Martin in my false bravado with female guests: "Why, *hel-lo* there!" And I won't deny having some Letterman in my bones.

**PLAYBOY:** You were a surprise as Letterman's successor. At first you seemed like the wrong choice.

**O'BRIEN:** I didn't get ratings. That doesn't mean I didn't get laughs. Yes, I had a giant pompadour and looked like a rockabilly freak. I was too excited, pushed too hard, and people said, "That guy isn't a polished performer." Fine! But it isn't my goal to be Joe Handsomehead, cool, smooth talk show host. *Late Night With Conan* is supposed to be a work in progress, and now that we've had some success there's a danger of our getting too polished and morphing into something smoothly professional. Which would suck.

Do you know why I wanted this show? Because *Late Night With David Letterman* played with the rules and it looked like fun. Here was a place where people did risky comedy every night for millions of people. We had to keep this thing alive. There should be a place on a big network where people are still messing around.

**PLAYBOY:** How bad were your early days on the show?

**O'BRIEN:** Bad. Dave left here under a cloud; his fans and the media were angry with NBC. Then NBC picks a guy with crazy hair and a weird name. From Harvard. And the world says, "Harvard? Those guys are assholes." I sincerely hope that the winter of December 1993, our first winter, was the worst time I will ever have. I'd go out to do the warm-up and the back two rows of seats would be empty. That's hard to look at. I would tell a joke and then hear someone whisper, "Who's he? Where's Dave?"

**PLAYBOY:** You had trouble getting guests.

**O'BRIEN:** Bob Denver canceled on us. We shot a test show featuring Al Lewis of *The Munsters*. We did the Clutch Cargo thing with a photo of Herman Munster. Unfortunately Fred Gwynne, who played Herman, had recently died, and Al Lewis kept pointing at the screen, saying, "You're dead! I was at your funeral!"

**PLAYBOY:** For months you got worried notes from network executives. What did they say?

**O'BRIEN:** They were worried. The fact that Lorne Michaels was involved bought me some time. But Lorne had turned to me at the start and said, "OK, Conan. What do you want to do?" Now television critics were after me and the network was starting to realize what a risk I was. Suggestions came fast and furious. I kept the note that said, "Why don't you die?"

**PLAYBOY:** Did they suggest ways to be funnier?

**O'BRIEN:** They were more specific and tactical. The network gets very specific data. Say there was a drop in the ratings between 12:44 and 12:48 when I was talking to Jon Bon Jovi. I'll be told, "Don't ever talk to him again." Or they'll want me to tease viewers into staying with us: "You should tease that—say, 'We'll have nudity coming up next!'"

**PLAYBOY:** You did come close to being canceled.

**O'BRIEN:** We were canceled.

**PLAYBOY:** Really? You have never admitted that.

**O'BRIEN:** This is the first time I've talked about it. When I had been on about a year, there was a meeting at the network. They decided to cancel my show. They said, "It's canceled." Next day they realized they had nothing else to put in the 12:30 slot, so we got a reprieve.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you worried sick?

**O'BRIEN:** I went into denial. I tried hard not to think, Yes, I'm bad on the air and my show has none of the things a TV show needs to survive. We had no ratings. No critics in our corner. Advertisers didn't like us. Affiliates wanted to drop us. Sometimes I'd meet a programming director from a local station where we had no rating at all. The guy would show me a printout with no number for *Late Night*'s rating, just a hash mark or pound sign. I didn't dare think about that when I went out to do the show.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you defending denial?

**O'BRIEN:** How else does anyone get through a terrible experience? The odds were against me. Rationally, I didn't have much chance. Denial was my only friend. When I look back on the first year, it's like a scene from an old war movie: Ordinary guy gets thrown into combat, somehow beats impossible odds, staggers to safety. His buddy says, "You could have been killed!" The guy stops and thinks. "Could have been killed?" he says. His eyes cross and he faints.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you dodge the bullet?

**O'BRIEN:** There were people at NBC who stood up for me. I will always be indebted to [NBC West Coast president] Don Ohlmeyer, who stuck to his guns. Don said, "We chose this guy. We should stick

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with him unless we get a better plan." He was brutally honest. He came to me and said, "Give me about a 15 percent bump in the ratings and you'll stay on the air. If not, we're going to move on."

**PLAYBOY:** Ohlmeyer started his career in the sports division.

**O'BRIEN:** Exactly. His take was, "You're on our team." Of course it wasn't exactly rational of Don to hope I'd be 15 percent funnier. It was like telling a farmer, "It better rain this week or we'll take your farm."

**PLAYBOY:** What did you say to Ohlmeyer?

**O'BRIEN:** There wasn't time. I had to go out and do a monolog. But I will always be indebted to Don because he told me the truth. Wait a minute—you have somehow tricked me into talking lovingly about an NBC executive. Let me say that there were others who were beneath contempt—executives who wouldn't know a good show if it swam up their asses and lit a campfire.

**PLAYBOY:** Finally the ratings went your way. Hard work rewarded?

**O'BRIEN:** Well, I also paid off the Nielsen people. That was $140,000 well spent.

**PLAYBOY:** Ohlmeyer plus bribery saved you?

**O'BRIEN:** There was something else. Just when everyone was kicking the crap out of the show, Letterman defended me.

**PLAYBOY:** Letterman had signed off on NBC saying, "I don't really know Conan O'Brien, but I hear he killed someone."

**O'BRIEN:** Then I pick up the paper and he's saying he thinks I'm going to make it. "They do some interesting, innovative stuff over there," he says. "I think Conan will prevail." And then he came on my show as a guest. Remember, this was when we were at our nadir. There was no Machiavellian reason for David Letterman, who at the time was the biggest thing in show business, to be on my show.

**PLAYBOY:** Why did he do it?

**O'BRIEN:** I'm still not sure. Maybe out of a sense of honor. Fair play. And it woke me up. It made me think, Hey, we have a real fucking television show here.

Of six or seven pivotal points in my short history here, that was the first and maybe the biggest. I wouldn't be sitting here—I probably wouldn't exist today—if he hadn't done our show.

**PLAYBOY:** The *Late Night* wars were hardly noted for friendly gestures.

**O'BRIEN:** How little you understand. Jay, Dave and I pal around all the time. We often ride a bicycle built for three up to the country. "Nice job with Fran Drescher!" "Thanks, pal. You weren't so bad with John Tesh." We sleep in triple-decker bunk beds and snore in unison like the Three Stooges.

**PLAYBOY:** You talk more about Letterman than about your NBC teammate Leno.

**O'BRIEN:** I hate the "Leno or Letterman, who's better?" question. I can tell you that Jay has been great to me. He calls me occasionally.

**PLAYBOY:** To say what?

**O'BRIEN:** (*Doing Leno's voice*) "Hey, liked that bit you did last night." Or he'll say he saw we got a good rating. I call him at work, too. It can be a strange conversation because we're so different. Jay, for instance, really loves cars. He's got antique cars with kerosene lanterns, cars that run on peat moss. He'll be telling me about some classic car he has, made entirely of brass and leather, and I'll say, "Yeah man, I got the Taurus with the vinyl." One thing we have in common is bad guests. There are certain actors, celebrities with nothing to say, who move through the talk show world wreaking havoc. They lay waste to Dave's town and Jay's town, then head my way.

**PLAYBOY:** You must be getting some good guests. Your ratings have shown a marked improvement.

**O'BRIEN:** Remember, when you're on at 12:30 the Nielsens are based on 80 people. My ratings drop if one person has a head cold and goes to bed early.

**PLAYBOY:** Actually you're seen by about 3 million people a night. Your ratings would be even higher if college dorms weren't excluded from the Nielsens. How many points does that costs you?

**O'BRIEN:** I told you I'm an idiot. Now I have to do math, too?

**PLAYBOY:** Do you still get suggestions from NBC executives?

**O'BRIEN:** Not as many. The number of notes you get is inversely proportional to your ratings.

**PLAYBOY:** What keeps you motivated?

**O'BRIEN:** Superstition. We have a stagehand, Bobby Bowman, who holds up the curtain when I run out for the monolog. He is the last person I see before the show starts, and I have to make him laugh before I go out.

It started with mild jabs: "Bobby, you're drunk again." Bobby laughs, heehee. Then it was, "Still having trouble with the wife, Bobby?" But after hundreds of shows you find yourself running out of lines. It's gotten to where I do crass things at the last second. I'll put his hand on my ass and yell, "You fucking pervert!" Or drop to my knees and say, "Come on, Bobby, I'll give you a blow job!"

"Ha-ha. Conan, you're crazy," he says. But even that stuff wears off. Soon I'll be making the writers work late to give me new jokes for Bobby.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you plan to be a talk show host or did you fall into the job?

**O'BRIEN:** I was an Irish Catholic kid from St. Ignatius parish in Brookline, outside Boston. And that meant: *Don't call attention to yourself. Don't ask for too much when the pie comes around. Don't get a girl pregnant and fuck up your life.*

**PLAYBOY:** Were you an altar boy?

**O'BRIEN:** I wanted to be an altar boy, but the priest at St. Ignatius said, "No, no. You're good on your feet, kid," and

made me a lector. A scripture reader at Mass. He was the one who spotted my talent.

**PLAYBOY:** What did you think of sex in those days?

**O'BRIEN:** I was sexually repressed. At 16 I still thought human reproduction was by mitosis.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you get over your sexual repression?

**O'BRIEN:** Who says I got over it? My leg has been jiggling this whole time.

**PLAYBOY:** What were you like in high school?

**O'BRIEN:** Like a crane galumphing down the hall. A crane with weird hair, bad skin and Clearasil. Big enough for basketball but lousy at it. My older brothers were better. I would compensate by running around the court doing comedy, saying, "Look out, this player has a drug addiction. He's incredibly egotistical."

I was an asshole at home, too. My little brother Justin loved playing cops and robbers, but I kept tying him up with bureaucratic bullshit. When he'd catch me I'd say, "I get to call my lawyer." Then it was, "OK, Justin, we're at trial and you've been charged with illegal arrest. Fill out these forms in triplicate." Justin was eight; he hated all the lawsuits and countersuits. He just cried.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you a class clown?

**O'BRIEN:** Never. I was never someone who walked into a room full of strangers and started telling jokes. You had to get to know me before I could make you laugh. The same thing happened with *Late Night*. I needed time to get the right rhythm with Andy and Max and the audience.

**PLAYBOY:** So how did you finally learn about sex?

**O'BRIEN:** My parents gave me a book, but it was useless. At the crucial moment, all it showed was a man and a woman with the bedcovers pulled up to their chins. I tried to find out more from friends, but it didn't help. One childhood friend told me it was like parking a car in a garage. I kept worrying about poisonous fumes. What if fumes build up? Should you shut off the engine?

**PLAYBOY:** For all your talk of being repressed, you can be rowdy on the air.

**O'BRIEN:** The show is my escape valve. When I tear off my shirt and gyrate my pelvis like Robert Plant, feigning an orgasm into the microphone, that shows how repressed I am—a guy who wants to push his sex at the lens but can only do it as a joke.

**PLAYBOY:** Aren't you tempted to live it up?

**O'BRIEN:** I always imagined that if I were a TV star I would live the way I pictured Johnny Carson living. Carousing, stepping out of a limo wearing a velvet ascot with a model on my arm. Now that I have the TV show, I drive up to Connecticut on weekends and tool around in my car. I could probably join a free-sex


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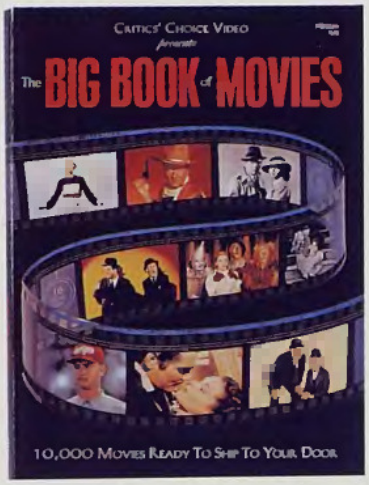


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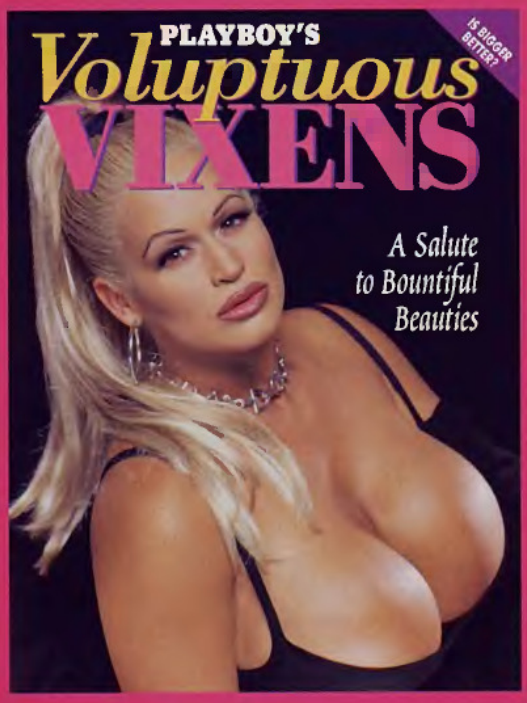
The BIG Question

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cult, smoke crack between orgies and drive sports cars into swimming pools, and my Catholic guilt would still be there, throbbing like a toothache. *Be careful. If something good happens, something bad is on the way.*

**PLAYBOY:** Yet you don't mind licking supermodels.

**O'BRIEN:** At one point a few of them lived in my building, women who are so beautiful they almost look weird, like aliens. To me, a woman who has a certain unapproachable amount of beauty becomes almost funny. It's the same with male models. They look like big puppets. So while I admire their beauty I probably won't be "romantically linked" with a model. I'd catch my reflection in a ballroom mirror and break up laughing.

**PLAYBOY:** The horny Roy Orbison growl you use on gorgeous guests sounds real enough——

**O'BRIEN:** Oh, I've been doing that shit since high school. It just never worked before.

**PLAYBOY:** Your father is a doctor, your mother an attorney. What do they think of their son the comedian?

**O'BRIEN:** My dad was the one who told me denial was a virtue. "Denial is how people get through horrible things," he said. He also cut out a newspaper article in which I said I was making money off something for which I should probably be treated. So true, he thought. But when I got an Emmy for helping write *Saturday Night Live*, my parents put it on the mantel next to a crucifix. Here's Jesus looking over, saying, "Wow, I saved mankind from sin, but I wish I had an Emmy."

**PLAYBOY:** Ever been in therapy?

**O'BRIEN:** Yes. I don't trust it. I have told therapists that I don't particularly want to feel good. "Repression and fear, that's my fuel." But the therapists said that I had nothing to worry about. "Don't worry, Conan, you will always be plenty fucked up."

**PLAYBOY:** When a female guest comes out, how do you know whether to shake her hand or kiss her? Is that rehearsed?

**O'BRIEN:** No, and it's awkward. If you go to shake her hand and her head starts coming right at you, you have to change strategy fast. I have thought about using the show to make women kiss me, but that would probably creep out the people at home.

I decided not to kiss Elton.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you get all fired up if Cindy Crawford or Rebecca Romijn does the show?

**O'BRIEN:** I like making women laugh. Always have, ever since I discovered you can get girls' attention by acting like an ass. That's one of the joys of the show—I'm working my eyebrows and going *grrr* and she's laughing, the audience is laughing. It's all a big put-on and I'm thinking, This is great. Here is a beautiful woman who has no choice but to put up with this shit.

But it's not always put on. Sometimes they flirt back. Occasionally there's a bit of chemistry. That happened with Jennifer Connelly of *The Rocketeer*.

**PLAYBOY:** One guest, Jill Hennessy, took off her pants for you. Then you removed yours. Even Penn and Teller took off their pants.

**O'BRIEN:** Something comes over me. It happened with Rebecca Romijn—I was practically climbing her. Those are the times when Andy and the audience seem to disappear and it's just me and this lovely woman sitting there flirting. I keep expecting a waiter to say, "More wine, *Monsieur*?"

**PLAYBOY:** Would you lick the wine bottle?

**O'BRIEN:** It's true, there is a lot of licking on the show. I have licked guests. I have licked Andy. Comedy professionals will read this and say, "Great work, Conan. Impressive." But I have learned that if you lick a guest, people laugh. If I pick this shoe off the floor, examine it, *Hmmm*, and then lick it, people laugh. I learned this lesson on *The Simpsons*, where I was the writer who was forever trying to entertain the other writers. I still try desperately to make our writers laugh, which is probably a sign of sickness since they work for me now. Licking is one of those things that looks funny.

**PLAYBOY:** Johnny Carson never licked Ed McMahon.

**O'BRIEN:** We are much more physical and stupid than the old *Tonight Show*. Even in our offices before the show there's always some writer acting out a scene, crashing his head through my door. A behind-the-scenes look at our show might frighten people.

**PLAYBOY:** One night you showed a doctored photo of Craig T. Nelson having sex with Jerry Van Dyke. Did they complain about it?

**O'BRIEN:** I haven't heard from them. Of course I am blessed not to be part of the celebrity pond. I have a television show in New York, an NBC outpost. I don't run with or even run into many Hollywood people.

**PLAYBOY:** You also announced that Tori Spelling has a penis.

**O'BRIEN:** I did not. Polly the Peacock said that.

**PLAYBOY:** Another character you use to say the outrageous stuff.

**O'BRIEN:** Polly is not popular with the network.

**PLAYBOY:** You mock Fabio, too.

**O'BRIEN:** If he sues me, it'll be the best thing that ever happened. A publicity bonanza. Courtroom sketches of Fabio with his man-boobs quivering, shaking his fist, and me shouting at him across the courtroom. I'm not afraid of Fabio. He knows where to find me. I'm saying it right here for the record: Fabio, let's get it on.

**PLAYBOY:** Ever have a run-in with an angry celeb?

**O'BRIEN:** I did a Kelsey Grammer joke a few years ago, something about his interesting lifestyle, then heard through the network that he was upset. He had appeared on my show and expected some support. At this point my intellect says, "Kelsey Grammer is a public figure. I was in the right." Then I saw him in an airport. Kelsey didn't see me at first; I could have kept walking. But there he was, eating a cruller in the airport lounge. I thought I should go over.

I said hello and then said, "Kelsey, I'm sorry if I upset you." And he was glad. He looked relieved. He said, "Oh, that's OK." We both felt better.

**PLAYBOY:** Now that you're doing so well, do you worry about losing your edge?

**O'BRIEN:** I fear being a victim of success. It's seductive. You have new choices. "Conan, Sylvester Stallone wants to be on, but we're already booked." My feeling is that I must say no to Stallone. "Sorry, Sly. Bob Denver's on that night."

**PLAYBOY:** How's your relationship with NBC executives now that the show is a success?

**O'BRIEN:** Better. But I have not forgotten the bad old days. Let me tell you about one executive. He's no longer with the company. I had him killed. But in our darker days he came to the set one night when we did a great show. I come off after the show and this guy says, "Wow, that was terrible." He thought the show should look like MTV. "Run into the audience and tell jokes. Run up to a guy, have him shout his name, get everybody cheering."

**PLAYBOY:** You didn't agree, apparently.

**O'BRIEN:** Too much of television is energy with no purpose. People going "Whooo!" But that's just empty energy. That's *American Gladiators*. I often try to lower the energy, especially when school is out and college kids are here. They're huge fans, they're psyched, but we're a quirky weird comedy show, not *MTV Spring Break*.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you thrilled when the Marv Albert sex case hit the news?

**O'BRIEN:** Oh man, was I into Marv. I would love to trick you into thinking I'm high-minded, but that story made me think, My God, yes, I'll use this, and this . . .

But it bothered me the way he was publicly vilified. People were getting off on the kinky stuff; they condemned Marv for wearing women's clothes, which isn't a crime.

**PLAYBOY:** Yet tonight you did a Marv Albert joke. You said Marv had a new job as a mannequin at Victoria's Secret.

**O'BRIEN:** You can be uncomfortable with it and still use it. Isn't that what guilt is all about?

**PLAYBOY:** What comedy bits do you regret doing?

**O'BRIEN:** We did one with a character called Randy the Pyloric Sphincter. Now, the point of the joke is that this is not

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the sphincter that excrement passes through. The pyloric sphincter is at the top of the digestive tract. It basically keeps acid from going up into the esophagus.

We had a guy in a sphincter costume and a cowboy hat. He says, "Hi kids, I'm Randy the Pyloric Sphincter. No, not that bad sphincter! When food passes through me, it isn't digested yet." He then proceeds to squeeze foods that look like shit whether they're digested or not. Chocolate. Picture a sphincter exuding a huge chocolate bar. We were grossing people out.

**PLAYBOY:** So why put Randy on the air?

**O'BRIEN:** I just loved the fact that he wore a cowboy hat.

**PLAYBOY:** What sorts of bits do you refuse to do?

**O'BRIEN:** Arbitrary humor. A writer says, "Here's the sketch: Conan jumps into a barrel of wheat germ." I'll ask him where the joke is.

"It's crazy, that's all."

Look, I was a comedy writer. I've been through this before. If the joke is that there is no joke, the writer gets no check.

**PLAYBOY:** Jumping into wheat germ sounds like Letterman.

**O'BRIEN:** My show began with me and everyone involved with the show doing all we could to avoid being anything like Letterman. Which is difficult. He invented a lot of the form. He carved out a big territory. He's the Viking who discovered America, and now I have my little piece of northwestern Canada that I'm trying to claim as my own.

**PLAYBOY:** So how do you avoid being Dave-like?

**O'BRIEN:** We have always scrupulously avoided found comedy. You never see me going up and talking to normal Joe on the street. The real world of people, dogs, cabbies—Letterman is great at that. His genius, I think, is playing with the real world around him. Which is not my forte at all. My idea is more about creating a fake, cartoony world and playing with that.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you goofy in real life?

**O'BRIEN:** My private life is boring. I have been with the same woman, Lynn Kaplan, for four years, and there ain't nothing crazy going on. Lynn is a talent booker on our show. We go to my house in Connecticut on weekends. I sit around playing guitar.

**PLAYBOY:** Gossip columns have placed you in Manhattan with other women.

**O'BRIEN:** One of them had me with Courteney Cox. Lisa Kudrow and I did improv together years ago and we went out for a while. Maybe that's why I can now be romantically linked to the entire cast of *Friends*. I may be thrilled with that, but my girlfriend is one of those people who believe everything they read in the tabloids. She's sitting at the table in Connecticut when she opens a tabloid and says, "What the hell?" There's a big photo of me with Courteney Cox. The story says, "Courteney's moving in with Conan."

**PLAYBOY:** Did Lynn believe it?

**O'BRIEN:** No, because the story went on to say, "Conan and Courteney were seen at the Fashion Café munching veggie burgers." That sentence ended her faith in tabloids. Lynn knows that I would never (a) go to the Fashion Café and (b) eat a veggie burger. I'm an Irish Catholic kid from Boston; I'll eat red meat until my heart explodes out of my chest.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you still drive an old Ford Taurus?

**O'BRIEN:** When I got my five-year contract I moved up. Bought a Range Rover. Now I drive the Range Rover to Connecticut for the weekend, park it and tool around in the Taurus all weekend. I can't let go of that Taurus. It's an extension of my penis.

**PLAYBOY:** Can you forget about the show all weekend?

**O'BRIEN:** I drive around playing Jerry Reed tapes, fantasizing that I'm some backwoods character. But even then—you know, it's probably not an accident that people who do these shows tend to be depressive. You want so badly for it to be right every night, but mounting an hour-long show four times a week—the pace will kill you. One night I put my fist through a tile wall. Another night I walked off the stage, pulled an air-conditioning unit out of the wall and kicked it. This is stuff I can't explain. Nor can I excuse it. But there may be something maddening about these shows. The pace is . . . I forget shows we did last week. That's why I can't imagine doing this for 30 years. I bet you could show Johnny Carson footage of how he shrieked as his body was lowered into acid and he'd say, "Hmm, don't remember that one."

I saw Jerry Seinfeld at the Emmy Awards. He said he liked the show, then he paused and said, "How do you do it?"

"Do what?"

"Do what you do every night for an hour?"

That shocked me. This is Jerry Seinfeld, the master. A man everyone can agree is funny. And I really have no answer.

**PLAYBOY:** Praise from Seinfeld must cheer you up.

**O'BRIEN:** (*Shaking his head*) I worry that we have hit our stride and must be headed for a fall. Because every show has an arc. *The Honeymooners* had an arc. People forget, but at the beginning *The Honeymooners* was mean and depressing. Art Carney wasn't fun and cuddly yet. Even successful shows take time to find their rhythm. Then they get self-indulgent and fuck it up. Look at late *Happy Days* episodes. They quit shooting on location, Mork keeps visiting, and it's an excuse to spin off new shows.

**PLAYBOY:** Will you fuck it up, too?

**O'BRIEN:** Eventually my only consolation may be that I get paid a lot. I'll say, "I know it sucks, but I'm getting $65 million a year!"

**PLAYBOY:** Letterman said almost exactly that not long ago. When a joke died he admitted it sucked. "But I'm making a fortune!" he said. Do you really worry about losing your edge?

**O'BRIEN:** I want a living will for my career. I want the people around me to pull the plug when I become a self-parody, an old blowhard like Alan Brady. Remember him, the television star Rob Petrie worked for on the *Dick Van Dyke Show*? Pompous, over-the-top, over-the-hill. I don't want to be Alan Brady.

**PLAYBOY:** Letterman paid you an odd compliment. "When I see that show it withers me with exhaustion," he said.

**O'BRIEN:** That's our new slogan. "Watch *Late Night*—We'll Wither You." But I think Dave was saying that he knows how hard it is to make a show like this every night.

**PLAYBOY:** Suppose Leno left *The Tonight Show*. Would you like to duel Dave at 11:30?

**O'BRIEN:** Our best slot would be eight A.M. We have puppets, cartoons, lots of childishness. I think I'm doing an OK late-night show but a great kids' show.

**PLAYBOY:** This from Mr. Hip?

**O'BRIEN:** No. When someone says this or that sort of comedy is hip and alternative—"Yes, these are the cool people"—I hate that. Because at the end of the day, funny is funny. People get fooled about me because I went to Harvard. "He's cerebral." But I love *Green Acres*. I love how *Green Acres* bends reality.

**PLAYBOY:** Sounds cerebral.

**O'BRIEN:** It isn't. In one episode Oliver Douglas has to go to Washington, D.C. His wife says, "Darling, take a picture of the Eiffel Tower." He says, "Lisa, the Eiffel Tower——" Then Eb comes in. "Mr. Douglas, git me an Eiffel Tower postcard!" Now Oliver is terribly frustrated. He keeps sputtering about Washington, D.C., but nobody listens. At the end, he goes to Washington, looks up and there's the Eiffel Tower. That is the kind of thing that made me love TV.

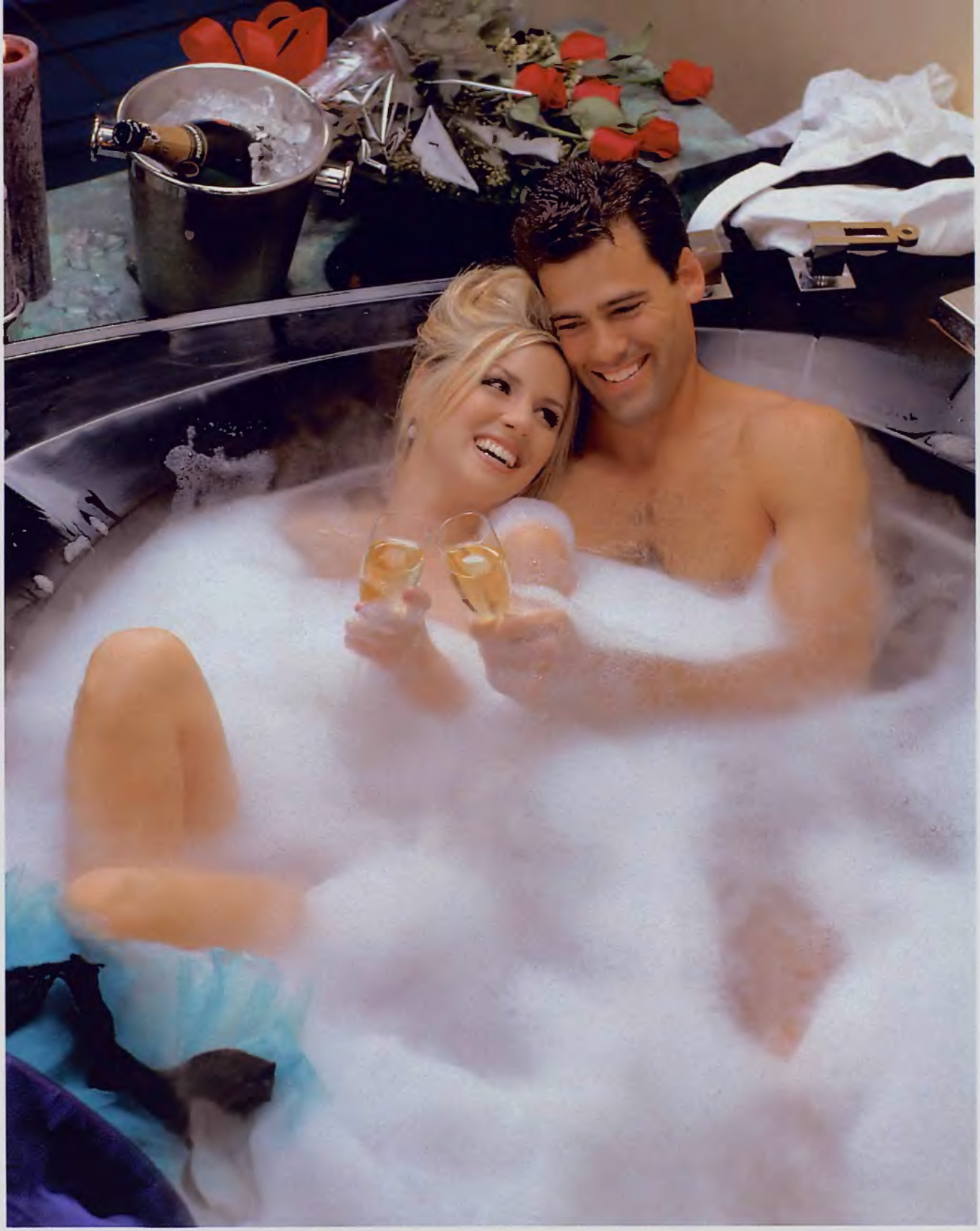
**PLAYBOY:** As a TV-mad college kid you cooked up scams to meet celebs.

**O'BRIEN:** I wanted to meet Bill Cosby, so my friends and I offered him some fake award. We took a bowling trophy and called it the Harvard Comedy Award, something like that, and Cosby, thinking it was the Hasty Pudding Award, accepted. So I drive out to meet his private plane. "Over here, Mr. Cosby!" And I chauffeur him in my dad's secondhand station wagon. Cosby sits in the backseat, picking old McDonald's wrappers off the floor, and says, "This is about the Hasty Pudding Award?"

"Oh no, nothing like that."

**PLAYBOY:** You tricked Bill Cosby into letting you drive him around?

*(continued on page 161)*



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# why women say yes

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Sometimes, a beautiful and meaningful thing comes of all this. Sometimes, they let down their guard—as well as their skirts, their blouses, their wispy undergarments—and consent to have sex with us. And even when we are so blessed and rewarded, we still have a nagging sense of unknowing. At our core, we are uncertain of why they said yes. Was it something we said? Something we did? If it was, would it have the same glorious effect if we were to say it or do it again? Or is it all just whim? Or fatigue? Or the invigorating thought that every once in a while they just want to tear off a piece too?

We recruited Alison Lundgren and Tracey Pepper to help us out. They asked some women to think back to those moments when the sexual scale could have tipped either way, and then clue us in on why it tipped in our favor. Here's what they found out.

**Claudia, 24:** Intensity turns me on. I once dated an artist who asked me to model for him. I told him I wouldn't model nude, so he agreed to draw just my face. We went to his apartment and



ILLUSTRATION BY GUY BILLOUT

I sat there while he stared at me, sketching every hair and freckle. He examined the texture of my skin and the lines of my face. It was strange, yet intimate and sensual because he was totally focused on me, peering into my eyes for hours. After that I felt attached to him, like he knew every inch of me by heart. I figured if he was that focused he would be great in bed.

**Kelly, 28:** Recklessness gets me aroused. I'll definitely respond to a guy with a certain mischievous gleam in his eye. A guy who's macho, who will fight for me if need be, makes me feel very feminine. Once, a guy I liked and I broke up with our significant others on the same night. To commiserate, we drank some beer and drove around for hours. The fact that he kept driving and promising that everything would be OK made me feel close to him.

**Carolyn, 25:** I will likely say yes to a guy who doesn't expect me to have sex with him. When I'm hooking up with someone and he whispers that he has a condom or—my favorite—that he "wants to be inside me," it makes me want to laugh and/or cringe. It's like an after-school special or a bad soap opera. The guys who don't seem so eager intrigue me. But those guys are few and far between.

**Gwynnie, 35:** Sex should be fun, romantic, intense and bonding. I like to experience a range of emotions, so I'll say yes to a guy who will provide any or all of those things. I watch guys to see how they act on a date. If a man is animated out of bed, for example, he is probably great in bed. If he's lame during dinner, he'll be a lousy lover.

**Lisa, 30:** If a guy catches me off guard, it will move me to say yes. Recently, I was out with a group of people at a bar that was about to close. I'd met the sexy bar owner before but he hadn't seemed interested. That night, he was exceptionally nice to me. He said he had just broken up with his girlfriend, and I realized he had potential—not just for one night but also to hang with. When the bar closed, he asked me to stay for a drink and I figured, Why not? I liked him and wanted him to like me. He turned off all the lights and cranked up the Dave Matthews Band. We sat at the bar and kissed, with the streetlights coming in the window, then we decided to move back to the velvet couch by the pool table. He said he hadn't had sex in a while, and I felt I had an overwhelming power to make him feel good. He joked about bad things that were going on in his life. His great sense of humor took the edge off the fact that we didn't know each other very well. And he wanted to know about me—what I did and where I was from. It was refreshing to be with someone who was real, who wasn't talking about how great he was the whole time. When he found out I had no underwear on, it was a done deal.

**Nicole, 26:** I like men who are conservative but have a wild side. I went out a few times with this guy who had the khaki pants–loafers–buttondown shirt thing going on. He was well mannered, well dressed, well read and didn't seem funky or offbeat at all. Boring! One night we went out for a drive and he played me a tape of this great band. Turns out that it was his writing, singing and guitar playing we were listening to. From then on, I saw him as an artistic, creative, complete person. I couldn't wait to find out what was under his buttondown.

**Hannah, 28:** Sweet men get my vote. On my third date with one guy, we took a bike ride up and down the lake. We'd stop and make out, then keep riding. When it started to get dark out, he said he wanted ice cream. Most guys would want to go to a bar and try to get me drunk and into bed. But he wanted ice cream, which showed me he was caring and sensual.

**Emma, 27:** My first impression of my current boyfriend was that he was a complete dork I wouldn't sleep with in a million years. But he engaged me in a very comical conversation about all the women he had slept with. At first I thought, This guy? What do other women see in him that I don't? As we talked, I realized how sexually confident he was. He was sarcastic and annoying, yet flirty. I was intrigued. He came on to me even though I tried to blow him off. The more outrageous the stories he told, the more I wanted him. It was like verbal foreplay. Then he started bragging about his huge penis. That should have been a red flag, but it was funny. In fact, he offered to show it to me. I wanted to see if he was telling the truth, and we ended up having the wildest sex I've ever had.

**Teri, 51:** The most important thing is that the man makes me feel like I'm the sexiest, most sensual woman he's ever been with. It's what he does for my ego, how mentally good he makes me feel, that draws me in. I'm flat-chested—a 34B—but one of the best men I've ever been with made me feel like the most voluptuous woman in the world. The things that I felt vulnerable about were the things he said attracted him to me. He made me feel so wanted, which made me want him.

**Betsy, 23:** I met my current boyfriend at a party my roommates and I threw. I'd seen him before and thought he was cute. We put on disco music and I tried to get my boyfriend at the time to dance, but he wouldn't. So I was out there alone, making a fool of myself, until the cute guy rescued me. We danced, cheesy couples style, and really got into it. He was very physical and aware of my body, putting his hands on my back and hips. I wanted to sleep with him because he was game for anything and not so uptight as the person I was seeing. After my boyfriend and I broke up, I saw the guy in a bar and asked him out.

**Micha, 25:** I'll eventually give in to a guy who is persistent in his attempts to get me to go out with him. But someone hitting on you needs to recognize when persistence becomes annoying. Guys, if a woman walks away from you while you're talking to her, that's a good sign to give up.

**Sadie, 35:** When a man touches me at just the right time during a date, it can really heat things up. It tells me that he can read a woman, that he has a good sense of timing. Say I'm walking down the street with a man I like. We've just finished dinner at a cozy restaurant, we're on the way to the car, and he slips his arm around my waist. There's something about that particular gesture that's so nice, so unthreatening. It's not an overtly sexual move—like grabbing my butt—it's a subtle signal that he wants to get close to me. Few men know this trick, but it works.

**Amy, 29:** I'm totally into music, so naturally I fall for guys who are also music lovers. One guy I slept with was a DJ, and his CD collection spanned from Ella Fitzgerald to Aerosmith to Prodigy. Every time he played a song I'd say, "Yes—I love this song!" We talked for hours about music, movies, TV, whatever. Connecting with him on this pop culture–type level made me feel comfortable enough to take the relationship further.

**Lola, 34:** Women are suckers for funny guys. My boyfriend is hilarious, and it's so attractive. Say I have PMS, I feel fat and sex is the last thing on my mind. All he has to do is say something to make me laugh and I want to jump his bones. Cracking a joke makes me care less about how I look and reminds me why I started dating him in the first place—he's fun. Next thing you know, we're cracking up in bed.

**Marcelle, 25:** It takes a lot for me to even want to smooch a guy, much less have sex with him. Before I go out with a guy, I ask around to find out his reputation. This is basically to alleviate my fears that he's a shady character with skeletons in the closet, like a weird drug habit or fucked-up past relationships. After two or three dates, when we've established that there's chemistry between us and he's shown he's willing

*(concluded on page 70)*

Dedini

NIGHT
CALLS

# COUCH TOMATOES

## juli and doria of playboy tv's *night calls* take phone sex to new heights

WHERE WERE you on the night of August 25, 1995? If you were glued to the tube for the debut of Playboy TV's *Night Calls*, you were a charter member of its now very popular fan club. The interactive sex fantasy program is so hot in both ratings and content, it makes 900 numbers seem limp. At the show's helm are Juli Ashton and Doria—bisexuals who are as uninhibited as the show itself—sharing sex tips ("I'm an expert. Only happy men leave my bed," Doria says) and exploring their fantasies. *Night Calls* is Playboy TV's highest-rated program, receiving more than 150,000 calls per show (only a fraction get on). What's the secret of its success? With to-die-for hosts clad in headsets and little else, topics such as "fun with dildos" and visits from Fax Girl and Helmetcam Man, *Night Calls* was a no-brainer. "It's an erotic comedy," Juli says. The show has inspired *Night Calls: The Movie* and a sequel that teams Juli and Doria with the hosts of *Night Calls UK*. "We have a huge cult following. We're like *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*," Doria says. Call it prime time, Playboy style.

For a good time (and better sex talk) dial up Juli Ashton (left) and Doria (right). Since the show debuted three years ago, it has become Playboy TV's top-rated program. How do they field calls, crack jokes and keep things running smoothly in a live setting? "Sure we mess up," Juli says, "but it's the realness that people like." "We're not intimidating," Doria adds. "We're normal girls talking about sex."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

There are three rules on *Night Calls*: no last names, no brand names and, as Juli and Doria demonstrate above, no underwear. "It makes for interesting wet spots on the couch at show's end," Doria says. The show also has a no-rehearsal policy, which means anything can happen. Doria's most memorable call involves a challenge to a viewer: "We dared a guy who was masturbating to open his window and scream, 'I'm watching Juli and Doria right now and I'm so horny I can't stand it!' Of course, he did it. We've never been refused."

Before strapping on a headset for the show, Doria, who hails from Peoria, Illinois, was a flight attendant. "I've always talked openly about sex," she says. "On long flights, I'd entertain the crew by describing the sex I had the night before."

Juli, a former Spanish teacher from Colorado who is now famous in the adult film industry, says she has always been sexual. "When I was younger I'd read sex books. I learned early that sex is healthy, fun and happy—all the good things in life."

## why women say yes (continued from page 62)

*I feel like a powerful, sexy voyeur. After 20 minutes of the flick I want to get crazy in bed.*

to wait for a goodnight kiss, I'll let him kiss me. If he's a good kisser, it doesn't take long for sex to follow. I also have an open-door policy for ex-boyfriends. They've already passed the tests, so they can come back whenever.

**Dawn, 19:** During my college's holiday vacation, a good friend of mine who had AIDS killed himself. I was totally freaked out when I returned to campus. The first day back I ran into a guy friend who found me sitting on the library roof staring into space. He knew my friend had been sick and asked if I wanted to get coffee. We sat in a coffeehouse for hours. He let me talk about my friend the entire time. We left and went to sit on the Harvard Bridge. It was cold, so he gave me his jacket. Next thing I knew, we were making out on the bridge. The fact that he let me spill my guts and was my best friend for the night made me curious about him as a lover. Turns out he was just as generous in bed.

**Gretchen, 26:** Back rubs do it for me every time. If a guy proves he has a nice touch and takes the time to pleasure me with a massage, he'll probably be a good lover. And most guys don't realize that little things mean a lot, like holding hands at the movies or helping me put on my coat.

**Hillary, 36:** Food is sensual, and I'll usually hop in the sack with a man who cooks for me. Once a guy cooked me this amazing seafood pasta dinner. No recipe, he just knew which ingredients would be the most flavorful. It was delicious. I jumped him before he had time to clear the table.

**Lee Ann, 34:** A guy who is willing to spend the whole day with me, doing the things I like to do, deserves sex. The fact that he's there to be with me no matter what we're doing means he's generous, that he'll make sacrifices for me. Just last week, I took the guy I like shopping, to a movie, then to dinner at my favorite restaurant. I figured he was bored all day, so I gave him a blow job in the car on the way home.

**Kirsty, 29:** I know some women think watching X-rated movies is a weird, perverted activity that men do alone or at bachelor parties. I disagree. If a guy brings over a decent X-rated movie, I find it highly erotic. By decent I mean one in which the guys look as good as the girls (meaning no appearances from Ron Jeremy), there are no freaks (such as shemales) and there are no nasty rape scenes. There's something about being with a man, watching other people have sex, that makes me feel like a powerful, sexy voyeur. After 20 minutes of the flick I want to get crazy in bed.

**Jennifer, 23:** I'm a big fan of tough guys with hidden sensitive sides. You know, the fearless rebel who's difficult to get close to but who will take his little sister out to dinner on her birthday. Musicians and pool players also do it for me. As far as appearances go, long-haired guys always hook me fast. But I'll never say yes to a guy who actually puts effort into fixing his hair. It usually means he's self-centered.

**Maya, 30:** Creativity is a total turn-on. The best lovers I've had have been painters, sculptors, musicians and writers. Not only are these guys in touch with their emotions (meaning they're more in touch with women), they're also more apt to hang around and cuddle after sex instead of jumping up to get to the office for an early meeting. But I do have my standards. A few rhymed words from a coffeehouse poet doesn't mean the guy's a true artist. The words or images have to speak to me to get my hormones revved.

**Jeanne, 25:** A guy who lets me take the lead is one I'll spend the night with. I have a strong nurturing side, which makes me responsive to vulnerable men. One night in college, the virgin I was dating said he wanted to have sex. He was nervous, and I wasn't sure how good it would be, but I finally said yes. I had to show him how to do everything, which was a complete turn-on. As I led him around the curves of my body, I knew he was relying on me to teach him how to make me feel good.

**Joyce, 33:** Common consideration is the first step. A man who listens to me goes from my "no" to my "maybe" list. He has to show interest in me by asking questions and has to open up himself. I want to know what he likes and dislikes, and vice versa, before we get it on. After several conversations, when we've bonded, I'll bump him up to "yes" status. If he's willing to stick it out for a few months without sex until I'm ready, he won't regret it.

**Sally, 22:** I'm embarrassed to say this, but I have a weakness for bad boys. They're so cool. I once had a crazy fling with a lecherous older man. He was hooked on heroin and frequently lost his erection but loved to entertain pretty young women. He was nothing but sex, sex, sex. It was exciting. He had a way of looking me up and down, calling me "darling" as if he were surveying merchandise. It made me angry, but it also aroused me.

**Kim, 21:** This sounds shallow, but a man who makes me feel like I'm the only woman in the world is a man I'll take off my clothes for. Women are insecure. The way to our hearts is through making us feel good about ourselves. I want my guy to tell me I'm gorgeous, pamper me with gifts and shower me with attention. Am I spoiled? Sure, but girls who say they don't want this are kidding themselves.

**Marie, 36:** I don't like men who try to impress me with material items. I don't want things bought for me, I want things done for me. If my beau goes away with his buddies for a "male bonding weekend" and calls to say hi, I'll melt. It can also be e-mail or flowers for no reason. My boyfriend once surprised me with a treasure hunt. I got home to find a note pinned to our door. It gave me directions for finding the next note. He hid clues all over the apartment, each leading to the next. At the end of the line, I found my birthday present. I don't remember the gift, but I'll never forget the hunt and what came after it.

**Suzanne, 18:** It's not what a guy says, it's how he says it. A man could be talking about changing a tire for all I care, but if he looks deep into my eyes and sounds sincere, I'm his.

**Amy, 23:** I have a thing for romantic guys. That means moonlit walks, candlelit baths and rose petals on my pillow. I don't care if he's a big tough guy around his friends. If he can do romantic things around me without cringing, I know I've seen behind the facade and found a softy at heart.

**Francesca, 40:** It's all about taking risks. I never say no to sex in the office. My boyfriend works in my building, so when he comes to visit, he has this "I don't care if your boss is next door, I want you now" demeanor. It's so sexy, like he'd risk anything—even embarrassment—for me. We lock the door and get it on.

**Ellen, 41:** A man with a great mind, who's smart and can talk about lots of different subjects, is a requirement. I once dated a professor who could hold his own about everything from Nietzsche to the Green Bay Packers to the Rolling Stones. He was never boring, in or out of bed.

**Tricia, 23:** Let's be honest. If I've had enough martinis, I'll say yes to anyone.

*"Actually, you have <u>not</u> just gone where no man has gone before."*

# Something cool

## PART VI 1950–1959

BY JAMES R. PETERSEN

THESE WERE the good old days, the happy days, what would become for many of us the source of our earliest, fondest memories. They still define the American character—on television reruns. At every hour of the day someone somewhere is reliving the golden age of the American family.

For two decades Americans had lived in the grip of poverty and war. Now we were ready for some giddy, goofy fun. The country was swept by frivolous fads—baton twirling, Hula Hoops, paint-by-number art kits, Davy Crockett hats, 3-D movies. But who needed 3-D? The whole world seemed like a wide-screen, stereophonic special effect.

The pop culture of the Fifties became a parody of the American dream. We lived on Madison Avenue, in an unlikely world of perfect appliances and perfect families, of highballs and hi-fis, of Bermuda shorts and backyard barbecues.

Teenagers went to sock hops and drive-in movies, where they practiced unhooking bras. College boys staged panty raids, marching across campuses chanting, "We want girls! We want sex!" But they settled for cotton underwear as a sorry substitute for the real thing.

Women's magazines touted togetherness as the new image for middle-class Americans, a vision echoed by the family fare on television. But the censored Elvis and a new men's magazine with Marilyn Monroe as its centerfold signaled that something more was going on—the seeds of revolution.

When motivational researchers claimed that advertising contained subliminal sexual messages, no one was surprised. Automobiles were obvious sex symbols. Cars looked like phallic rocket ships and everyone knew the grill of the Edsel was a Ford engineer's hymn to female genitalia. It didn't sell.

Conformity became a national passion—part of a return to sexual and political conservatism. Male executives wore the same gray flannel suits and drank the same cocktails at mandatory two-martini lunches. Women wore Dior dresses that hid their legs and lived in tract houses that hid their very existence.

Television moved in, a new and welcome member of the nuclear family. We liked Ike and loved Lucy. Fred and

ILLUSTRATION BY TIM O'BRIEN

PLAYBOY

I LIKE IKE
TWILIGHT ZONE
THE BEATS
GOOD GOLLY, MISS MOLLY
LITTLE RICHARD
624
(5099)
THREE DIMENSIONAL
TALES FROM
THE CRYPT OF
TERROR

For many people, the stroll down memory lone starts here. The Fifties offered something cool os an antidote for Cold War conformity. We had Marilyn Monroe as well os McCorthyism. Centerfolds ond censorship. Drive-in theoters and TV Togetherness. Mickey Spillone and *The Mickey Mouse Club*. Elvis ond Alfred E. Neuman. Ann Londers and Lenny Bruce. Edsels ond Ed Sullivon. Hi-fi and highballs. Gray flannel suits ond Bermuda shorts. Bullet bras and Brigitte Bordot. Brando ond Borbie. Howdy Doody ond Hulo Hoops. Fronk Sinotro and *Father Knows Best*. Christian Dior and James Deon. *Confidentiol* ond *Tales From the Crypt*. Cool jozz and hot rods. Drag strips and strippers. Vespos and Volkswagens. Spike heels ond blue suede shoes. Coonskin cops ond black berets. Spy plones and Sputniks. Golden Arches ond Golden Dreoms. Pogo and PLAYBOY. Flying saucers and *The Twilight Zone*. The Beat Generation ond rock 'n' roll. It wos cool, man! Reol cool.

Ethel became everyone's next-door neighbors. In 1950 only 3.1 million American homes had television sets. By 1955 the number would be 32 million. Television relocated the family table. Henceforth, food would be served on trays.

Television offered a portrait of the American family as viewed in a fun-house mirror. We watched other families on *Father Knows Best*, *The Adventures of Ozzie & Harriet*, *Leave It to Beaver* and *Life With Father* and identified with them, not even noticing that the one thing TV families never did was watch television.

Critics called it the boob tube, but they weren't referring to female anatomy. Television, from the very start, reflected mainstream middle-class morality, and the Federal Communications Commission made sure that TV was as sanitized as radio had been before it. No one had sex on TV; parents slept in separate beds in offscreen bedrooms. Still, there was Dagmar on *Broadway Open House*. And a whole generation of youngsters grew up watching Annette Funicello blossom on *The Mickey Mouse Club*.

When Senator Estes Kefauver grilled reputed members of organized crime on television, the primary attraction was Virginia Hill. As one writer observed, even the Senator had trouble keeping his eyes off the "extraordinarily long, silk-clad legs" of Bugsy Siegel's mistress.

Lucille Ball's pregnancy was played for laughs on *I Love Lucy* (they called it her "expectancy"). Millions of women followed her to term, spawning families of their own. In 1950 birth control pioneer Margaret Sanger had organized funding for research into an oral contraceptive that would make family planning as easy as taking aspirin. She was now the head of International Planned Parenthood, but no one on the home front seemed interested. We were in the midst of a baby boom, with women turning out children as though on assembly lines. The Depression had

forced the birthrate to a low of 18.4 per 1000 women; now it rose to 25.3 per 1000. The birthrate for third children would double; for fourth children triple.

We were living in a Norman Rockwell world, but some fault lines were visible. Two of the best-selling books of the time were Dr. Benjamin Spock's on how to raise children and Mickey Spillane's on how to deal with them when they grew up and became Commie, pinko, pansy punks.

We had vanquished enemies abroad, only to have new ones surface. When Russia exploded its first nuclear device, we entered a world of deadly threat. Kids practiced duck-and-cover drills under school desks. Newspapers ran maps showing circles of destruction around major cities. They called it the Cold War, but it didn't stay cold.

We sent our boys to Korea to be

Saturday night at the drive-in movies (right). Fevered fumbling in the dark and making up the rules as you went along. Teenagers enjoyed their own music, movies, fads and fashions.

ILLUSTRATION BY
STUDIO MARTIN HOFFMAN

slaughtered in a police action—whatever that was.

We were no longer the world's only superpower—and confidence gave way to suspicion. We began a demonic quest for the enemy within. We became a surveillance society, with citizen spying on citizen. Self-proclaimed protectors of the American way destroyed careers and ruined lives—all in the name of security.

For every frivolous fad there was a dark tic in the American psyche. There was an epidemic of UFO sightings. The government insisted that flying saucers did not exist, but it said that about U-2 spy planes as well. The nation, feeling that it was being watched, sought divine surveillance. Reconfirming that we were one nation "under God," we inserted that phrase into the pledge of allegiance. We had more money than our parents dreamed of, but added the comfort of "In God We Trust" to our country's paper currency.

Wilhelm Reich, a former disciple of Sigmund Freud, had concocted a theory of sex that suggested orgasm released a kind of energy into the air. The energy could be collected by orgone boxes, he said—six-sided, zinc-lined, coffin-sized containers—and used to restore orgiastic potency. Reich worried that atomic tests were poisoning this free-ranging sexual energy, that repression was crippling mankind's genital character. Instead of laughing off these pseudoscientific rantings, the Food and Drug Administration sent agents with axes to destroy all the orgone boxes, and to burn every published work by Reich that mentioned the dreaded orgone. Reich was charged with contempt of court, for which he was undeniably guilty. The doctor, diagnosed as a paranoid, died in prison in 1957.

America had saved the world and become the first superpower—and yet, instead of pride came paranoia. Wilhelm Reich may have been right. Something was contaminating the air we breathed. Suspicion and fear spread across the land—from small towns to the very seat of government.

### THE POISON PEN

The letters began to arrive in the spring. A family with two teenage daughters received mail that accused one daughter of sordid sexual behavior. A businessman read detailed accounts of his wife servicing other men. Those who read the letters believed the charges. Husbands and wives quarreled. The quarrels led to divorce and to abandonment.

And still the letters came. The poison pen touched the lives of families in College Park and East Point, Georgia. According to John Makris, author of *The Silent Investigators*, the rumormonger "alleged perverse sexual activities" and "disgusting and filthy sexual misconduct." Many parents refused to discuss the letters with authorities.

Makris tried to explain the bizarre impulse that caused such scandal: "This type of poison-pen letter is the outgrowth of sexual frustration. Beauty- and popularity-contest winners, pretty models, movie and television actresses and girls whose pictures—along with their addresses—appear under engagement or wedding notices in the newspapers are among those who most frequently receive these letters. Nor are these letters confined only to the opposite sex. A high school football star, for instance, who gets his name and his picture in the newspapers, becomes the target of homosexuals."

A newlywed received a letter accusing her husband of bigamy. She committed suicide. Investigation revealed that the charge was unfounded.

Sexual frustration? That might explain the perverts who wrote such letters, but not why so many people believed what was written. In the Fifties we lived in a world of lies, of deception and deceit—and the lies wrecked human lives. America was a schizophrenic nation, trying to hold to a pretense of virtue while never acknowledging the other America, the one of human lust and frailty.

Scandal was infectious. It became the lens through which we viewed life. An article in the March 1952 *Coronet* described one apocalypse: "Mark and Eva were discreet. They never risked idle gossip. They always met by a prearranged plan in a neighborhood where neither one was known. Sometimes they would park Eva's car and take Mark's for their few hours together. Sometimes it would be Eva's car. Their absence from their respective homes was always well covered. Not a soul who knew either even speculated about clandestine meetings.

"This very fact is why the sudden knowledge of their double living came as such a shock to all who knew them. 'It just pulls the props right out from under you. If a guy like Mark can be that two-faced, who on earth can be trusted?' gasped Mark's closest friends when they read the lurid headline GAS TRUCK CRASHES LOVE-TRYST CAR!

"'It's unbelievable,' said Eva's friends. 'It makes you feel there isn't anything decent or fine that you can have faith in anymore.'" The lovers were dead. Instead of grief, the only emotion their friends could summon was stunned indignation.

### COLD WAR CONFIDENTIAL

The scandal magazine *Confidential* appeared on newsstands in 1952, promising that it "Tells the Facts and Names the Names." It was simply a commercial version of the poison-pen letter, one with a mass audience. Robert Harrison, publisher of such titles as *Beauty Parade* and *Eyeful*, got the idea for the bimonthly after watching the widely televised Kefauver hearings on organized crime, prostitution and vice. Harrison's insight was simple: "Americans like to read about things that they are afraid to do themselves."

Harrison exploited human weakness. He sent spies into the house of love. Would-be models and aspiring actresses, eager to earn a $1000 fee, would haunt the bars along Sunset Strip, making themselves available to the rich and famous. And like government agents, they kept miniature tape recorders in their purses, the better to catch the boasts and bedroom confidences of their victims. In the Fifties informing on your neighbor was a national pastime. While Herbert Philbrick might write the best-seller *I Led Three Lives* or another recruit might confess "I Was a Communist for the FBI," anonymous agents penned articles that could have been titled "I Was a Slut for *Confidential*."

We learned that Frank Sinatra consumed a bowl of Wheaties between sexual encounters, Errol Flynn had a two-way mirror installed in his bedroom, Dan Dailey liked to dress in drag, Kim Novak and Sammy Davis Jr. were an item, Lana Turner shared a lover with Ava Gardner and Liberace liked boys.

Infrared film. Telephoto lenses. There were photos of alleged love nests, if not the offending parties in action. Harrison used the technology of the time to invade the privacy of America's aristocracy. Kenneth Anger, author of *Hollywood Babylon*, claims that *Confidential* was not above blackmail. Harrison allegedly opened an agency called Hollywood Research Inc. Investigators would take copies of "compromising materials" to the victims and suggest that their stories would be quashed in exchange for certain fees.

The rag reached a circulation of four million before it began to self-destruct. A story on Robert Mitchum said the star had stripped naked at a party thrown by Charles Laughton, covered himself with ketchup and bellowed, "I'm a hamburger." Mitchum filed suit.

Maureen O'Hara took issue with a published story that had her grappling with a Latin lover in the balcony of

*(continued on page 104)*

*"Have you ever enjoyed anything as succulent as that pit-barbecued pig at the luau?"*

PLAYBOY PROFILE

WHEN JIMMY BUFFETT SHOWED UP ON FORBES' LIST OF TOP-MONEY ENTERTAINERS, THE WORLD WOKE UP TO THE PROFIT POTENTIAL OF MARGARITAVILLE

# THE CEO of MARGARITAVILLE

BY DAVID STANDISH

I HAD MOVED for a while to Key West, bailing out of a marriage gone sour and an affair gone sad. I had rented a room in a little white-frame conch house, borrowed a bike, bought some flip-flops and a cheap used blender, and worked on feeling sorry for myself—wasting away in Margaritaville, even before it was incorporated.

That was spring 1972 and it was a scene. Everyone went out and applauded the sunset every night. Bales of marijuana washed up on the shore. There were great cheap Cuban restaurants. I had nowhere better to go. Key West seemed like the End: East Coast Division—a common reason people wind up there, especially writers, artists, musicians and other interesting derelicts, drawn by the idea that Key West is the final stroke of a great comma in the map of North America, suggesting more to come but maybe not.

I met Jimmy Buffett my first night there at a party at Tom McGuane's house.

Buffett sat outside on the porch, practically in the dark, cross-legged on the wooden floor with a honey-colored Martin in his lap, singing old Coasters' hits. He was singing more for his own pleasure than anything else, though a few of us were enjoying it along with him, while the main part of the party went on inside:

*"I been searchin'*
*"Oh, Lord, I been searchin'*
*"Searchin' every whi-i-i-chee way,*
*yay yay. . . ."*

Buffett was living in spare cheeseburger rooms like mine. To make a living he played for beer and tips at a bar on Duval Street. He had landed in Key West a few months earlier, bailing out of a few things himself, including a busted early marriage to his high school sweetheart and a semiunsuccessful assault on Nashville that led to a couple of obscure albums that had sold about nine copies each.

In Nashville he had met country singer Jerry Jeff Walker, who said he should come down to Coconut Grove, where he was hanging out for a while. And one day they decided to take a spin in a Forties Packard that Walker had just gotten. The next thing they knew, they were driving to Key West—and Buffett had decided to stay.

"He became sort of an instant minicelebrity," someone who was there at the time told me, "because he was fun to be around. Some people can get mean when they are drunk, but Jimmy would just have more and more fun until he passed out. Plus the girls thought he was cute, and he sang some funny songs. He was sort of magnetic that way. Shortly after he arrived, he was writing songs about Key West, and everybody got a big charge out of that."

A couple of days after the party at McGuane's, I went to see Buffett play at Howie's Lounge. Normally I wasn't crazy about guys sitting on stools strumming acoustic guitars and telling their life stories—otherwise known as folk music—but Buffett had major-league charm. His songs were smarter than most and were not about the usual stuff.

Though he didn't quite know it himself at the time, Buffett was in the process of inventing his unique amalgam, Gulf and Western music—a little folk, a little country, some rock and calypso too, with themes such as *He Went to Paris* and *A Pirate Looks at 40* that showed a deeper, poetic side. The music would become essential listening on yachts around the world—and for everyone dreaming *(continued on page 84)*



ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LEVINE

# GIFTS FOR AN ANGEL

## EXTRAVAGANCES THAT WOULD LEAVE HER ECSTATIC ON VALENTINE'S DAY

Saying "I love you" with Chicago Bulls tickets or the key to a new Jaguar would have turned Marlene Dietrich's head faster than flowers and candy. Admission to witness the flights of Air Jordan is priced from $20 for standing room (not a cool move if you're looking to make an impression) to $425 for a courtside seat. Air France offers a different ticket—to ride aboard the *Concorde*. A New York–to–Paris round-trip is $8398, and you can tag along for about $4200. Around Marlene's neck is an 18-kt. yellow-and-white-gold necklace containing 232 round diamonds, from Sidney Garber Jewelers ($23,525). On her arm: TAG Heuer's ladies' Sports Elegance quartz wristwatch, from Lester Lampert ($1095). Dangling from her finger is a key to the Jaguar XK8 convertible that was the *Robb Report*'s 1997 Car of the Year ($74,280). Who could ask for anything more?

MARLENE DIETRICH PHOTO BY GEORGE HURRELL
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WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 143.

CORDE
AIR FRANCE

# JIMMY BUFFETT *(continued from page 80)*

*I expected he had seven girls in his hotel room or a bale of grass or something.*

of being on a yacht instead of where they were. In the years since, Buffett's many albums have created their own sort of legendary geography, an elusive mythical place whose capital is Margaritaville.

It is a measure of his faithful following that he fills arenas night after night, without having had a hit single in years. He's really only had two, *Come Monday* and *Margaritaville*. Despite not being played much at all on the radio—a peeve of his—Buffett sells about a million records a year. These sales plus the paychecks from the big summer concerts—sometimes as much as $80,000 a night for him after expenses—add up to what a mere regular person might consider noticeable cash.

Today, along with his current sailboat, the *Savannah Jane*, and his two seaplanes—the flying boat is his latest passion—Buffett owns a bar on Duval Street, just down the street from where he used to play for beers years ago. This proves not only that what goes around comes around, but that sometimes you're able to buy it. The Margaritaville Store adjoins the Margaritaville Bar. (There are Margaritavilles in Key West and New Orleans.) He also owns a house in Key West (although his old waterfront place is accorded the same tour-bus status as are the homes of Ernest Hemingway and Tennessee Williams). He also lives in a splendid 500-acre wooded plantation in southern Georgia. These days he is mostly unicoastal, spending most of his time in a summer house in Sag Harbor, New York and at a newly acquired $4 million winter beach shack in Palm Beach.

All this comes from the fact that this wasn't just music, it was a lifestyle. Pop music has always been about style, of course. Buffett's style touched our beachy dreams and found a following whose loyalty may have been beaten only by the sweetly fanatic Deadheads. But the Dead's tie-dyed legions didn't buy so many clothes and accessories as Buffett fans do.

He calls them Parrotheads.

For these devoted fans there is *The Coconut Telegraph*, a free occasional Buffett newsletter and catalog of Buffett stuff—would you call it Parrotalia?—available for sale. Margaritaville margarita glasses, naturally. Your own Lost Shaker of Salt. Hats, T-shirts, beer steins. Banana Republic for Buffetteads. There is 1-800-COCOTEL, which accepts credit-card orders and provides information on his performance whereabouts.

There's a down-home quality to it all, along with capitalism in action.

Part of the reason Buffett has such an extensive loyal following is that he's toured his brains out. In the early days he hit every dinky club that would have him. He has earned the big toys he has today.

I visited him a while back at his south Georgia plantation, his then-favorite hideout. It was off some side road in the middle of nowhere, a genteel place, his 500 acres adjoining another 6000 acres of manicured woods with an occasional token cornfield and pond to lure in birds for hunting. The house, built in 1928 by the Orvis sporting-goods family, had the look of a big log cabin. Built in an H shape, it looks more like a 19th century Adirondack great lodge than the Southern Gothic houses more common around here.

The house inside was natural wood, like some unpainted rustic cabin raised to a state of simple elegance. A small fleet of maids in green uniforms bustled around cleaning—an enviable perk in itself. I was led through a study with a nice big fireplace—passing a family room dominated by a Mitsubishi television set with a screen the size of a garage door.

Buffett was in a small room with a window that overlooked a tree and bushes hung with bird feeders. We sat there looking out over the lovely tranquil land.

In the years since he used to crash on my couch while playing Chicago's Quiet Knight to about 100 people per set, tops—when the whole Coral Reefer Band consisted of him and guitar player Roger Bartlett—Buffett had become a megabucks mogul. In 1994, a particularly good year, he was listed in *Forbes* as the 35th top moneymaking entertainer, and in that year alone he made $14 million.

Maybe his business sense should come as no surprise. After all, he is a cousin of Warren Buffett's, of the Berkshire Hathaway fortune.

"It never was about the money," he told me. "It was never about that. They had to tell me that I was rich."

It's hard to imagine Bob Dylan, say, with his own Visions of Johanna T-shirt company, or owning Blood on the Tracks bars, or putting out a catalog for Bobheads selling Bobphernalia (including Highway 61 road signs, leopard-skin pillbox hats and Bob weather vanes to tell which way the wind blows).

Why else would Buffett do all this stuff if not for the money? But I'd known him a long time and kept my mouth shut, asking instead how he came up with the idea for the T-shirt company, which I knew was the beginning of his empire. For a while the T-shirts were earning him more money per year than his live shows and CDs combined.

He was on tour, a Southern boy in cold Northern cities. "It was February. Freezing ass. You know what Pittsburgh is like in the wintertime. We had sold out some big auditorium. Snow and ice outside. And they all showed up wearing Hawaiian shirts.

"That afternoon I had been walking around killing time. For lack of anything else to do on the road, I always go find a good hardware store, Army Navy store or bookstore to browse in. So I was on this boring browsing run and went into this Army Navy store and the guy recognized me. He said, 'Man, I love it when you come to town. I sell every goddamn tacky tropical shirt I can get my hands on for people to wear to your shows.'

"When I saw all those Hawaiian shirts out there that night, I started thinking, Well, why don't I do that? Why should somebody else make these shirts for me? Why don't I own and control this? And I guess I was one of the first artists to own his own T-shirt concession, which now consists of multimillion-dollar corporations."

So began the diversification of Margaritaville, Inc.

Even during what he now refers to as his long "party period"—"I've been up longer than most people have been alive"—he made sure to take care of business. He never missed a show, and usually managed to put on a good one. One friend on tour with him during this time remembers catching him in a motel room.

"It was the middle of the afternoon, and I knocked on Jimmy's door to see if he wanted to go have a beer or something. No answer, so I knocked again. The door opened a crack, the chain still on, Jimmy peering furtively out to see who it was. When he recognized me, he unchained the door and said, 'Get in, quick.' He let me in and closed the door fast behind me. I expected he had seven girls in there or a bale of grass or something. But what he had were receipts, chits, accounting lists,

*(concluded on page 166)*

*"Be a dear 'n' hand me my dick-on-a-rope."*

# OUR HEARTS BELONG TO JULIA

## we have a valentine's crush on miss february

"When I was younger I told my boyfriend I was going to be in PLAYBOY when I turned 21. I wanted to be naked, riding o horse," Miss February says. Three years early and minus the pony, here's Julia.

SWEET JULIA SCHULTZ has a wild side. On one hand, the 18-year-old San Diego native is an animal lover who frequents the humane society. ("I want a kitten, but my three rottweilers would eat it," she says.) On the other, she's a model who built a portfolio in Milan at the age of 15 and has been riding motorcycles since she was two. "What do you expect?" the multifaceted Julia asks. "Dad was in the Hell's Angels, and those guys are softies at heart." We met Miss February for an intimate chat.

Q: What does an 18-year-old know that a 25-year-old has forgotten?

A: That you shouldn't take life so seriously. The older people get, the more stressed-out and money-hungry they are. They do things they don't enjoy.

Q: Is there a hierarchy of sleepwear?

A: If I want to look sexy, I wear a see-through tank top and undies. Next in line

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

is a guy's buttondown shirt and socks. Or maybe my boyfriend's T-shirt. I wear trashy lingerie for fun.

Q: Your dad rode with the Hell's Angels in San Diego. What's the best advice he has given you?

A: He always tells me not to let other people bring me down. If people are nasty, he's like, "So what? If they're not friends or family, who cares what they think?"

Q: What's the surest sign of sexual interest a girl can give?

A: If a guy asks, "Do you have a boyfriend?" and she says, "No, but I could," that's a good sign.

Q: If a woman carries condoms in her purse, is she asking for trouble?

A: Of course not. If she doesn't have condoms, she's stupid. I know so many girls who have had diseases or abortions. They

think if they have unprotected sex just once, they'll be fine. Duh!

Q: What's the best Valentine's gift you've received?

A: My boyfriend gave me this soft red shirt. Sounds simple, but a gift from someone you love is the best.

Q: Were you self-conscious about your body while shooting these pictures?

A: When you pose nude, you can't hide your flaws. It was weird at first, but by the end of the week I was walking around buck naked, going, "I don't need a robe!" I felt completely comfortable.

Q: Can a Playmate have close girlfriends?

A: Absolutely. I have friends who aren't fazed at all that I'm a Playmate. There's no reason to be jealous. I'm a normal girl who got lucky.

---

*To get closer to Julia Schultz, you can call the Playboy Super Hotline. See page 161 for details.*

MISS FEBRUARY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: JULIA SCHULTZ

BUST: 34C WAIST: 25 HIPS: 310

HEIGHT: 5'9" WEIGHT: 125

BIRTH DATE: 10·15·79 BIRTHPLACE: SAN DIEGO

AMBITIONS: TO HAVE A SUCCESSFUL MODELING CAREER & A BIG FAMILY WITH TEN DOGS!

TURN-ONS: HOLDING HANDS, BIG SHOULDERS, INTELLIGENCE AND PRETTY EYES.

TURNOFFS: HAIRY BACKS, ONIONS, NEGATIVITY, PERVERTED GUYS & TRAFFIC.

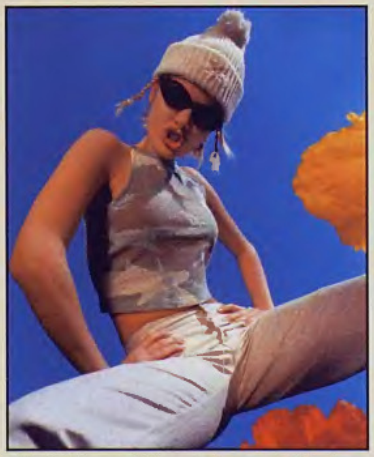
PERFECT DATE: AN EXOTIC GETAWAY FAR FROM HOME WITH TONS OF PASTA & MY MAN!

I FEEL SEXY WHEN: MY BOYFRIEND COMPLIMENTS ME-HIS WORDS MEAN MORE THAN ANYTHING

WHAT SHAKES ME UP: CRUELTY TO ANIMALS!

TEN YEARS FROM NOW I'LL BE: A MOTHER, LIVING 20 MINUTES AWAY FROM EVERYTHING, BEING AS HAPPY AS LIFE ALLOWS.

YES, I WAS A PAGEANT GIRL!



LOOKING TOUGH ON A MODELING JOB.

SENIOR PROM WITH MY LOVE, JASON.

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

"I'm really sorry, but I'm going to have to let one of you go," the supervisor told four of his employees.

"Hey, I'm a protected minority," the African American man said.

"Fire me, buster, and I'll hit you with an age discrimination suit so fast it'll make your head spin," the senior worker blurted.

"And I'm a woman," the third worker protested.

They all turned to look at the young white male. "Uh, well, I think I might be gay."

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: The young man nervously approached the counter at the local drugstore. "Excuse me, ma'am," he stammered, "may I speak to the pharmacist?"

"Son," the woman said, "I am the pharmacist. It's just my sister and me here. What can I do for you?"

"Ah, well, it's rather embarrassing."

"Young man, we've heard everything," she assured him. "Don't be nervous."

"Well, I've had this erection for three days and can't get rid of it. What can you give me for it?"

"Wait here. I'll be right back," she said, walking into the office. A few minutes later, she stepped back to the counter. "My sister and I can give you ten percent of the business and $2000 cash."

"I had the strangest dream last night," a man told his psychiatrist. "I saw my mother, but when she turned around to look at me, she had your face, your body. It was suddenly you! It shook me up so badly I woke up and couldn't get back to sleep. I just lay there waiting for morning to come, and then I got up, drank a Coke and came right over here for my appointment."

"A Coke?" the psychiatrist exclaimed. "You call that breakfast?"

An atheist wanted to take a different sort of fishing trip, so he decided to go to Scotland to fish in Loch Ness. As he was lazily casting, the Loch Ness monster emerged, let out a terrible hiss and seemed ready to attack. "Oh God, save me!" the angler cried out.

A voice from above boomed, "I thought you didn't believe in me!"

"Hey, God, give me a break," the fellow pleaded. "I didn't believe in the Loch Ness monster a minute ago either!"

Thirty minutes before the plane landed, its cabin lights came on so the flight attendants could serve breakfast. One of the passengers, upset because he was awakened, growled, "Who turned on the fucking lights?"

"Oh, no, sir," the nearest flight attendant replied. "Those are the breakfast lights. You missed the fucking lights."

OXYMORONS OF THE MONTH:

Army intelligence
Postal Service
Civil servants
Advanced BASIC
Airline food
Soft rock
Passive aggression
Rap music
Microsoft Works

After the first mate was found tipsy, the captain wrote in the ship's log: "The first mate was drunk today." The sailor begged to have the entry removed, but the captain insisted that once an entry was made in the log, it couldn't be deleted.

The furious sailor was determined to exact revenge. The next time it was his turn to write in the log, he entered: "The captain was sober today."

How is being at a singles bar different from going to the circus? At the circus, the clowns don't talk.

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: A gynecologist who had lost interest in his medical practice decided to change careers and enrolled in auto mechanic school. He performed well in the course but was still shocked when he got an off-the-chart 200 on his final exam. He asked the instructor to explain the grade. "I gave you 50 points for taking the engine apart correctly," the teacher said, "50 points for putting it back together correctly—and an extra 100 points for doing it all through the muffler."

*Send your jokes on postcards to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.*

*"So much for their attempted reconciliation."*

# Down in the bahamas

a tropical paradise, a beautiful woman, the opportunity of a lifetime—who wouldn't succumb to temptation?

fiction by
**PAUL BRODEUR**

Gray-bearded Columbus holds out his hand, palm upturned, toward a pair of Indian chieftains who carry bows. Nearby, bare-breasted native women knead maize. Columbus is wearing a breastplate, breeches and a purple-red cape. In the crook of his arm, Columbus carries a visored helmet resplendent with scarlet plumes. His sword is sheathed.

Faustman and a woman wearing Armani sunglasses, a silky, tailored, open-collared blouse, skin-tight gold-lamé pants and high-heeled sandals climb a stairway that leads to a lounge and restaurant on the second floor of Nassau International Airport. The woman, who carries a Gucci bag, is in her mid-30s. She has a tanned and slightly weathered face, shiny black hair swept back into a chignon, and a striking figure that is just a tad to the far side of full. She has been a passenger on the Delta flight that Faustman took from La Guardia that morning; she will be on the Bahamasair flight he takes to Eleuthera that afternoon. Like him, she's going on to Haven Island. He has

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY KELLEY

learned this by standing in line behind her at the ticket counter, where, jolted from his daydream of casting to bonefish by the reality of her gorgeously gilded rump, he has invited her to join him for a drink. Like Columbus, he is a tall, bearded, dignified-looking man in his 40s. Instead of a visored helmet, however, he is carrying a briefcase and an aluminum tube containing a four-piece eight-weight graphite fly rod. To make conversation as they climb the stairs, he tells her that Customs officials sometimes require him to open the tube and empty its contents for scrutiny when he passes through inspection on his way back to the States. Neither he nor she notices the mural on the wall behind them.

In the lounge, the woman leans forward so that Faustman can light her cigarette, cups his hand with fingers that end in sharply tapered nails and asks for a glass of iced tea. Faustman orders a beer.

"Jack" he says. "Jack Faustman. I was on the Delta flight from New York. I'm on my way to Haven Island too."

The woman looks at the aluminum tube he has placed on the Formica tabletop between them. "Faustman the fisherman," she observes. There's a touch of languor in her voice, a trace of weariness in her face.

"Faustman the bonefisherman," he tells her with a smile.

The woman pushes her chair away from the table and crosses her legs, suspending a naked foot that twitches at the edge of Faustman's peripheral vision. Out on the tidal flats, he would already have cast to it, as he would toward the slightest movement or shadow, on the assumption that it signals the approach of quarry.

"Known everywhere as Bonefish Jack," he says.

The woman laughs at his joke. On Haven Island, this appellation is reserved for a handful of professional guides, who are legendary for having radar instead of eyes, for poling their skiffs without making sound or ripple, and for holding still as patience on a monument when fish are near. "Do you come to the island often?" she asks.

"Every chance I get," he tells her.

"Me too," the woman says. "It's a wonder we haven't met before."

"Probably because I spend most of my time wading on the flats."

"Looking for bonefish, I presume."

"Stalking them, actually."

"Sounds ominous."

"You have to ambush bonefish," Faustman explains. "They come at you out of nowhere. Spook at the blink of an eye."

"It's certainly wise of them to be so wary," the woman says. "There are plenty of predators about."

"Well, I'm a catch-and-release man," Faustman tells her. "I let my bonefish go."

The woman looks amused, twitches her foot. "A catch-and-release man," she murmurs.

"In real life, I'm a professor of marine biology. At Oceanic Institute on Long Island. My specialty's coral rejuvenation."

"Say again?"

"Coral rejuvenation," Faustman says, more slowly.

"You mean coral as in the reefs I will see when I go out to the beach tomorrow?"

"Coral as in the reefs that make the sand out there so pink."

"Tell me how they do that," she says.

"The reefs are made up of the limestone secretions and skeletons of countless polyps and other tiny organisms that have died and settled on the ocean floor over hundreds of millions of years. The sand gets its color from the pulverized fossils of calcareous red algae, which happen to be a prevalent organism on the windward side of the island."

"What a downer to know I'll be sunning myself on a cemetery."

"The real downer is that the reefs on Haven Island and lots of other places in the world are being killed by overfishing, pollution and the greenhouse effect. In my lab we grow genetically resistant subspecies of coral that can be transplanted onto dead and dying reefs and bring them back to life."

The woman yawns, takes a sip of iced tea. "How do you go about growing coral in a lab?" she asks.

"We import specimens from various parts of the world and hang them from strings in specially heated pools. We then wait for the polyps and algae to proliferate."

"Sounds exciting," the woman says.

"Tell the National Science Foundation. Thanks to government cost-cutting, we're about to lose our research grants, which means I'll probably have to shut down the lab before the end of the year."

The woman's foot stops twitching. "Suppose somebody wanted to ship coral to the States from down here in the Bahamas," she says. "Could somebody do that?"

"No reason why not," Faustman replies. "Provided the Bahamian government gives its permission."

The woman sets her glass of iced tea on the table, places cool fingertips on the back of Faustman's hand. "I know someone on the island you should meet," she tells him.

Excited by the intimacy of her touch, Faustman begins to describe the new book he's writing, about the plight of coral reefs—a 400-page maze of annotation and revision that, thanks to the obsessive nature of scholarship, shares his briefcase with a box of bonefish lures. The woman interrupts him with a smile, some gentle pressure of her fingertips, tells him her name is Beatrice. She's the Caribbean editor for a travel magazine in New York City, flying down to visit friends.

"Beatrice," Faustman says. "She was Dante's inspiration. His ideal woman."

"Drove him divinely wild, I hear."

"All the way to verse."

"Can't you see Emma Thompson in the movie?"

"Now that you mention it," Faustman says.

"I'm into movies," Beatrice confides.

On the way down to the Bahamasair gate, 20 minutes later, they come face-to-face with the staircase mural.

"There's a travesty for you," Faustman tells her.

"I'm looking at Columbus," Beatrice replies. "Coming on to natives. Doing the *National Geo* thing."

"What you're looking at is fraudulent. Columbus is going to betray those Indians. He's going to send them off in slave ships to work the mines of Hispaniola."

"You're thinking history," says Beatrice with a laugh. "I'm thinking turned on by topless."

•

Once the yellow-and-blue Bahamasair Convair takes off, it climbs out over some white cruise ships berthed at Prince George Wharf, passes above Paradise Island and, gaining altitude, lumbers east and north over a turquoise sea. Faustman and Beatrice sit in the back, behind throbbing engines, discussing possible scenes for the script of a movie she's thinking of writing. "I want it to have a Bahamas setting," she tells him.

"What's the idea?" Faustman asks.

"The idea is to get myself out of the travel mag racket before I overdose on the beauty and rapture of the coral reefs you want to save. My editor in chief's got me churning out enough chummy Club Carib copy each month to choke a crocodile."

"I mean, what's the movie going to be about?" Faustman says.

"Something historical maybe. Got any ideas?"

Faustman's idea is to open with the conquistadores raiding a Lucayan village, shackling the men, raping the women. This to be followed by a tracking shot of suicides bobbing in the wake of a slave ship.

"Too tragic," Beatrice tells him. "Also

*(continued on page 108)*

In December 1971 we asked nine celebrated photographers to define the word erotic. The result, *Personal Visions of the Erotic*, included, among other startling images, a Ben Rose photo of a couple making love atop a zebra and a Francesco Scavullo goddess rising nude from an animal pelt. Of his shot above, Pete Turner said: "While a woman pulling another woman's nipple affects some viewers emotionally, I like the graphically exciting design." We're graphics fans, too.

# Something cool *(continued from page 78)*

*He took the basic formula: shots of models in sexy costumes, bikinis, loincloths and lingerie.*

Grauman's Chinese Theatre. She sued for $5 million (and collected $5000).

One of the witnesses in O'Hara's trial, Polly Gould, killed herself the night before she was to testify. A member of *Confidential*'s editorial staff, she had been selling secrets to the prosecutor. Soon after the trial, Howard Rushmore, the magazine's editor, shot his wife in the backseat of a cab, then turned the gun on himself.

Harrison's reign of terror ended when the State of California charged *Confidential* with conspiracy to commit criminal libel and distribute obscenity. He sold the magazine in 1958 and disappeared from view.

Harrison had kept sex mired in the tawdry for decades. He was a product of the tabloid journalism of the first half of the century. As a teenager he had worked for a national rag, *The Daily Graphic*—a kaleidoscope of scandal, confession and doctored photographs that earned the title *The Daily Pornographic*. He had moved from that job to working for Martin Quigley, publisher of the *Motion Picture Daily* and the *Motion Picture Herald*. Quigley was also one of the straitlaced Catholics who had bullied Hollywood into adopting the Production Code. In the shadow of propriety and repression, Harrison had put together a girlie magazine called *Beauty Parade*. When Quigley discovered the project, Harrison was out of a job. He took the basic formula—shots of models in sexy costumes, bikinis, loincloths and lingerie—and arranged it in short storyboards titled "What the French Maid Saw" or "Confessions of a Nudist" or "If Girls Did As Men Do." Harrison's empire of girlie magazines grew through the Forties to include *Titter*, *Wink* and *Flirt*—simple fare that combined baggy-pants humor and pin-ups.

A female editor who had read Krafft-Ebing's *Psychopathia Sexualis* contributed a little kink. As Tom Wolfe noted, this unsung heroine of the revolution brought us "the six-inch spike-heel shoes and the eroticism of backsides, or of girls all chained up and helpless, or of girls whipping the hides off men and all the rest of the esoterica of the Viennese psychologists."

Others saw the girlie magazines as pure Americana. These women, said Gay Talese in *Thy Neighbor's Wife*, portrayed sex as bizarre behavior. "His high-heeled heroines with whips and frowning faces were, in the best Puritan tradition, offering punishment for pleasure."

### FROM FASHION TO FETISH

This was supposedly a time of innocence. But there was something unhealthy loose in the world, a repressive tide that became increasingly visible in the postwar years. In fashion, Christian Dior sheathed women in the New Look—chastity garments that hid and hobbled the female form. Dior moved from the hourglass to the H shape, a look that inspired the sack dress, trapeze and balloon—fashions that made the female figure disappear. Panty girdles and brassieres bound the woman and dehumanized her. "Without foundations," declared Dior, "there can be no fashion." But foundations were unnatural molds that forced women into ideal static shapes. They seemed to take us back to the turn of the century, when a woman's place was in her corset—controlled and inaccessible. It seemed that we had crossed a line from fashion to fetish. John Willie, the pseudonym of an enthusiastically perverse mind, recorded this sense in the pages of *Bizarre*. Willie, whose real name was John Alexander Scott Coutts, was the "Leonardo da Vinci of fetish." In the introduction to his first issue, Coutts wrote, "*Bizarre* is, as its name implies, bizarre! It has no particular sense, rhyme nor reason, but typifies that freedom for which we fought . . . the freedom to say what we like, wear what we like and to amuse ourselves as we like in our own sweet way."

*Bizarre* was a bondage magazine, a postwar phenomenon that achieved considerable underground cult status. Covers showed women blindfolded, gagged, manacled. One of the earliest copies showed a devil holding a fashion pattern while looking at a chained model. Another depicted a woman riding an exercise bike. As she pedaled, revolving switches lashed her buttocks. There were articles on punishment techniques of the Puritans, with pictures of women held captive in pillories, of women bound and lowered into cold ponds. Americans amusing themselves in their own sweet way.

### THE MCCARTHY ERA

Puritans had their witch trials, but Americans of the Fifties had a witch-hunt of their own. The House Un-American Activities Committee hearings launched in 1947 had run amok. Responding to Republican charges that he was soft on Communism, President Truman established loyalty oaths for government employees. Soon loyalty boards sprang up all across the country, but they were star chambers playing havoc with people's lives on the basis of rumors and innuendo.

Truman tried to rein in the anti-Communist hysteria by pointing out that after periods of great upheaval such as the Civil War and World War One there had been similar panic, with the excesses of the Ku Klux Klan and other forms of vigilantism. At a press conference in June 1949, Truman ridiculed a HUAC proposal to screen the books in America's schools and colleges for subversion.

On February 9, 1950 an obscure U.S. Senator from Wisconsin named Joseph McCarthy gave a speech to a Republican Women's Club in Wheeling, West Virginia in which he said, "I have here in my hand a list of 205 names known to the Secretary of State as being members of the Communist Party and who, nevertheless, are still working in and shaping the policy of the State Department."

The charge electrified America. Over the next few weeks, McCarthy changed the accusation—the 205 Communists became 205 "security risks." When the accusation became "57 card-carrying Communists," the FBI urged the Senator to be less specific. The fewer the details, the better.

The McCarthy Era had begun. America was trampled by what Senator Margaret Chase Smith called "the four horsemen of calumny—fear, ignorance, bigotry and smear."

An unsubstantiated charge by the Senator, or a snickering remark by one of his aides, could end a career. McCarthy's investigation of the State Department and the U.S. Army never produced a Communist nor exposed any wrongdoing. But Tailgunner Joe held the country hostage for four years, finally self-destructing during a televised Army–McCarthy hearing in 1954. Censured by his fellow senators, McCarthy died in disgrace, an alcoholic, at the age of 48 in 1957. But the damage lasted more than a decade, spread by others practiced in the art of what came to be known as McCarthyism. For some, the damage lasted a lifetime.

### THE GREAT HOMOSEXUAL PANIC OF 1950

Many historians say the witch-hunt was inspired by the power of television. While McCarthy was pursuing subversives, Senator Estes Kefauver was

*(continued on page 136)*

# BOND'S little BLACK BOOK

**fast cars, faster women, killer gadgets and shaken martinis—**

**tomorrow never dies for the ultimate material man**

In a scene in *GoldenEye*, James Bond's female boss M called her top agent a "sexist, misogynist dinosaur, a relic of the Cold War." A worldwide audience spent $350 million proving her wrong and making the film the most successful in the series. We think M missed the point. Bond's appeal has nothing to do with being in a particular era in political history. His enduring appeal has to do with something fundamental about being a man. He takes the time to take himself seriously, a quality in opposition to being pompous. James Bond is a lifelong student of quality—in things, in people, in philosophy. He also remains the quintessential and unrepentant Material Man. No amount of revisionist social change can disturb that. James Bond is a man who likes his toys. He also likes his clothes, his personal accessories, his leather goods, his drinks and his food. If his appetites existed by themselves, he would be considered an insufferable snob. But Bond has simply decided what is best for him—and he gets it. He is, more so in the books than in the movies, a complex cluster of all the male virtues and some of the more forgivable male vices. He is well groomed, but not vain. He demands quality in everything, but is not a fop. And that is how he became an icon in the Sixties—when he influenced everything from clothing to decorum to what every boy wanted to be when he grew up. Today, he is back leading the way to discerning the high life. Fashion designers have co-opted the 007 look and the book *Dressed to Kill: James Bond, the Suited Hero* dissects his sense of style. *Tomorrow Never Dies*, the 18th official Bond epic, cost $100 million to make and should go on to set a new box office Bond record. What follows is a brief look at 007's "black book"—a collection of the agent's most memorable lovers, weapons, clothes, gadgets, gizmos, vehicles and, of course, villains.

article By Lee Pfeiffer

## The Women of Bond

With the exception of his flirtatious but chaste relationship with Miss Moneypenny, James Bond's love life never seems to evolve beyond a "one-mission stand." Early cynics regarded his lovers as bimbos, perhaps because of their suggestive names. Indeed, Bond's little black book reveals nary a Mildred nor a Gertrude. Instead, there's Pussy Galore, Plenty O'Toole, Honey Ryder, Holly Goodhead, Kissy Suzuki and Octopussy. Like 007, each possesses a larger-than-life persona. (It's hard to imagine any of them shopping in the frozen-food aisle or "sweating with the oldies.") Yet, these women are now seen as liberated females. They are intelligent and courageous, and they use Bond for their own sexual pleasure every bit as selfishly as he uses them. However, 007 is not immune to affairs of the heart. In "On Her Majesty's Secret Service," Bond married his one true love—Contessa Teresa di Vicenzo ("Tracy")—only to see her murdered on their wedding day at the hands of his archrival Ernst Stavro Blofeld. Bond has resisted falling in love ever since. His women seem comfortable with his indulgences in fast cars, exotic locales, gourmet food, fine wines and steamy sexual encounters, as well as his refusal to explore his touchy-feely side. In other words, Alan Alda as James Bond? Forget it!

## Bond's Gadgets

When it comes to equipping James Bond with state-of-the-art gadgetry, Britain's super-secret intelligence service, MI6, relies on its own lethal version of the Sharper Image catalog—the workshop of Q, the ill-tempered gadgets genius. Rarely referred to by his actual name—Major Geoffrey Boothroyd—Q often reminds 007 that without his creations, Bond would have perished long ago. Among his memorable inventions: a lethal

attaché case containing a hidden knife, folding sniper's rifle and tear gas bomb; a one-man jet pack that allowed Bond to soar above his enemies; a portable radio containing a rocket launcher (dubbed "the ghetto blaster"); a bulletproof shield and revolving license plates on the famed Aston Martin DB5; *Little Nellie*, a one-man autogyro equipped with a lethal arsenal; a cigar-sized underwater breather that provided up to four minutes of emergency oxygen; and an early prototype of a mini–homing device and receiver used to track targeted agents up to 150 miles (and, as the pragmatic 007 points out, "allows a man to stop off for a quick one en route"). Bond's least practical gadget was a submarine in the shape of an alligator, and the most lucrative was an electromagnetic RPM Controller that ensured a win on a slot machine every single time.

## Bond's Arsenal

In *Dr. No*, James Bond's weapon was a Beretta. The gun was frowned upon by M for its lack of stopping power and was dismissed by Q as something a lady might carry in her handbag. Since then, Bond has carried a Walther PPK 7.65 mm (above), which has a delivery "like a brick through a plate glass window." Unlike many of Bond's weapons, the Walther PPK's only accessory is a silencer. In *License to Kill*, Timothy Dalton (right) as 007 uses a "signature gun," which resembles a camera. Souped up by Q, the weapon fires .220 high-velocity bullets and features an optical sensor on the grip that recognizes Bond's palm prints and fingerprints. The latest incarnation of the Walther is the P99 model, a sophisticated handgun that Bond uses to devastating effect in *Tomorrow Never Dies*.

## Bond's Threads

A liberal portion of James Bond's seemingly limitless expense account is doled out for his stylish wardrobe. Early Bond fashions were created by Anthony Sinclair of London. For the *Tomorrow Never Dies* mission, however, Bond sports the more contemporary, lightweight style of Brioni, including a three-piece, single-breasted suit custom-tailored by Checchino Fanticali (pictured above). 007's Brioni wardrobe also features a midnight-blue tux and a cashmere overcoat. His shirts are handmade by the London firm Turnbull & Asser of Jermyn Street.

## Bond's Villains

Emilio Largo toyed with hijacked atomic bombs. Dr. No tried to destroy the U.S. space program. Ernst Stavro Blofeld heated up the Cold War from his lair inside a dormant Japanese volcano. Francisco Scaramanga was a million-dollar-a-shot assassin armed with a golden gun (shown below). Bond bad guys are equal-opportunity megalomaniacs, employing dysfunctional henchmen of all races, sexes and creeds. (Where else could a mute Korean musclemen named Oddjob work as an executioner and golf caddy?)

## The Bond Martini

James Bond is specific about how his favorite drinks should be prepared and served. (Dom Pérignon champagne, for example, must be chilled below 38 degrees Fahrenheit; sake must be warmed to 98.4 degrees Fahrenheit.) He's even more particular about his vesper martini. He prefers it with three measures of Gordon's gin, one of vodka and half a measure of Kina Lillet. It should be served ice-cold, straight up and with a large slice of lemon peel. Don't forget: It's shaken, not stirred.

## Bond's Automobiles

James Bond's "license to kill" and his license to drive are nearly synonymous in the deadly world of international espionage, with high-speed chases in such diverse locales as Jamaica, the Swiss Alps and the streets of Tokyo. Since the *Goldfinger* mission of 1964, Bond has periodically driven his trademark Aston Martin DB5 (right), which sports such extras as machine guns, retractable tire shredders, an ejector seat and Bond's cure for tailgaters: smoke-

screens and deadly oil slicks discharged from the back of the car. For *The Spy Who Loved Me*, 007's gadget-laden Lotus Esprit converted to a minisubmarine. It combined the shell of a Lotus with a submersible body created by Q's laboratory, and was equipped with underwater radar capability and anti-aircraft missiles. *The Living Daylights* found Bond's life depending on an Aston Martin Volante with guided missiles and tire-piercing laser beams. Although Bond occasionally drives such gadget-free vehicles as a vintage Bentley, above (*Never Say Never Again*), and a Citroën 2CV (*For Your Eyes Only*), high-tech transportation remains his norm. Recently, 007 has shown allegiance to BMW, as evidenced by his use of a Z3 roadster for the *GoldenEye* mission. That car featured Stinger missiles and—perhaps out of sentiment—an ejector seat (it was never used). Bond's loyalty to BMW continues in *Tomorrow Never Dies*, in which he combats his foes with a 750iL (right), complete with rockets and remote-control capability (which, if nothing else, gives him a distinct advantage in those notorious London traffic jams).

*What wouldn't he give to be able to toss aside his reserve and whisper something sufficiently lewd.*

too far back in time."

Faustman considers the fact that the opening chapter of his book on coral reefs describes the slow accretion through eons of calcium carbonate deposits that eventually become more than three miles thick. "How about starting with the Pirate Republic in Nassau?"

"If you're thinking a buccaneers-making-captives-walk-the-plank kind of thing—it's been done."

"I guess I'm running dry," Faustman admits.

"Try free-associating. Did you know there were women buccaneers as well as men?"

"No," Faustman says, "I didn't know that."

"How about lesbian pirates?"

"Now that's something I hadn't thought of."

"Stripping Spanish grandees of their boots and breeches, sodomizing them with dirk handles."

"Pretty far out," Faustman says casually, as if he hears this kind of conversation all the time.

"Trying to loosen you up. What comes to mind when I say duke and duchess?"

"Windsor and Wallis. They spent the war years here when he was governor of the Bahamas."

"Forget reality for the moment. Let yourself float."

"My mind's not as buoyant as yours."

"Think of the duke tied hand and foot to the bed in Government House. Ask yourself what he is doing all trussed up."

"What is he doing all trussed up?"

Beatrice gives a sigh. "He's the middle of a daisy chain! Chauffeur at one end, lady-in-waiting at the other, Duchess Busybody directing things. Telling people what to do and when to switch."

"Sounds like a porn film."

"What we're aiming for is adult entertainment with a concept. A mix of sex and history."

"You mean sex as history," Faustman says.

"Now you're getting the picture," Beatrice tells him.

Faustman decides to take what encouragement he can from this assessment for there's not much to be had from any review of his own sex life during the six years since his wife left him for an ichthyologist on the fast track at Scripps—the high points being a frenzied stairwell encounter with one of his graduate students, a parents'-weekend stand with the mother of another and some sporadic trysts with the unhappy wife of a colleague in the Littoral Drift Department. What wouldn't he give to be able to toss aside his academic reserve, lean confidently toward Beatrice's naked ear, whisper something sufficiently lewd to stir her obviously lustful heart.

The plane has already begun to descend. White roofs in Spanish Wells are visible out the left-side window, the skinny shank of Current Island is on the right, dangerous-looking reefs lie below. "If the flight were longer, we could put in more," Beatrice tells him. "Duchess' favorite thing, for example: getting rogered by the chauffeur while she watches her lady-in-waiting go down on the duke."

Faustman gazes speechless along her gold-sheathed thigh, imagines all manner of scenarios that could unfold, is thankful he's sitting down. "What do you say we continue this over drinks and dinner?" he says. "Coveside for drinks, Bayview for dinner, Angelina's if we're in the mood for fried."

Gleaming in sunlight beyond the window are the vast sand flats of North Eleuthera, where Faustman has planned to take respite from contemplating the mass murder of coral by fishermen armed with bleach, and to wait breathlessly for bonefish to materialize like ghosts in gin-clear water that looks as thin as the sun glare it reflects. However, the prospect he dreams of now is no longer that of torpedo-shaped shadows cruising toward him beneath a curtain of water rising on the flats, but of him and the Botticellian Beatrice heaving in ecstasy between the sheets in a room filled with the scent of pink hibiscus.

"Love to," Beatrice says. "Call you once I check in with my hosts."

"I'm staying in one of the cottages at Windsong," Faustman tells her.

•

The plane lands with a squeal of tires, followed by the reverse roaring of turboprops. As it taxis toward a peeling yellow adobe building that serves as the airport terminal, it passes the cannibalized shell of an old DC-3 that sits by the runway, nose tilted toward the sky, as if poised for takeoff.

A policeman wearing a pair of red-striped navy-blue pants and an immaculate white tunic stamps Beatrice's passport before waving her on into the building; he does the same for Faustman, who, eyes tethered to her undulating gait, trails behind her like a pack animal. On the street side, they pile into the back of a battered Buick taxi that bumps its way over a mile-long stretch of scarred macadam to a limestone dock, where a beat-up speedboat waits to take them and other travelers on board. Soon the boat is bouncing bow to the sky across the bay to Dunstertown, spraying a tattoo of foaming water, trailing a dazzling wake. The turbulence of the waves and the roar given off by a pair of hundred-horsepower Yamaha outboards make conversation impossible. Faustman watches Beatrice ride the ups and downs as if she were sitting on a frisky horse and calms the turmoil in his breast by imagining Venus sea fans waving in the depths below.

Ten minutes later, the boat draws up to a staircase landing by the pink Customs house on Government Pier in Dunstertown. As usual there's a small crowd on hand—dockworkers, jitney drivers, kids on bikes, some tourists in shorts and sun hats. Faustman recognizes one of the jitney drivers—a somber-faced fellow whom everyone calls Sergeant—and returns his solemn wave. Beatrice is standing beside him in the stern, looking up at a Mercedes parked at the top of the steps. The driver of the car, a large black man wearing wraparound sunglasses, is already being handed her luggage. At this point, she smiles at Faustman, places a hand on his shoulder and delivers the other into a massive paw held forth by the hulk on the landing, whom she quickly squeezes past to mount the staircase, one high-heeled sandal after another propelling her breathtaking buttocks to the top, where, sashaying past a suddenly radiant Sergeant, she walks to the Mercedes, and, while Faustman fumbles in his wallet for three one-dollar bills to pay the boatman, slides inside. He is still fumbling in his wallet, stunned by the sight of her golden bottom slipping away like a sunset, when someone taps him on the elbow. It's the boatman wanting money.

By the time he climbs the stairs to the pier and asks Sergeant who owns the Mercedes, the car is moving slowly along the pier toward Front Street.

"Belong to the Greek," Sergeant says. "One who's been bringing in all the palm trees."

"And how about the woman in gold pants?"

"That Beatrice."

*"It's always the same with you—shaken but not stirred."*

"Does she belong to the Greek?"

"Comes to visit."

Faustman has heard of the man—an overweight shipping magnate and entrepreneur from Piraeus with a long name and a fleet of rusting tankers, who has been buying up property on the island ever since Hurricane Andrew snapped its stately palms in two, flattened its hotels and peeled away half the roofs in Dunstertown. The usual insular gossip attends, fueled by maids and gardeners working at the estate he is refurbishing at the north end, who speculate about the possibility that contraband is hidden in the fronds of the palms he imports, about the mysterious comings and goings of the twin-engine Grumman amphibian that flies him to and from Nassau and about the exotic-looking women who can be seen disembarking from the motor yacht that plies back and forth from Miami and Fort Lauderdale to his private dock. Suddenly, Faustman feels his day go slack, like a fly line whose leader has been parted by a heavy fish—in this case, a Greek tycoon with money enough to import boatloads of trees from Central America, Beatrice's ravishing butt from Manhattan and God only knows what else.

Sergeant is craning his neck and shielding his eyes with his hand as he looks up at a pair of small airplanes zooming back and forth above the bay.

"What's going on up there?" Faustman asks. "Why're they chasing each other?"

"Drug-enforcement planes," Sergeant says. "They only practicing."

"What for?"

"Send a message maybe."

"To whom?"

Sergeant rolls his eyes. "Somebody here below."

"What kind of message?"

"That something coming down."

Faustman recognizes the euphemism, knows better than to ask more questions. He's seen the concrete-filled barrels that render the island's tiny airstrip unusable, watched the searchlights of helicopters sweeping across the bay on moonless nights, come across bullet-riddled flotsam on Stingray Island and, while fishing on the Eleuthera flats, melted into the mangroves on more than one occasion when he didn't like the look of an approaching boat.

His mood brightens as he leaves the pier. What greets his eyes are splashes of color that might have been scraped off Gauguin's palette. On the slope behind the waterfront rise tiers of cottages with blazing white-shingled roofs overhung by the foliage of giant fig trees. Behind every wall are fragrant gardens inhabited by stunning flowers—scarlet five-petaled blooms of hibiscus, orange tubular blossoms of Spanish Cordia and purple bells of bougainvillea—all of them frequented by fork-tailed hummingbirds that fly sideways and backward, and thirsty bananaquits that hang upside down on frail stems like tightrope walkers who have lost their footing. The sight of these tiny tropical creatures causes Faustman's spirits to soar, his stride to quicken. Five minutes later, he checks into his cottage at Windsong Beach. An hour after that, fly rod rigged and at the ready, he is wading out across the tidal flat behind the island's dilapidated power station.

This is the secret world of his dreams—the brilliantly illuminated arena into which predators of all kinds, he among them, come in search of prey. Here, with the sun at his back, the visor of his cap pulled down over his Polaroids, he scans the labyrinth of light and shadow that stretches before him, strains to detect the slightest movement in the carpet of turtle grass that covers the bottom, watches for gray shapes to reveal themselves against patches of sand, examines shallow holes in the sand that indicate how recently his quarry has rooted for food, tries to keep in mind that the merest countercurrent on the wind-ruffled surface—the tiniest of ripples—can signal its approach.

On this day, however, his powers of concentration and his thoughts lie elsewhere, manacled to a mind's eye that is unable to focus upon anything except Beatrice's sumptuous breasts and tapered haunches—a torso that would have inspired Michelangelo. Struggling to put her out of mind, he resumes his surveillance of the water stretching before him in time to see the flat-trajectory light of the setting sun glint on the silver tails of several bonefish foraging heads down in the sand, 50 yards away. The tails twitch and disappear, leaving a slight bulge on the surface, a nervous shimmer that moves this way and that but steadily in his direction.

Faustman waits until the tremulous patch comes to within 60 feet, then gives his rod a quick backward flip, plucks the Pink Charley he has been holding between thumb and forefinger into the air and, adding line by false casting, sends the fly out over the water. It lands smack in the middle of the imperceptible commotion to which his eyes are glued. There is a boil of alarm followed by an audible splash. The V-shaped wakes of frightened bonefish streak hellbent across the glassy surface of the flat—a mirror in which Faustman imagines Beatrice succumbing to all manner of blandishments in the villa of the Greek tycoon.

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He has just stepped out of the shower and is toweling himself off when the telephone rings. It's Beatrice calling from only a mile or two away, but because of the crackle of static always present in the island system, sounding as if she were a continent removed.

"If you could see yourself out there," she tells him. "You look like one of those stiff-necked herons. Meph and I've been watching you through the telescope on his gazebo."

"Meph——" Faustman says.

"My host. Meph's short for Mephisto, which is short for his real name, which is too long to bother with. I've told him how you import and grow coral in your lab at the institute. He's interested in meeting you. Says you could be just the person he's been looking for."

"Why should he want to meet me?" Faustman asks, even as his heart leaps at the prospect of seeing her again.

"Meph is planning to develop Haven Island, which is why he's been buying up property and planting palms. He wants to talk to you about saving the reefs so he can attract the glass bottom–boat and diving crowds. Which reminds me, what're you doing? I mean right now."

"Right now, I'm drying myself off," Faustman replies.

"Mmmm," Beatrice says softly. "Let's do some more free-associating. Give me a word. Any word."

"Towel," Faustman tells her, knotting it around his waist.

"Damp?" she asks.

"All over."

"Hard?"

"What?"

"Look down, silly."

"Well. . . ."

"Want to go fishing?"

"Yes," says Faustman, thickly.

"Then keep it rigged till I get over."

The wait is agonizing, a frenzy of anticipation accompanied by involuntary ups and downs. To remain calm, Faustman pours himself a slug of Barbados rum, swallows half of it in a gulp, sinks limply into a sofa. Darkness has fallen. The air pulsing through the window of the cottage is heavy with the fragrance of jasmine and night-blooming cereus.

When Beatrice comes through the door, 20 minutes later, she's wearing her high-heeled sandals, a pair of raw-silk pink-beige slacks, a blue cotton tank top and an exuberant smile. "Listen, we play this thing right with Meph, it could change our lives!" she cries.

Faustman looks at her as if she were

*(continued on page 130)*

# PLAYMATE REVISITED: VICTORIA VALENTINO

## the playmate turned publisher who keeps us all in touch

WHEN READERS met Victoria Valentino in September 1963, she was into singing, painting, dancing and acting. She soon added working as a Bunny at the Los Angeles Playboy Club. Most recently, she's the woman behind *Centerfold Sweethearts*, a quarterly newsletter that updates fans on their favorite Playmates. "I let fans know how to get in touch with us on a personal basis," she says. "It's in high demand." As Victoria puts it, her life has been "a veritable odyssey. I've been married a few times, had three children, gone back to college and become a registered nurse." The loss of her son in a drowning accident inspired her to become a bereavement counselor as well. "When you help others heal, you heal yourself, too," she says. Victoria has certainly done that—and more.

She shined as a Playmate in 1963 (above and right), but Victoria loves acting and writing. "I'm working on my memoirs, and I'm now ready to resume acting," she says. Publishers and agents, are you listening?



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI

"Once a Playmate, always a Playmate" certainly holds true for Victoria (today, right). Besides promoting PLAYBOY and publishing *Centerfold Sweethearts* (above), she visits the Mansion for special events. "Hef can really throw a party," she says. Some things never change.

A man in a tuxedo gets what he wants. On this page Otto plays the part of a grandly dressed inquisitor. To match his outfit, look for a black wool tuxedo by Ermenegildo Zegna ($1700). Today's fly-front shirt eliminates the need for studs and has a clean, trim look. Zegna manufactures our favorite wing-tip tuxedo shirt ($200) in addition to a classic silk bow tie and cummerbund set ($260).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GERALD FORSTER

# OUT OF BONDAGE

He's German, he's bad and he's blond (for now)—three reasons why co-producer Barbara Broccoli cast Götz Otto as the psychopathic Stamper in *Tomorrow Never Dies*. We'll give you reason number four: The man looks killer in classic clothes. Otto was outfitted in traditional Bond bad-guy garb: dynamite tuxedos, evil eyewear and trousers with razor-sharp creases. Like his cinematic predecessors Klaus Maria Brandauer, Curt Jurgens and Gottfried John, Otto is a German enforcer who makes 007 sweat. He's also 6'6", which means his clothes are customized by the fashion equivalent of Q. But we've given you info on comparable cuts from designers available in the U.S. With some cash and confidence, you too can make like a movie villain. Just don't forget the hair dye.

Fashion by HOLLIS WAYNE

On the roof of the Hotel Atlantic, one of Hamburg's coolest hot spots, Otto hangs by his threads. When you want to be a man in black, try a merino wool sweater ($118) and a pair of black jeans ($48) by CK Calvin Klein. And to see well while you're looking good, try the wire-rimmed sunglasses by Porsche ($380).

OK, so you're not the strongman for a guy bent on world domination. But—damn, this suit is hot. Look for a wool-and-mohair suit by Ozwald Boateng. It's single-breasted with a fly front and peak lapels ($3100). Use leftover money on a T-shirt by the Gap ($14).

A tall beauty will boost your appearance no matter what. Otto's clothes also help. Shop for a complete outfit by Boss Hugo Boss: a single-breasted suit ($850), white shirt ($95) and silk tie ($85). Add a pair of sunglasses by Persol ($210) and see if the girls don't come running.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 143.

20 QUESTIONS

# PAUL THOMAS ANDERSON

**the auteur of *boogie nights* on the death of porn, working with burt and why he saved the best for last**

*For 27-year-old director Paul Thomas Anderson, the thrilled critical response to his film "Boogie Nights"—the story of an innocent young man whose foot-long love gland transforms him into a porn star of the late Seventies and early Eighties—must make the sophomore director feel like he's similarly endowed. The film is based on a short Anderson made when he was 17, called "The Dirk Diggler Story." Ten years later, it's screen history. In the interim Anderson made another short, "Cigarettes and Coffee," that got him into the Sundance Institute's Filmmaker's Workshop and that led to his first feature, "Sydney." Starring Samuel L. Jackson and Gwyneth Paltrow, it was retitled "Hard Eight" and quickly faded away. We asked Contributing Editor David Rensin to talk with Anderson as "Boogie Nights" went into wide release. Rensin says, "We met at a popular Valley deli, where the waitresses knew and adored Anderson. He sat down, rummaged in his huge briefcase for his glasses, and with a smile announced, 'Let me wash my hands before I begin the interview.' I think that he also washed them afterward."*

**1.**

PLAYBOY: You wait until the end of *Boogie Nights* to show Dirk Diggler's 13-inch cock. Did you ever think of revealing the goods sooner?

ANDERSON: In the earliest assembly of the movie, we showed it in his first sex scene. At the time, I wasn't sure if it was something we should see immediately, to get it out of the way. But when I watched the film, I realized it had to be saved for the end. Metaphorically, it's the come shot. It's everything you could hope for from a movie ending. David Mamet once said, "The last five seconds separates the men from the boys." I took that quote to heart and ran with it.

**2.**

PLAYBOY: Do you think your initials—P.T.A.—had anything at all to do with *Boogie Nights*' getting an R from the movie ratings board?

ANDERSON: I'm not sure, but I loved dealing with the MPAA people. When we submitted the movie, it was NC-17. I said, "I can't argue with you." What they said next surprised me: "We just want you to know we love this movie, and we want it to be NC-17." I said, "What do you mean?" They said, "We created that rating for movies like this, movies that deal with explicit material but that are also legitimate films. Then *Showgirls* came along and made us look like girls, sort of wiped the rating back to an X. So we need a movie like this." That changed my mind. I understood, but I said, "I can't be the guinea pig." Ultimately, only 40 seconds had to come out, which was basically of Mark Wahlberg's ass, humping. That was fine, since it didn't interfere with the storytelling.

**3.**

PLAYBOY: Did you ever consider ex-porn-star-gone-legit-actor Traci Lords for a role?

ANNERSON: No. A little too wink-wink nudge-nudge. Also, Bob Shea, the president of New Line, suggested it, so I guess I rebelled. I must have a problem with authority. [*Pauses*] However, I did cast Veronica Hart. She's not only a great person, she's the Meryl Streep of porn. She plays the judge in the custody hearing between Amber Waves and her ex-husband.

**4.**

PLAYBOY: One issue *Boogie Nights* takes on is the debate over making porn on film or videotape. Why all the fuss about new technology?

ANDERSON: In a business that can be demoralizing, you really need to latch on to any dignity you can get. When porn was on film, anyone in that industry could have drawn a quick, straight line to so-called legitimate movies. It was 24 frames a second, through light, up on a screen. Video took that away. Some industry people argued that video was good because it got the product into the home for private viewing, and consumers didn't have to bear the stigma of going to an adult theater. That's true, but it's also a desperate justification by those who were shoved into a new technological arena—whether they wanted to go or not. I absolutely believe that video ruined the business. Inherent in using film is the need to figure out a plan of action beforehand. Where do we want to put this camera? We only have so much time, money and film. That translated into a more focused product. Video brought a new mentality: "We'll shoot a bunch of stuff. We don't really have to plan this because we can cut it into something later." During my research I went to a porn shoot done on videotape. There was no time between setups. At a certain point there was nothing romantic going on, nothing remotely emotional or sexual. It was just fucking. It was torture, period. No trace of human contact.

**5.**

PLAYBOY: The adult movie theater is dead, but aren't we left with a generation of moviegoers who have a Pavlovian reaction to the smell of Lysol?

ANDERSON: [*Laughs, claps hands*] Wow. That's funny. Hey, you know what? Fuck my answer—just make sure that question is in there.

**6.**

PLAYBOY: Burt Reynolds has received raves for his role as the filmmaker Jack Horner. Critics write of his career being resurrected and a possible Oscar nomination. But he didn't promote or support the film, and there were rumors he had some problems with it. What can you say to Burt to help him feel better about his performance?

ANDERSON: Near the end of Burt's autobiography—which I listened to on tape—he says, and I'm paraphrasing: "I know I will never win an Oscar, because no one really respects me as an actor. But here's the speech I would give if I did win." He gives a beautiful speech, sort of thanks his son, Quinton. I just hope he gets to give it for real so maybe he'll believe that people do respect him and like him. I'm proud of Burt's performance.

That said, let me tell you a funny little story. A friend of mine named Mike Stein—he played Dirk Diggler in the original *Dirk Diggler Story*—was in a supermarket in Van Nuys about midnight a couple months ago. He saw Burt's friend Dom DeLuise in the frozen-food section. Mike walked up and said, "Mr. DeLuise? My name's Mike Stein, and I want to tell you I think you're great. I've been watching you for years and you're just wonderful." Dom thanked him and they started to chat. Eventually, Mike felt it was appropriate to say, "I have a friend who just worked with Burt. They made a movie together." Dom said, "Oh,

that's great. What's the movie?" Mike said, "It's called *Boogie Nights*. It's about porn stars, about a hot new talent and the turbulent things he goes through in becoming the world's biggest porn star." And Dom said, "Oh, that's great. Is Burt going to play that part?"

**7.**

PLAYBOY: Was that Burt's problem? He really wanted Wahlberg's part?

ANDERSON: No, but that's why Warren Beatty isn't in the movie. Warren called me and said, "I love this script. Let's talk." He's really seductive on the phone. It's like being flashed with that *Men in Black* memory device: *Bap!* "I don't know how you did that or what just happened, but suddenly you've got me under your spell." After two weeks of going round, I finally deciphered his meaning. I said, "You want to play Dirk Diggler, don't you?" He said, "Yeah, let's go!" I think he was joking and not joking. I said, "I know, I know! Everybody wants to play Dirk. But, Warren. . . ."

**8.**

PLAYBOY: With all the attention that you've received on this film, it seems you're experiencing a Dirk Diggler–like success. Did writing the part teach you how to handle it?

ANDERSON: Absolutely, I'm him. I have a very large penis and a Nissan Sentra. I just need to trade that in for a red Corvette [*laughs*]. As we're talking, I'm right in the middle of the heat. And I don't want to feel bad—as is my tendency—about enjoying that people are loving this movie, that a million celebrities are calling, going, "Blah blah blah, I want to meet you! Oh my God!" I just spent two years of my life—without a vacation—making this. So it's OK to feel good instead of thinking I don't deserve it. And with my next movie, I plan to take advantage of it all. Now I'm getting promised final cut. I'm being promised Kodak prints instead of Fuji prints. Wonderful. A powerful, charismatic studio head sat me down yesterday and said, "Your next three movies are green-lit. Keep them all under $15 million. You've got final cut, you don't have to do a preview and you're set. Go. Shake my hand, yes or no." I said, "Well, I don't fuck on the first date. I'm sorry, I can't do that." Why? Although he has a good record and is brilliant at marketing movies, the truth is, I won't have to deal with just him. There are 40 other people at the company who will be involved in my movie. I have to meet and get to know them before I can commit to making a movie there. So I said, "That's very flattering and I don't want to be the jerk kid who says, 'Go fuck yourself and your deal,' but I have to protect myself and the actors in the movies I make. I've got to know more." So he laughed and smiled and said, "Thirty million!" Just kidding. He said, "I understand, and I'll bet you don't call me."

**9.**

PLAYBOY: Who did you call?

ANDERSON: Spielberg. He wanted to meet. When God calls, you show up. You take off the blinders, you tuck in your shirt and you go and see him. It was thrilling. I got to lunch with him on the day my movie opened. I said, "This feels very odd yet wonderful." My first influences were *Jaws* and *Close Encounters*. I saw them when I was seven, and I knew what I wanted to do. So sitting with him I had this weird flashback. Despite all this talk about my being a hotshot, any juice I might have had was drained right there, and I was a seven-year-old again. I asked him, "What do you think of the way we're releasing the movie?" He said he thought it was great and, "I think you're going to make a lot of money." I said, "Well, you're the only human being who knows."

**10.**

PLAYBOY: Gwyneth Paltrow has said you're obsessed with the actors to the point of—in her case—making them feel supremely confident. What did she mean? When shooting is over and the actors move on, can you? What's your weaning process?

ANDERSON: Sometimes I can take being a fan to excess. Maybe part of the reason this movie is so long is that I love staring at the actors with the camera. I can let things go on for a long time just because I'm getting off on it. My selfish love for them can get in the way of telling the story. It happens because I believe in working with actors who are my friends. I treat their characters with the same respect and dignity I have for real people. My relationship with the actor is right there on-screen. I think it gives me an advantage.

There is no weaning process. When the movie's over, I am a jilted lover who is jealous that the actor is making a movie with anyone but me. When Julianne Moore went off to do Spielberg's *The Lost World* after she did *Boogie Nights*, I was jealous and hurt. Of course, I love that she did his movie, but a weird thing happens. It's like they're out there cheating on me. After *Hard Eight* I told Gwyneth, "I can't believe you're cheating on me." She said, "Oh shut up." But I can't help it. And it's good in the way it compels me to write again, so I can win them back. That is where my writing comes from: I'm concocting ways to watch my friends act.

**11.**

PLAYBOY: If you had to choose between writing and directing——

ANDERSON: Oh fuck off. That's *Sophie's Choice*. [*Smiles*] I suppose I'd write and then I'd terrorize whoever was directing. I'd stare over his shoulder. I'd tear off his face, like Hannibal Lecter did, and plaster it onto mine. I'd eat him.

**12.**

PLAYBOY: You're doing this interview at a deli whose slogan is "Every sandwich is a work of Art," Art being the owner. Let's make lunch: Describe Dirk Diggler, Amber Waves, Jack Horner and Rollergirl as if they were on the menu.

ANDERSON: Dirk: a sandwich with lots of special sauce. But I can't tell you what the special sauce is. Amber Waves: a bowl of soup, a warm, cuddly, beautiful chicken noodle soup. The Jack Horner sandwich: a lot of ham and cheese. And you have to take away a lot of the ham. Rollergirl: a sandwich you can't get a bite out of, no matter how hard you try.

**13.**

PLAYBOY: What's the worst part of making movies?

ANDERSON: On *Boogie Nights*, all the time, effort and energy making the movie, and making sure it was technically OK, and then seeing it in theaters and realizing that projectionists have the final cut. Here's what goes on in the booth: Most movies are "plattered," which means all eight reels—one reel is about 20 minutes—are joined together on a big plate that turns and the film runs through the projector. The projectionist's job is to cut the last frame of one reel to the first frame of the next reel and splice it together. It's supposed to be this perfect straight line with nothing missing. But projectionists will drop film on the floor. They'll cut and splice in weird moments, and skip frames. I was at a theater where the movie was down for 15 minutes. It broke and fell on the floor. The projectionist picked it up, put it together. There were frames missing, there was dirt all over it. And he never made a call to New Line saying, "This has happened, send me a new print." If I hadn't snuck into the theater to see the audience reaction, that dirty print would still be playing.

**14.**

PLAYBOY: Your film is full of maternal issues. Dirk's real mom was shrewish. He had sex with his adoptive mom, who also turned him on to cocaine. You've been silent on your relationship with

*(concluded on page 165)*

*"Well, Jekyll, I can't say the formula was a complete failure."*

THE NAME IS DECKERS,
DAPHNE DECKERS

# BONDING WITH DAPHNE

Dutch model and actress Daphne Deckers is as famous in Holland as Queen Beatrix. It's not surprising. With a résumé that includes being "the face" of Veronica TV (a young, wild Dutch television station), appearing in Dutch singer Marco Borsato's music videos and writing a best-seller (*My Life as a Model*) and a children's book, she has graced more billboards, magazine covers, book jackets and TV screens than all of Dutch royalty combined. Next up? A role as the sexy public relations agent to bad guy Jonathan Pryce in the new James Bond flick, *Tomorrow Never Dies*. "It's a small part," says the 29-year-old beauty. "I auditioned to be one of the Bond girls, but those roles went to Teri Hatcher and Michelle Yeoh." Daphne, Teri, Michelle—sounds like 007th heaven to us.

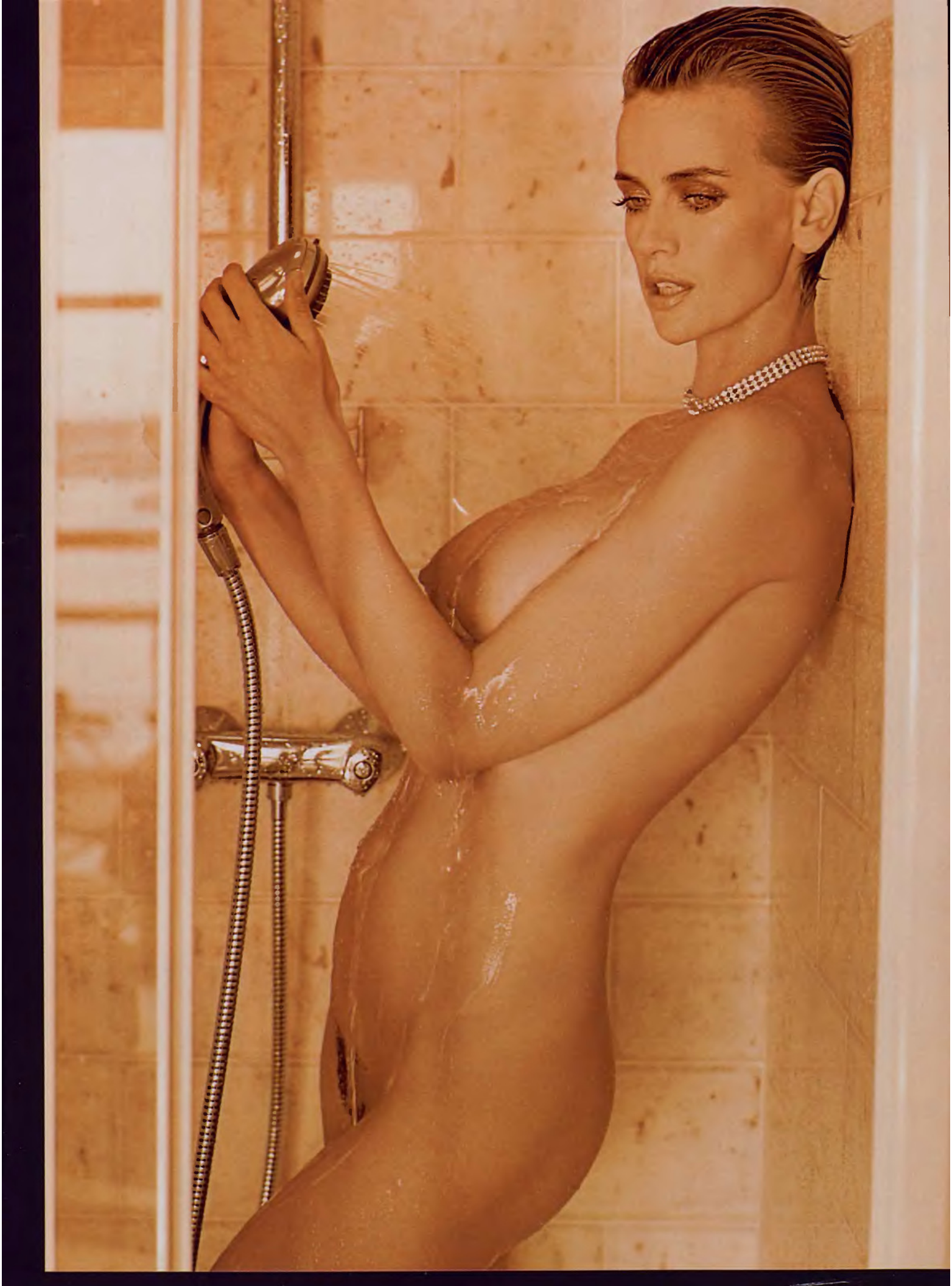
**Deckers shakes and stirs in *Tomorrow Never Dies* alongside Pierce Brosnan and Bond girls Teri Hatcher (below) and Michelle Yeoh (above right). As seen here, Deckers steals the show.**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BART VAN LEEUWEN

007

**007**

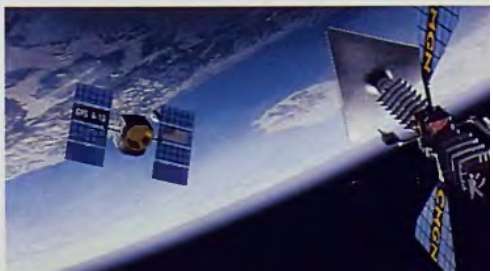
**Daphne quit modeling three years ago after eight years in the business. "I'd like to do many new things," she says. "I've always tried to have as well rounded a life as possible, to make my own rules. Right now I'm most proud of the books and opinion columns I've written. With acting, I'm dependent on screenwriters and directors, but when I write it's 100 percent creativity."**



"People who don't know me think my life goes smoothly and easily," Daphne explains. "But it's not like that at all. Everything I've achieved has come from working hard, setting goals and taking risks."

007

"Ordinary nudes are so comman," Daphne says. That's why she chase a more visually aggressive pictorial. "I wanted powerful pictures with the focus an campasitian. I wanted to shaw my interpretation of the 007 theme."



 (continued from page 110)

*"This is just a preview," she announces as she hooks her thumbs in her panties and peels them off.*

an apparition from one of the magazines that he reads when he visits the barbershop. "What do you mean?"

"I mean money. Lots of it. Enough for me to ditch the travel rag and make my movie. Enough for you to keep rescuing coral reefs."

"Sounds too good to be true. What do we have to do for it?"

"Meph'll fill you in on the details tomorrow night. He wants you to come to dinner."

"There's been talk about this guy. About what he's up to down here."

"Whatever it is, you can bet it'll be two steps ahead of everybody else. When I left, he was on the telephone pitching coral reclamation to the minister of marine something-or-other in Nassau."

"He moves fast, doesn't he?"

"Like I said, two steps ahead."

"You sure there's not some kind of catch?"

Beatrice lifts the towel on Faustman's lap with the toe of her sandal, takes a peek at his dwindling erection. "The catch is that you and I could get to spend a lot of time down here in the Bahamas."

Faustman considers the humdrum of his life at the institute, imagines himself spending time in the Bahamas with Beatrice and knows how the alchemists must have felt when they conjured up the elixirs that held the promise of transmuting base metal into gold.

"Think of all the fun we'll have."

Faustman thinks of the fun they'll have and feels himself stiffening beneath the towel.

"Take my word for it," Beatrice tells him, "you're going to like hanging out with me."

Faustman watches her kick off her high-heeled sandals, pull down her slacks and, lifting one foot after the other, step out of them.

"This is just a preview," she announces as she hooks her thumbs in the elastic of her panties, peels them off her splendid bottom, slides them down past her knees and lets them drop around her ankles.

Faustman leans his head back, drinks the rest of his rum as if he were swallowing a potion. Tossing the panties aside with her toe, Beatrice kneels before him, reaches under the towel and takes him in her hand. Faustman closes his eyes, wonders if this can really be happening.

"Movietime," she murmurs, burrowing deeper.

•

By the time he wakes up the next morning, Faustman's passion for exploring shallow tidal flats has been replaced by a desire for further pelagic adventures with Beatrice, which resume at once, continue through the afternoon and reach (for him at least) uncharted depths that night, when he goes to Mephisto's house for dinner. He arrives at eight, is delivered by Sergeant over a driveway lined with yellow allamandas and blue Bengal trumpets. He raps for entry at an oaken portal flanked by sculpted nymphs cavorting amid the flaming vulvae of flamingo flowers. The door is opened by Mephisto's mannequin-slender wife, Margot, who has recently arrived from Paris. She is accompanied by Beatrice, who offers Faustman a cheek to kiss. Both women are wearing see-through cover-ups, which reveal them to be topless.

"Such a gorgeous night," Beatrice says. "We're dining by the pool."

The Greek, his vast bulk swathed in terrycloth, lies on a rattan couch at the shallow end. He lifts glistening fingers of greeting from a platter piled high with grilled shrimp and salsa. His face, which manages to be both vulpine and androgynous, wears an indolent smile. A camcorder is at his side. "*Bienvenue à notre pêcherie*," he says, pointing Faustman toward an ice bucket and a bottle of champagne. "Beatrice tells us you're a scholar and a sportsman."

"*Un savant sportif*," says Margot with a knowing smile.

Faustman pours himself a glass of Dom Pérignon. "Divine Beatrice," he says, raising his glass.

"*Comme il est galant*," Margot murmurs throatily.

"My wife salutes you for your charm," Mephisto tells him. "And I for your efforts to preserve the coral reefs. I understand you're writing a new book on the subject. The other one came today by International Express. Most striking is the image that you present of the reefs as the rain forests of the sea."

Faustman, who rarely encounters anyone familiar with his work, is flattered to the point of mumbling a few shy words of appreciation and gratitude.

"But it is we who should thank you!" Mephisto says. "We need to know what we must do to save the reefs that surround our beautiful island."

This kind of talk is right up Faustman's alley. "To begin with, you'll have to contain the runoff from roadways, which clouds the water and interferes with the process of photosynthesis. Second, you have to find a way to discourage the local fishermen from using Clorox to stun snapper and grouper and dislodge crayfish from crevices in the coral. And, finally, you'll have to find someone to grow clumps of healthy coral in tanks and graft them onto the dying reefs."

"The first problem will be solved when I build a proper sewage system and treatment plant," Mephisto replies. "The second when the fishermen on the island are employed by me. And the third can best be accomplished by someone like you."

"Such an undertaking will be complicated and expensive," Faustman tells him. "Coral specimens from Haven Island will have to be transported to the States within 24 hours in sealed and insulated tanks in order to maintain the proper temperature. The transplants grown from these specimens will have to be brought back in the same manner and painstakingly affixed to rock with underwater epoxy."

"You don't say," Mephisto murmurs. "Sealed tanks. Quick delivery. Yes, of course. The perfect solution."

"All of which will require the approval of both the Bahamian and American governments. Most countries impose strict controls on the import and export of live coral because of the black market that exists in the U.S. and elsewhere for its use in fish tanks."

"But the authorities of both nations will surely allow coral shipments to be sent to Professor Faustman of the prestigious Oceanic Institute."

"Provided the proper permissions are obtained, there should be no problem," Faustman replies. "We've been able to import specimens from the Persian Gulf and elsewhere without difficulty."

"So the project is feasible," Mephisto says as he heaves himself to his feet and heads toward a glass-topped wrought-iron table.

Chilled tomato-and-lime soup accompanied by a Chassagne-Montrachet is served by a pair of island women wearing white starched dresses. It is succeeded by *moules* and fennel in saffron cream sauce, followed by roast rack of lamb and thyme washed down with Saint-Estèphe. The Greek turns out to be a prodigious eater—a big fork in every sense—dissecting his food with a self-absorption that precludes table talk, sucking each frail bone to the

*"Charlie, I'm going to hit the slopes for a couple of weeks and Lydia isn't into snow, so we were wondering if. . . ."*

point of desiccation, stacking a small ossuary at the side of his plate. When the dishes of the main course have been cleared away, Beatrice and Margot plead the heat of fullness, slip out of their see-throughs, sit bikini-bottom-deep on submerged steps at the shallow end of the pool to cool themselves. Mephisto lumbers back to his rattan couch, falls upon it with a heavy sigh, motions Faustman to his side.

"Let us now talk about the terms under which you will help me turn Haven Island into paradise," he says.

Faustman sips his Saint-Estèphe, glances at Beatrice, who is whispering in Margot's ear. "That's what they call Hog Island now."

"A vulgar appellation. Here there will be no foreign castles or imitation gardens. No high-rise hotels to spoil the magnificent skyline of the palm trees I have planted, no beachfront restaurants to block the splendid ocean view. Which is why your participation will prove invaluable. You will grow new strains of coral to replenish our dying reefs, advise us on how to protect the mangrove swamps that surround our celebrated bonefish flats and act as ombudsman for the great gifts God has given us."

Faustman looks at Beatrice and Margot, who are cavorting in the pool, imagines himself joining in their frolic. He is distracted by a faint stirring of doubt from deep within. "What about the coral shipments? Who'll be in charge of them?"

"Who but myself? Together with the Bahamian authorities who, as you have pointed out, must give permission for the coral to be exported and be satisfied that all conforms to regulations."

"So they've agreed to go along with your plans for Haven Island?"

"Let's say that I'm not without connections in Nassau. In any case, *mon cher*, down here in the Bahamas the government eventually approves of everything. The trick is to persuade it to do so sooner rather than later. Which is why I require someone with your credentials to help me launch my project."

"Just so long as there's no chance of myself or the institute becoming involved in any impropriety."

"Rest easy, my friend. Everything will be handled in such a way as to guarantee that you and the institute will be seen as having no other role than that of helping to heal our ailing reefs. Once our joint venture gets under way and the island is developed, other opportunities will present themselves. Contemplate a future in which the world's most advanced coral-growing laboratory will be built on the site of the old power plant that I'm now in the process of acquiring from the government. Imagine yourself as the director of such a facility. At twice—no, three times!—the salary you now command."

Faustman drains his glass of wine and glances at Beatrice and Margot. They are splashing each other with handfuls of water. He imagines arrays of tanks filled with coral of every conceivable variety—purple leaf, ivory tree, orange tube, cavernous star, fused staghorn, fragile saucer, giant brain, grooved fungus. "It's tempting," he tells Mephisto.

"Yet you hesitate. Do you perhaps require additional compensation?"

"It's not a question of money."

"Of what then?"

"That's hard to say. Academic integrity, perhaps."

"But I'm not asking you to sell your soul! I'm simply asking you to help us rejuvenate our reefs. Besides, what good will academic integrity do you when you lose your research grants?"

Faustman notices that Beatrice and Margot have shed their bikini bottoms. "You have a point," he admits.

"*Regarde les femmes*," Mephisto whispers, reaching for the camcorder. "Do they fret about temptation?"

Faustman looks at the two women, who are kissing each other, listens to the soft whir of the video camera as it lingers upon Beatrice's statuesquely gleaming breasts, Margot's erect and dripping nipples. "I'll need time to think about all this," he says.

"But of course, my friend. Take whatever time you need. Meanwhile, follow the camera."

Eyes locked, faces close together, Beatrice and Margot continue to embrace, until, following Mephisto's whispered stage direction, Beatrice paddles to the side of the pool, hangs on to the tiles, looks wide-eyed up into the lens of the camcorder as Margot comes up behind her, begins to caress her with her fingers.

Eye riveted to the angled viewpiece of the machine, Mephisto urges them on in an argot that Faustman cannot understand. Beatrice responds with groans of pleasure, Margot with a torrent of words in French.

"My wife insists that a true marine biologist would have jumped into the water long ago," Mephisto says.

"Tell her it's not that I'm not tempted," Faustman replies. "It's just that I'm——"

"Feeling reticent?"

Faustman takes a deep breath, nods his head.

"Because the woman who incites you is my wife?"

"Perhaps."

"*Un savant scrupuleux*," Mephisto says to Margot. "*Il lui faut plus de temps pour réfléchir*."

Margot responds to this by beckoning to Faustman with her tongue.

"What did you tell her?" Faustman inquires.

"I explained that you need more time to think," Mephisto answers. "Or have you thought enough?"

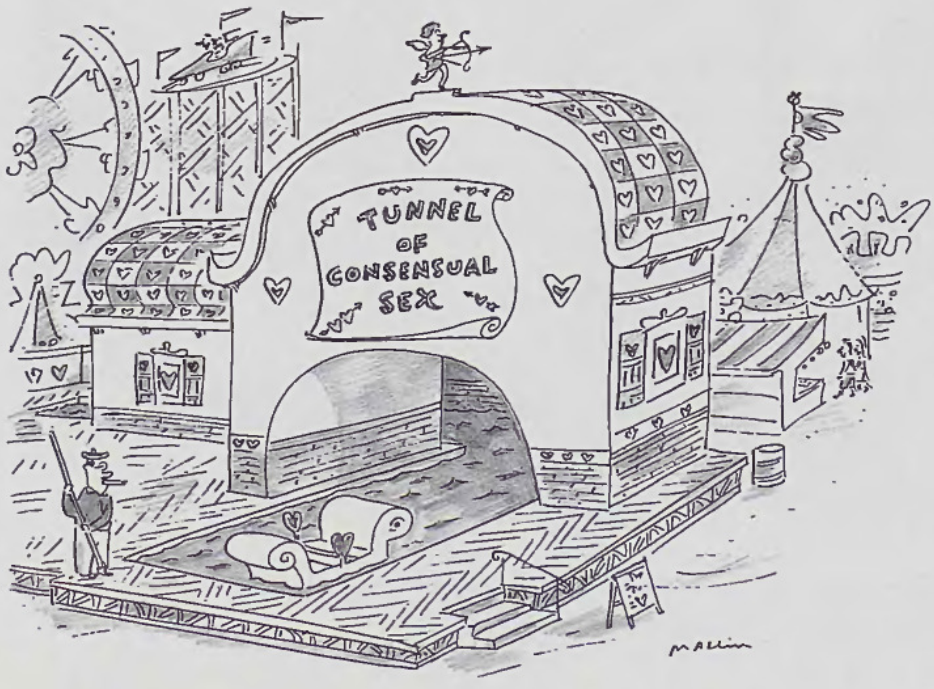
By now, Beatrice is responding to Margot's ministrations with gasps of satisfaction, cries of ecstasy, the beginnings of orgasmic shudder. Beside himself, Faustman inhales the night air deeply, strips off his shirt, pants and underwear. "You're sure you don't mind?"

"But I'm delighted!" Mephisto tells him. "And Margot more than I. Can you not see that the ardor she provokes in Beatrice is but a mirror of her own?"

Faustman steps to the edge of the pool. "Well, then, since it's all the same to you."

"*C'est tout entendu*," Mephisto assures him. "But what have you to say to my proposal?"

Faustman gazes at the two women who await him in a state of estrual frenzy,



poises himself to make a leap.

"All right!" he cries. "I'll do it!"

"*Alors, dépêches-toi!*" Mephisto says, training the camcorder on Faustman's bare behind. "Don't keep the ladies waiting any longer. Immerse yourself as if you were, how does one say, *chez vous!*"

•

Two weeks later, at Beatrice's suggestion, she and Faustman are treating themselves to a celebration drink in the lounge at Nassau International. They're on their way to New York, where Faustman can look forward to accepting the congratulations of his colleagues at the Oceanic Institute for having landed a contract that will save the coral laboratory, and Beatrice to telling her editor in chief that she's quitting the travel rag for good. Several sealed tanks that they have just watched being loaded into the cargo hold of the Delta flight to La Guardia will be delivered to the institute immediately. And if things don't go as planned? Or, more to the point, if the coral should be discovered to be sharing space in the tanks with something else? Well, it is this distressing prospect that suddenly perches on the doorstep of Faustman's mind when Beatrice, having ordered a piña colada, informs him out of the blue that she and several of Mephisto's business associates plan to be on hand when the tanks arrive.

"On hand for what?" Faustman asks.

"The grand opening." Beatrice raises her drink as if to make a toast.

"Do you mean the opening of the tanks?"

"What else?"

Faustman does not want to believe what he believes her to be saying. "Now wait a minute," he tells her. "Wait just a minute."

"Something wrong?" Beatrice asks, studying him over the rim of her glass.

"Are you suggesting there's something in there besides coral and seawater?"

Beatrice gives a throaty laugh. "Isn't it kind of late in the game to be worrying about that?"

"You haven't answered the question."

"How should I know what's in the tanks? Weren't you on hand while Mephisto's boys were filling them?"

"Not the whole time," Faustman says, ruefully.

"So maybe you didn't want to know."

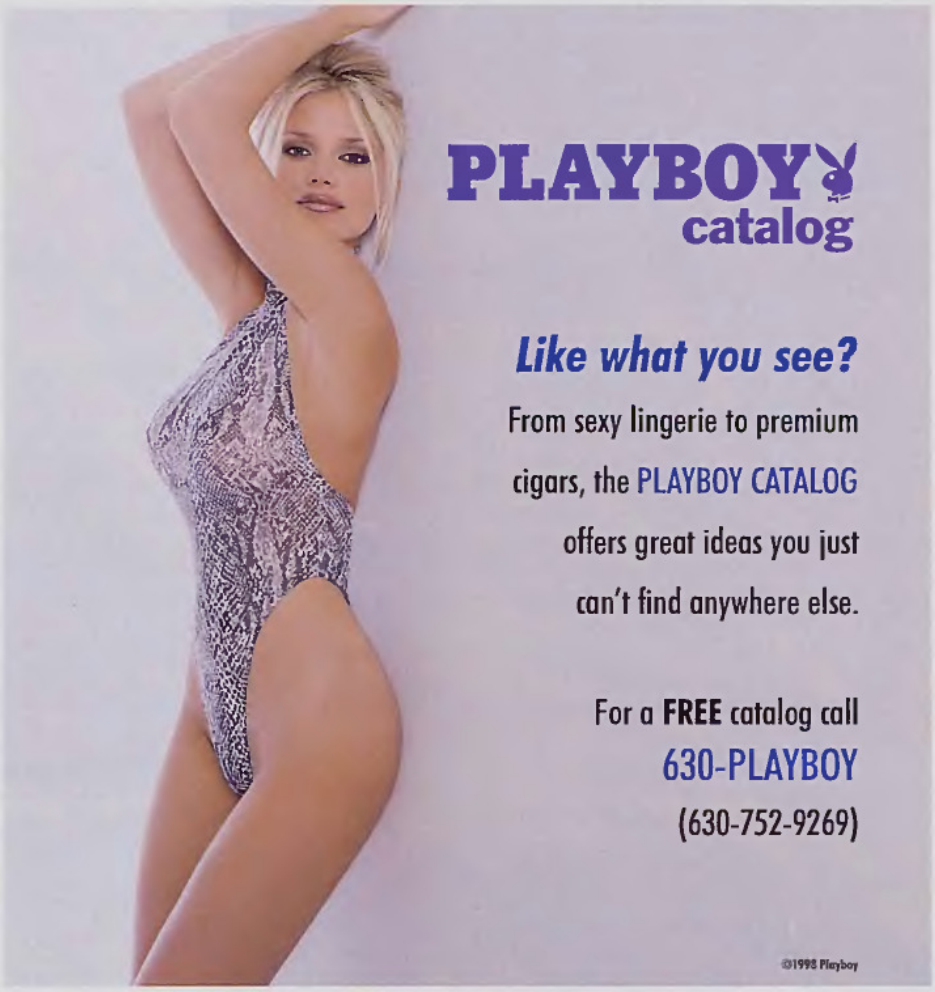
Astonished at the brazen accuracy of this assessment, Faustman makes a time leap forward to the cargo storage area at La Guardia, imagines a German shepherd sniffing at the tanks, straining at its leash, whining to alert its master——

"Give me a word," Beatrice says, concerned by his pallor, wanting to distract him. "Any word."

"Dog," Faustman tells her, absently.

"Not to worry," Beatrice says. "Dogs can't sniff anything through seawater."

"So there *is* something else in the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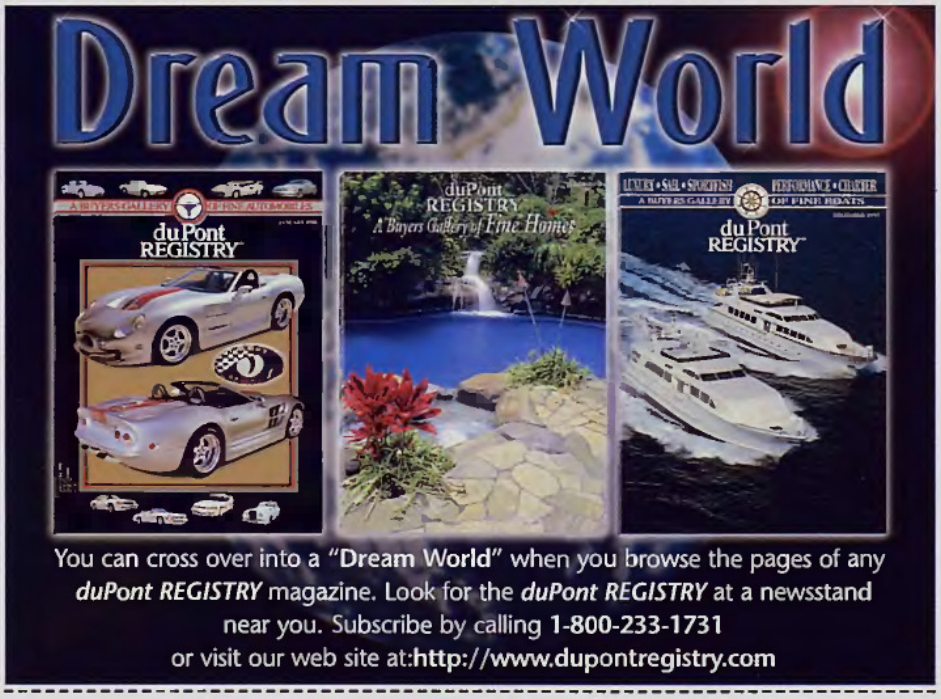
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tanks!" Faustman exclaims. In his mind's wild eye, he sees a Customs agent pry open a lid.

"Get hold of yourself," Beatrice advises. "You've got a case of nerves is all. Happens to everybody the first time."

"What do you mean, the first time?" Faustman moans, gaping openmouthed at this confirmation of his worst fear.

"Meph's going to be shipping you lots of coral," Beatrice tells him.

The realization that the kind of dreadful anxiety he is now experiencing will be repeated is enough to render Faustman speechless.

Beatrice gives him a reassuring smile. "Didn't I promise you we'd get to spend a lot of time down here in the Bahamas?"

When Faustman and Beatrice leave the lounge and start downstairs to the departure area, some tourists just in from Boston turn around to look at them. Small wonder because at first glance they make a striking couple. Beatrice, who has once again shoehorned herself into her gold-lamé pants, descends in that inimitably provocative manner of hers—one high-heeled sandal following the other, a hand on her escort's shoulder—while a tanned and somber-looking Faustman, who carries a briefcase in one hand and an aluminum fly-rod tube in the other, keeps step with the languid rhythm of her sway. On closer inspection, however, it can be seen that Faustman is trembling and perspiring heavily, and that Beatrice has placed her hand on his shoulder not so much to steady herself as him.

As they pass beneath the mural, Faustman looks up at Columbus, remembers the harsh judgment he pronounced upon him and, realizing that he, too, has embarked upon a road of no return, feels a pang of trepidation pass like an arrow through his bowels. All at once, he clutches his throat, begins to gasp for air. "I don't feel well," he says.

"You must pull yourself together," Beatrice tells him.

"I don't want to go through with this."

"Too late now," Beatrice says. "Unless you're thinking of turning yourself in at Customs."

"My God," Faustman groans, "what was I thinking of?"

Beatrice gives a laugh. "Probably what you were going to do to Margot and me in the swimming pool."

Faustman stares up at Columbus, tries to pull himself together. Three hours ahead in time, the Customs agent at La Guardia has rolled up his sleeves.

Following his gaze, hoping to lighten him up, Beatrice pokes him in the ribs. "You and the Great Explorer," she says with a smile. "You've just discovered a new world."

When they get to the Customs counter, Faustman allows Beatrice to go first, follows once she's been waved on through by a middle-aged and uniformed inspector whose eyes linger appreciatively upon her backside until Faustman's arrival brings him back to business.

"How long have you been in the Bahamas, sir?" he asks, glancing at Faustman's declaration card.

"Two weeks," Faustman replies.

"Down here on business or pleasure?"

"A little of both."

The inspector looks at Faustman, notices that he's pale and short of breath. "Anything to declare?"

"Nothing," Faustman says, close to fainting.

The inspector picks up the aluminum tube, unscrews the cap, pulls out the fly rod that has remained unlimbered since Faustman waded out on the tidal flat the day he arrived on Haven Island. "Bonefishing any good?"

"Fine," Faustman tells him, trying to hold in the panic that projects the word a touch too fast. "Just fine."

The inspector pushes the fly rod back into the tube, screws the cap back on, asks Faustman to open up the briefcase that contains the annotated manuscript of the book he's been writing. "Feeling all right, sir?"

"Fine," Faustman says again. "Little hot is all."

"Imagine what it would be like in here without air-conditioning," the inspector says, and waves him on through.

Faustman closes his briefcase, picks up the fly-rod tube and rejoins Beatrice, who is waiting for him by some glass doors that open into the departure area. She gives him an appraising glance, leads him to a molded plastic seat, fetches him a paper cup with Coke and ice. "You look terrible," she says. "Try to relax."

"You knew it all along, didn't you? From the very beginning. When you said there was someone on the island I should meet."

"Be a good boy," Beatrice tells him, "and I'll take you into the lav when we're airborne. Do you the way you like."

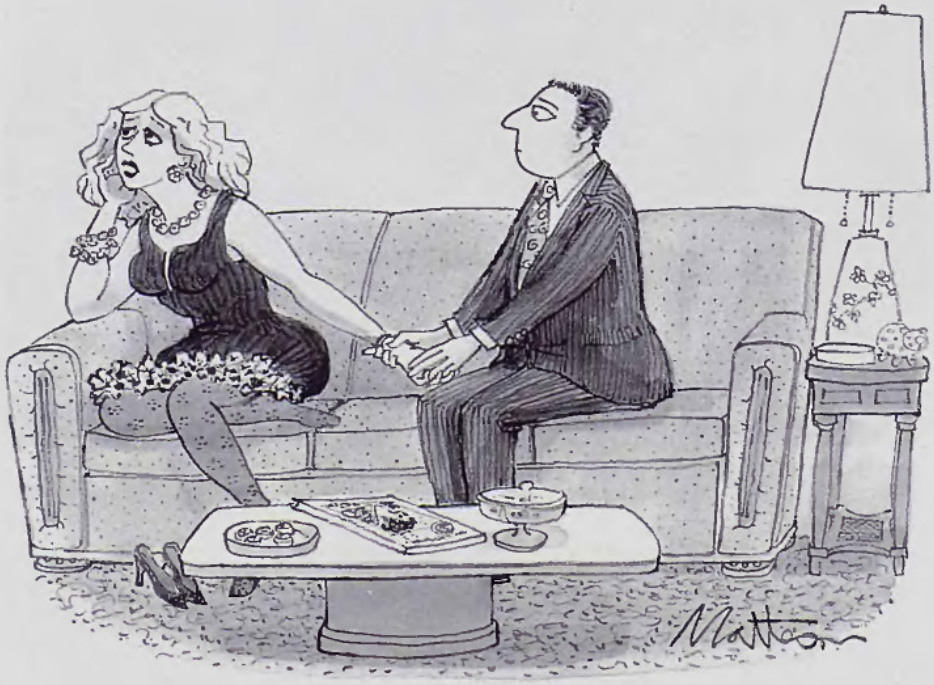
Faustman looks at her in horror. The very idea of having sex with her now is enough to start him hyperventilating again. In the storage area at La Guardia, the Customs agent is reaching into one of the tanks.

"Take it easy," Beatrice says. "Once we're on the plane, I'll give you something to make you sleep."

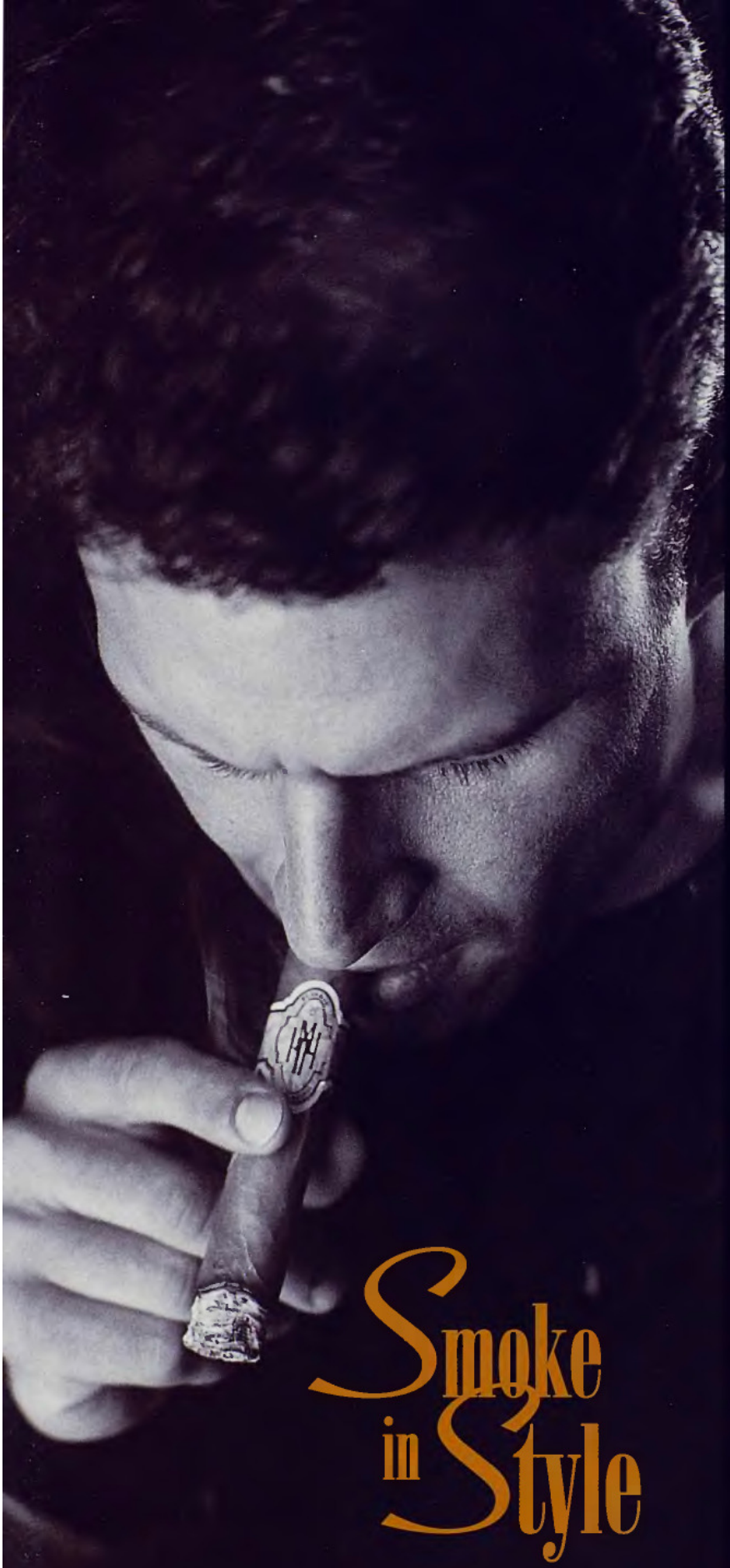
Faustman closes his eyes, wishes to God that the past two weeks were a dream, and that when he wakes up he'll find himself wading alone on the tidal flat like one of those stiff-necked herons. Instead, the Customs agent at La Guardia has pulled out the first of several waterproof packages.

"Let's go, Bonefish Jack," Beatrice tells him. "They're calling our seats."

In a daze, Faustman follows her through the departure gate and out onto the tarmac where the Delta flight awaits them. A suffocating blast of heat threatens to deprive him of what little breath he has left. The sulfurous stench of baking asphalt and aviation fuel fills his nostrils, stings his eyes. Stumbling, he reaches out to steady himself, feels Beatrice take him by the hand. Only it's not her cool fingertips that touch him now, but her fingernails. They take hold of his flesh like talons, inflict pain that impels him to stay upright, prod him into the searing light of his future.



*"If you really loved me, you'd win the lottery."*

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# Something cool *(continued from page 104)*

## *J. Edgar Hoover picked on prostitutes and radicals, but he knew the value of a good conspiracy theory.*

holding televised hearings on organized crime. The spotlight took this unknown Tennessean and made him a national figure, as it would Richard Nixon two years later.

The box brought sensation and scandal into the home: Within the space of a few years there were probes of vice and prostitution, organized crime, comic books, pornography, obscenity, the Post Office, the State Department, the U.S. Army and Congress itself. Athan Theoharis, author of *J. Edgar Hoover, Sex and Crime*, describes how America's top cop exploited the new technology. Hoover had steadfastly denied the existence of organized crime. His reputation was built on a few well-publicized shoot-outs with Depression Era desperadoes, a kidnapping here or there and catching spies during the war. He picked on prostitutes and radicals, but he knew the value of a good conspiracy theory from his crusade against the Red Menace.

Kefauver paraded crime kingpins such as Meyer Lansky and Frank Costello before the camera and entertained America with tales of the Mafia, codes of silence, gunsels and bag ladies. The Kefauver Committee was more than an embarrassment to Hoover—it was a direct threat to his political turf. On the eve of the hearings on organized crime the FBI, through the Attorney General, was still denying the Mob's very existence.

When McCarthy came to Hoover and said he had gotten an enthusiastic response to his speech on subversives in the State Department, Hoover saw a way to regain the limelight. The new inquisition—the world of unsubstantiated charges and televised confrontation, the pressure to name names and betray fellow travelers—was custom-made for Hoover's favorite form of blackmail.

"The same month as McCarthy's charges," writes Theoharis, "the head of the Washington, D.C. police vice squad publicly asserted that at a 'quick guess' 3500 'sex perverts' were employed in the federal bureaucracy, of whom 300 to 400 were State Department employees. In response to this publicity, State Department security officers admitted that the department had fired 91 'sex perverts' since the establishment of the Federal Employee Loyalty Program."

"Communists, deviants—they're one and the same," said one senator, thus wedding the Red Scare with homophobia. Senator Clyde Hoey, described by *Time* magazine as a "frock-coated" North Carolinian, had been "quietly looking into a sordid matter: the problem of homosexuals in the government."

Senator Hoey found a record of "sexual perversion" among workers in 36 sectors of the government and a host more in the armed forces. He targeted 4954 deviants, most in the military. There were 574 suspect civilian government employees—some 143 in the State Department—who had quit, were fired or were cleared. The Veterans Administration housed 101 perverts, the Atomic Energy Commission 8, the ECA 27, the Library of Congress and other agencies 19, the White House none.

"It follows," Hoey warned, "that if blackmailers can extort money from a homosexual under threat of disclosure, espionage agents can use the same type of pressure to extort confidential information."

J. Edgar Hoover told Congress that FBI investigators possessed derogatory information on 14,414 federal employees and applicants and had identified 406 "sex deviates in government service." He asked for and received greater appropriations to launch a special Sex Deviates program. FBI agents began to hang out at leather bars and other gay haunts, collecting names. Theoharis writes that in 1977, when the FBI received permission to destroy the files in the Sex Deviates program, more than 300,000 pages had been accumulated.

Each file contained the name of a suspected pervert, his occupation and the charges that had brought him to the attention of the Deviates division. Theoharis reports that little is known of the use of these cards, but evidence exists that Hoover approved letters to those outside of government, warning college heads and law-enforcement agencies of the "security risks" within their own organizations.

Homosexuality, wrote Ralph Major in the September 1950 issue of *Coronet* magazine, was the "New Moral Menace to Our Youth."

This panic may be traced to the Kinsey

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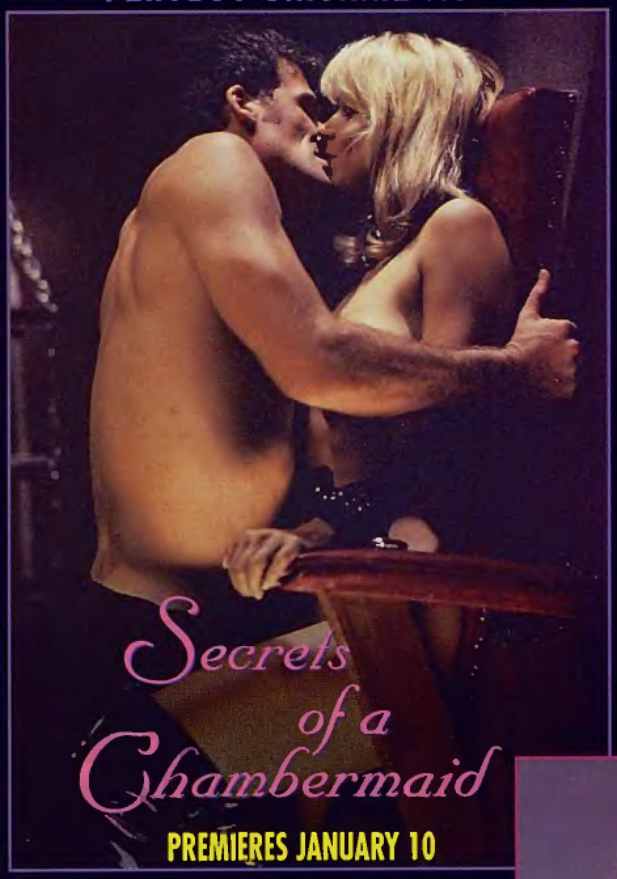


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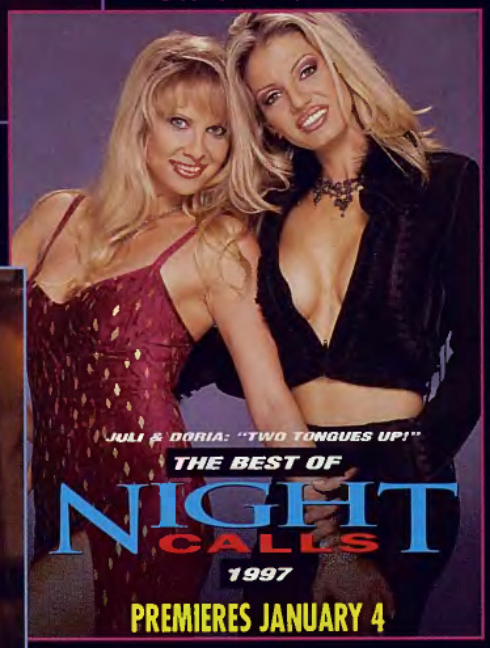


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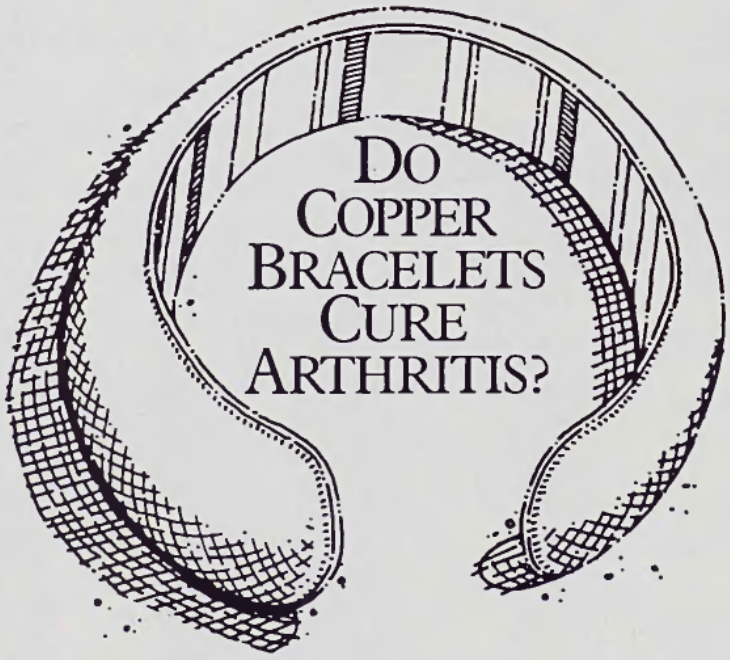


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Report on American males that had appeared in 1948. Kinsey had reported that "37 percent of the total male population has had at least some overt homosexual experience between adolescence and old age." If our men weren't growing up to be men, there was something hideously wrong with America.

Science was one source of the panic, literature another. James Jones' novel *From Here to Eternity* hinted at a hidden homosexual network within the Army. The story begins when a gay officer in the Bugle Corps promotes one of his "angels" over the more deserving Prewitt. Most Americans remember the movie version with Burt Lancaster and Deborah Kerr rolling about in the surf as a hymn to heterosexual passion and the danger of getting sand in the wrong places. The novel discussed queer baiting and FBI fairy hunts.

Ironically, the same panic that McCarthy unleashed came back to topple him. The Army–McCarthy hearings in 1954 came about because of charges that McCarthy had pulled strings to try to get the Army to promote David Schine—a protégé of McCarthy staffer Roy Cohn. These three, devoted to driving out the "lavender lads" and "cookie pushers" from the State Department, were widely rumored to be gay and using favoritism to advance their own angels. Roy Cohn died of AIDS in 1986, still an outspoken gay basher.

*The Brick Foxhole*, a novel by future film director Richard Brooks, concerned a gay murder in the military in wartime Washington. In the movie version, called *Crossfire*, the bigotry became anti-Semitism. In postwar America, some prejudice was more acceptable than others. We were prepared to question intolerance related to race and religion, but not sex. The film was a hit for RKO, but both the director and the producer of the film were called to testify about their leftist leanings by HUAC.

During the war, the Pentagon tried to weed out gays—using profiles based on Stanford psychologist Lewis Terman's Male-Female Quotient to identify and turn away those of questionable sexual orientation. There are some who argue that the screening process actually alerted homosexuals to the presence of others of similar persuasion.

In 1951 Henry Hays founded the Mattachine Society, devoted to "the protection and improvement of Society's Androgynous Minority." (Lesbians, in 1955, would organize the Daughters of Bilitis.) Of course, Hays was forced to testify before the House Un-American Activities Committee.

*Confidential* warned America that the Mattachine Society had a war chest of $600,000. The idea of secret cells of perverts fascinated America. That so many were willing to believe that sexual

preference could be betrayed or subverted by homosexuals indicates the state of innocence (or ignorance) of the country on the subject of sex at the time. Did we believe that our own sexual identity was in danger? It appeared that the American male was not even loyal to his own gender. In 1952 ex-GI George Jorgensen underwent the first public sex-change operation, going to Denmark a man and returning as Christine Jorgensen, a woman.

The sexual undercurrent in national politics surfaced in the 1956 presidential election when Hoover crony Walter Winchell would declare that "a vote for Adlai Stevenson is a vote for Christine Jorgensen."

The homosexual panic was fueled by the press of the day. We had no clear picture of this sexual minority, and the uninformed mind created monsters.

"All too often," warned Eugene Williams, a Special Assistant Attorney General for the State of California, "we lose sight of the fact that the homosexual is an inveterate seducer of the young of both sexes and that he presents a social problem because he is not content with being degenerate himself: He must have degenerate companions and is ever seeking younger victims."

In 1949 the nation had been stunned by brutal sex crimes on the West Coast and in Idaho. The local incidents had turned into a national obsession. *Newsweek* ran an article on "Queer People," *Time* on "The Abnormal." *Collier's* ran a 13-part series on "Terror in Our Cities."

J. Edgar Hoover wrote a widely reprinted article asking "How Safe Is Your Daughter?" and distributed coloring books that taught children to distrust strangers. The government produced statistics that claimed sex crimes other than prostitution were escalating—from 46 per 100,000 in 1953 to 51 per 100,000 in 1954, and 54 per 100,000 in 1955.

Historian George Chauncey, author of *The Postwar Sex Crime Panic*, shows how expansive the propaganda campaign became: "The press reports that shaped public perceptions of the problem usually blurred the lines between different forms of sexual nonconformity. They did this in part simply by using a single term (sex deviate) to refer to *anyone* whose sexual behavior was different from the norm. Like the term abnormal, the term deviate made any variation from the supposed norm sound ominous and threatening, and it served to conflate the most benign and the most dangerous forms of sexual nonconformity. People who had sex outside of marriage, murdered little boys and girls, had sex with persons of the same sex, raped women, looked in other people's windows, masturbated in public or cast 'lewd glances' were all called sex deviates by the press."

Once you strayed from the norm, you were a monster.

### SEDUCTION OF THE INNOCENT

Once again, America began to fear for its children. And there arose new crusaders with new concerns. Anthony Comstock, the prototype for all Puritan champions, once railed against "traps for the young," warning about the dangers of penny dreadfuls, dime novels and police gazettes. In the late Forties a new and most unlikely menace appeared—comic books.

With Hollywood chafing under a Production Code that sanitized all forms of sin, comic books filled a growing appetite for more-lurid fare. The old standards—*Superman*, *Batman*, *Wonder Woman* and *Sheena*—still entertained devoted fans, but they were joined by *Gangbusters*, *True Crime Comics* and *Crime Does Not Pay*. Americans may have left the city for the suburbs, but crime had followed—at least as far as the local newsstand. And a wave of more-frightening titles appeared, including *Crypt of Terror*, *The Vault of Horror* and *The Haunt of Fear*. Critics claimed that comic books were "sex horror serials" and "pulp paper nightmares" that created "ethical confusion" and moral decline. E.C. Comics even gave its most subversive title the warning label *Tales calculated to drive you Mad*.

Fearing that a diet of pulp would lead to juvenile delinquency, city fathers across the country cracked down. In 1947 the Indianapolis police department labeled comic books "vicious, salacious, immoral and detrimental to the youth of the nation."

In Rumson, New Jersey; Cape Girardeau, Missouri; Binghamton, New York and Chicago, Cub Scouts and other schoolchildren collected comic books and tossed them on bonfires. Boston and Cincinnati appointed special comic book censors. The National Office for Decent Literature, long the watchdog of magazines and books, took to rating pulp panels.

Into this maelstrom walked Fredric Wertham, a psychiatrist who had worked with troubled youths in New York City. He began crusading against the comics in 1948.

According to Wertham, 90 percent of the nation's children read an average of 18 comic books a week. The average 16-year-old reader had "absorbed a minimum of 18,000 pictorial beatings, shootings, stranglings, blood puddles and torturings to death from comic books alone."

He would recount horror stories of innocent children led astray. Kids in the Fifties threw rocks at trains and automobiles, beat candy store owners with hammers, trampled siblings to death, poured kerosene over classmates and set them afire, led safecracking expeditions and

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committed "lust murders."

"There is nothing in these juvenile delinquencies," Wertham would write, "that is not described or told about in comic books. These are comic book plots."

Some of his stories reveal parental overreaction. Telling about a group of kids who, acting out things they read in comic books, tormented one girl, he noted: "They handcuffed her with handcuffs bought with coupons from comic books. Once, surrounding her, they pulled off her panties. . . . Now her mother has fastened the child's panties with a string around her neck, so the boys can't pull them down."

Wertham's crusade was a failure at first. When the New York Legislature passed an anticomics bill in 1952, Governor Tom Dewey vetoed it. Kefauver's Senate Committee investigation initially scoffed at the role of comics in creating juvenile delinquents. In 1950 the headlines announced its conclusion: COMICS DON'T FOSTER CRIME.

Wertham continued his crusade in one magazine article after another. Comic books were "pollution," the source of "unhealthy sexual attitudes." Wertham warned that children copied crimes from crime comics, and that they developed a taste for rape, torture, mutilation, cannibalism and worse. Plus, the comics would create a nation of breast fetishists, he said.

"Comic books stimulate children sexually," he warned. "Attention is drawn to sexual characteristics and to sexual actions."

He warned about headlight (a slang term for breast) books. "One of the stock mental aphrodisiacs in comic books is to draw girls' breasts in such a way that they are sexually exciting. Wherever possible, they protrude and obtrude. Or girls are shown in slacks or negligees with their pubic regions indicated with special care and suggestiveness. Many children miss that, but very many do not."

Some books emphasized girls' buttocks. "Such preoccupations, as we know from psychoanalytic and Rorschach studies, may have a relationship to early homosexual attitudes." Wertham's grasp of the psychodynamics of homosexuality left a little to be desired.

Wertham held the nation's attention because he drew a target around innocent youth. "The difference between the surreptitious pornographic literature for adults and children's comic books is this: In one it is a question of attracting perverts, in the other of making them."

In his Book-of-the-Month-Club selection *Seduction of the Innocent* he pinpointed the villains. To the well-trained eye the supermasculine heroes Batman and Robin were gay. "They live in sumptuous quarters, with beautiful flowers in large vases, and have a butler, Alfred. Batman is sometimes shown in a dressing gown. It is like a wish dream of two homosexuals living together."

Listen to his description of Robin, as a "handsome ephebic boy, usually shown in his uniform with bare legs. He is buoyant with energy and devoted to nothing on earth or in interplanetary space as much as to Bruce Wayne. He often stands with his legs spread, the genital region discreetly evident."

The stories were devoid of "decent, attractive, successful women." Instead, there was Catwoman, "who is vicious and uses a whip."

Lesbians were the by-products of *Wonder Woman*, Wertham said. "For boys, Wonder Woman is a frightening image. For girls, she is a morbid ideal. Her followers are the gay girls."

Comic books glorified "assertiveness, defiance, hostility, desire to destroy or hurt, search for risk and excitement, aggressiveness, destructiveness, sadism, suspiciousness, adventurousness, nonsubmission to authority"—the very qualities that research had shown were the building blocks of juvenile delinquency.

Some 90 million comic books were consumed each month by American innocents.

Wertham's book caused a sensation. In 1954 Senator Kefauver—who had taken to wearing a Davy Crockett coonskin cap during political campaigns—reopened the comic book question. Not surprisingly, he discovered a plot against America: "Almost without exception the comic books were displayed indiscriminately in the midst of magazines notorious for their emphasis on sex, nude torsos and exaggerated accentuation of some physical characteristics of male and female alike. We have a strong feeling that this step-by-step development of adolescent curiosity is more design than coincidence."

The comic industry responded, not with laughter, but by creating the Code of the Comics Magazine Association of America. Modeled on the Hollywood Production Code and prepared with the spiritual guidance of Roman Catholic, Protestant and Jewish leaders, the comic book guidelines prohibited nudity, profanity, obscenity, smut and vulgarity, as well as any salacious illustration or suggestive posture. "Females shall be drawn realistically," wrote the censors, "without exaggeration of any physical qualities."

So much for the headlights. "Respect for parents, the moral code and for honorable behavior shall be fostered," noted the code. "The treatment of love-romance stories shall emphasize the value of the home and the sanctity of marriage. Passion or romantic interest shall never be treated in such a way as to stimulate the lower and baser emotions."

Hell, you might as well watch TV.

The code was created by the industry in order to survive, for without the government's seal of approval titles were essentially banished from newsstands. Companies went out of business and artists were driven underground. William Gaines, publisher of such E.C. Comics classics as *Tales From the Crypt*, was particularly hard hit. He had tried to defend one cover—a severed head dripping blood—as tasteful. He discontinued most of his titles and focused on an upstart magazine created by Harvey Kurtzman called *Mad*.

"It was as if comic books were castrated," said John Tebbel in an article on the

*"What kind of guy has instructions tattooed on his chest?"*

code. "People couldn't keep their children from growing up, but they could keep the comic books from growing up."

PAPERBACK SEX

Adults had their own source of sex and violence. Since the mid-Forties, the paperback rack at the corner store had become a fixture. It was one of the great things to come out of the war, when servicemen relied on pocket-size books for entertainment overseas.

The paperbacks played with provocative covers—one showing *The Private Life of Helen of Troy* was known to an entire generation as simply "the nipple cover." A painter grappled with models on a book titled *Art Colony*. The covers of Mickey Spillane novels showed women in tight dresses clutching handguns, not handbags. A rash of novels exploited the juvenile-delinquent motif—from *The Amboy Dukes* and *Jailbait* to *The Blackboard Jungle*.

Of course, Congress could not miss the opportunity for a another full-scale investigation, creating a Select Committee on Current Pornographic Materials (not to be confused with older pornographic materials).

Chaired by E.C. Gathings (D–Kans.), the investigation would go after "the kind of filthy sex books sold at the corner store which are affecting the youth of our country." The publishers of paperbacks were spreading "artful appeals to sensuality, immorality, filth, perversion and degeneracy. The exaltation of passion above principle and the identification of lust with love are so prevalent that the casual reader of such literature might easily conclude that all married persons are adulterous and all teenagers are completely devoid of any sex inhibitions." The committee members were particularly upset by "lurid and daring illustrations of voluptuous young women on the covers of the books" and by books that extolled "homosexuality, lesbianism and other sexual aberrations."

The Reverend Thomas Fitzgerald, a director of the National Organization for Decent Literature, presented a list of 274 objectionable books, but Gathings had his own list. *Women's Barracks*, a sexy story of French army women, drew particular heat.

The hearings did not result in new laws, but they ignited a series of vigilante-style crusades. Church groups and local police chiefs intimidated store owners who stocked books considered objectionable. In *Two Bit Culture*, a history of the paperback phenomenon, Kenneth Davis notes, "There were police actions in Detroit and vigilante-type actions in Minneapolis; Augusta, Maine; Chattanooga; Scranton; Akron; and Manchester, New Hampshire." Youngstown Police Chief Edward Allen personally banned more than 400 paperback books on the logic that "all such books are


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obscene." In August 1953 a Federal judge reminded Chief Allen that "freedom of the press is not limited to freedom to publish, but includes the liberty to circulate publications."

The paperback of J.D. Salinger's contemporary classic *The Catcher in the Rye* appeared in 1951. It would, notes Davis, become "number one on the hit list." Not a day passes, or so it seems, without some parents, somewhere, believing that Holden Caulfield's musings on alienation and sex will be the ruin of their own children.

Government already controlled radio and television, and had previously put the fear of censorship into Hollywood. The point was clear: If kids didn't read about it, and if parents didn't read about it, the world would be safe from sex.

### THE SECOND KINSEY REPORT

August 20, 1953 would be known as K-day, the moment that sex became front-page news in almost every newspaper in the country. The long-awaited second volume of the Kinsey Report—this one on sexual behavior in the human female—was the most important story of the year. It distracted us from the Cold War, at the same time that the existence of a Russian H-bomb was confirmed. The stolid, red-bound book, almost the twin of the male report, sold nearly 200,000 copies within a matter of weeks. A paperback special explaining the report would top the charts in 1954.

In the volume on males, Alfred Kinsey and his associates at Indiana University set out to describe sex not as it should be but as it was. The reaction had been swift and mostly negative. Everyone from college presidents to J. Edgar Hoover had condemned the depiction of American morality.

Kinsey noted that one woman wrote to say she could not fathom the controversy over the first book. The report had shown only that "the male population is a herd of prancing, leering goats."

Women had known that forever and, indeed, the whole of Puritan morality was predicated on constraining the goat. But what of women?

Americans were not so tolerant of the truth about women. Without bothering to read the study, Congressman Louis Heller from Brooklyn demanded that the Post Office block all shipments. Heller condemned Kinsey for "hurling the insult of the century against our mothers, wives, daughters and sisters." He threatened an investigation of the Institute for Sex Research, saying Kinsey was "contributing to the depravity of a whole generation, to the loss of faith in human dignity and human decency, to the spread of juvenile delinquency and to the misunderstanding and the confusion about sex."

Hoover opened a file on Kinsey, but nothing came of it.

Ernest Havemann, a prominent journalist asked to interpret the study for *Life*, warned that the interviews of 5940 women "constitute a sort of mass confession that American women have not been behaving at all in the manner in which their parents, husbands and pastors would like to think, and doubtless a great many people will even be loath to believe that Dr. Kinsey has got his facts straight."

In a world swirling with rumor, scandal and gossip about sex, Kinsey offered facts. He had talked to women of all ages and had discovered that your date of birth was the single most important indicator of sexual behavior. Women born before 1900 were morally circumspect; those born after—who came of age in the Roaring Twenties—were a different breed. The flaming youth of the Jazz Age had set sex afire. The petting parties described by F. Scott Fitzgerald had become a rite of passage: Nearly 99 out of 100 women born between 1910 and 1929 had petted by the age of 35.

We tended to think of Victorian women as corseted, or dressed neck to ankles, too ashamed to make love with the lights on. And Kinsey did find that a full third of the women born before 1900 made love with their clothes on, but only 8 percent of the younger women he studied kept their nightgowns on during sex. Women born in this century were riding a wave of experimentation that would have shocked their elders. They were doing more of everything—from petting to French kissing to oral sex.

While women born before the turn of the century had held on to their virginity (86 percent of unmarried women were still virgins at the age of 25), the modern woman was more inclined to go all the way—a third of unmarried women were no longer virgins by the age of 25.

Kinsey discovered a great continent of premarital sex: Of the women who were married, half had lost their virginity before the wedding bells rang. Almost half of those had limited their lovemaking to their fiancés—making the sex truly premarital. But some had not: A third had had coitus with two to five partners, and 13 percent had had coitus with six or more. (In contrast, some 85 percent of married men, those leering, prancing goats, had had premarital sex—about a third with two to five partners, almost half with more than six.)

The Kinsey Report reflected the guilt-free attitude of the modern girl: Almost 69 percent of the unmarried women who had had premarital sex expressed no regret. Of those married women who had been sexually active before their wedding night, more than 77 percent saw no reason to regret their earlier sexual experiences. The more partners they had had, the less likely they were to feel regret. Initial regrets disappeared with experience.

Kinsey listed 20 classic arguments against premarital sex, then demolished them with 12 modern arguments in favor of fooling around. Fear of reputation? Fear of disease? Fear of pregnancy? Forget the sex panic of the past. Kinsey had numbers, the force of empirical science. In a sample of 2094 single white females, who among them had had coitus approximately 460,000 times, there were only 476 pregnancies (one pregnancy for each 1000 acts of copulation). Only 29 women out of 2020 had been caught in the act. In a sample of 1753 women who had had premarital intercourse, only 44 had ever had a venereal infection. Science put fear into perspective, into odds you could live with.

Even more startling than the figures on premarital sex were those for adultery. One out of five married women had been unfaithful by the time they were 35. Among younger married women the figure was two out of five. Again, the figure for men was approximately 50 percent.

Ernest Havemann, writing for *Life*, tried to emphasize the differences between men and women: "Nearly half the unfaithful wives (41 percent) had only one partner. For nearly a third the act of unfaithfulness had occurred only a few times, often just once. The whole pattern of infidelity, except in rare cases, was unpremeditated and often accidental. The husband went out of town on a business trip, a friend happened to drop over to return his golf clubs, wife and friend had a few drinks, and Kinsey's adding machine rang again."

Can you believe it? In the Fifties guys loaned one another their golf clubs. Kinsey explained that sometimes infidelity was "accepted as an accommodation to a respected friend, even though the female herself was not particularly interested in the relationship." Havemann was not buying this. All in all, he wrote, "It appears the figures on woman's promiscuity are mostly a reflection of the fact that the male wolf is always with us, providing as much temptation as he can to as many women as he can."

But Kinsey demolished the stereotype of the frigid woman. In the first year of marriage, one wife out of four could not reach orgasm during sex, but by the tenth year of marriage that figure was only one in seven. About half the wives reached climax every time they made love.

One statistic jumped from the page: Women who had had premarital sex were more responsive in marriage and were more likely to be among the earliest orgasmic wives. Kinsey wrote that there was a marked positive correlation between experience in orgasm obtained from premarital coitus and the capacity to reach orgasm after marriage. And with subtle wit he destroyed another stereotype. A nymphomaniac, he said, is

simply a woman "who has more sex than you do."

Dr. Iago Galdston, a New York public health official, found the study corrupt: "What magic is there in premarital coitus that is missing in the legitimized act? Why can't the female learn as well by one as the other?"

Kinsey's answer: "The girl who has spent her premarital years withdrawing from physical contacts has acquired a set of nervous and muscular coordinations that she does not unlearn easily after marriage."

At the core of the second report is a comparison between male and female sexual sensitivity.

Kinsey put the sexes side by side: In a comparison of 33 psychological factors related to sex, he found that men scored higher on all but three. Women, it seemed, were more excited by reading romantic literature, by love scenes in movies and by being bitten during sex. Go figure.

On the other hand, men were more likely to have an erotic response to observing the opposite sex; looking at photographs, drawings or paintings of nudes; observing their own genitals or those of the opposite sex; watching burlesque; watching other people having sex; watching films of other people having sex; watching animals mate or turning on a light to watch themselves having sex. Men fantasized about the opposite sex during masturbation, during nocturnal dreams, while reading pornography, while writing pornography. Men were less likely to be distracted during intercourse, and were more likely to be turned on by erotic material, stories, writing and drawing. Men were more likely to talk about sex—as revealed by the odd statistic that most women learned about masturbation by "self-discovery," men from printed or verbal sources. Men were more likely to be aroused by sadomasochistic stories (which probably explained the success of Mickey Spillane). And sure, we wanted a home and family, but if marriage meant no sex, forget it.

This, in itself, was not news. For centuries observant guys had noticed a difference between the way men and women approached sex. The Victorian double standard was based on the perception that men were predatory animals and women were merely the objects of men's beastly desires. For the first half of the century, Puritans and reformers had argued that a female standard should apply to all of society. Men should dance to a woman's tune. Kinsey, though, said there was no physiological reason for the gap between the sexes. Women were not sexless; their natural responses had simply been repressed.

In a best-selling book, Ashley Montagu argued that such differences amounted to proof that women were

# WHERE & HOW TO BUY

*Below is a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 22, 24, 28, 33–34, 36, 82–83, 114–117 and 167, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.*

**WIRED**

Page 22: "Wild Things": **Electronic organizer** by *Franklin Electronic Publishers*, 888-739-6400, www.franklin.com/rex. **Mousepads, fonts, stationery and envelopes** by *Manticore Products*, 800-782-2645, www.manticore.com.

**TRAVEL**

Page 24: "Road Stuff": **Portable office** by *Neutral Posture Ergonomics, Inc.*, 409-778-0502, www.neutralposture.com. **Report** by *Travel Companion Exchange*, 800-392-1256.

**HEALTH & FITNESS**

Page 28: "Tread on Me": **Widestride Duo 48** by *Image*, from Icon Health & Fitness, 800-999-3746, www.iconfitness.com.

**MANTRACK**

Page 33: "Hayman Island Getaway": *Hayman*, for information and reservations call Melbourne, Australia, (61-3) 9623 2323 or 800-366-1300, www.haymanisland.com.au. Page 34: "Crank Case": **Radio** by *Bay Gen*, 800-597-0000, freeplay@pair.com. Page 36: "Blade Runners": *The Art of Shaving's Gentlemen Barber Spa*, 212-986-2905. *The Art of Shaving Shop*, 212-317-8436.

**GIFTS FOR AN ANGEL**

Pages 82–83: **Chicago Bulls basketball tickets** from *United Center*, 1800 W. Washington, Chicago, IL 60612, 312-455-4500, www.bulls.com. **Airplane ticket** from *Air France*, 800-237-2747. **Necklace** from *Sidney Garber Jewelers*, 118 E. Delaware Pl., Chicago, IL 60611, 312-944-5225. **Wristwatch** by *TAG Heuer*, from Lester Lampert, 57 E. Oak St., Chicago, IL 60611, 312-944-6888. **Jaguar convertible** from *Howard Orloff Jaguar*, 1924 N. Paulina St., Chicago, IL 60622, 773-227-3200, www.orloff.com.

**OUT OF BONDAGE**

Page 114: **Tuxedo, shirt, bow tie and cummerbund set** by *Ermenegildo Zegna*, 888-880-3462, www.zegnaermenegildo.com. Page 115: **Sweater** by *CK Calvin Klein*, at Macy's and Bloomingdale's stores. **Jeans** by *CK Calvin Klein*, at select Macy's, Bloomingdale's and Lord & Taylor stores. **Sunglasses** by *Porsche*, at Porsche Design stores, Beverly Hills, 310-205-0095 and Las Vegas, 702-369-0410, www.porsche-design.com. Page 116: **Suit** by *Ozwald Boateng*, at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC, 212-753-4000, Barneys New York, NYC, 212-826-8900 and Bagutta, NYC, 212-925-5216. **T-shirt** by the *Gap*, at Gap stores, www.gap.com. Page 117: **Suit, shirt and tie** by *Boss Hugo Boss*, at Boss Hugo Boss, King of Prussia, PA, 610-992-1400, Beverly Hills, 310-859-2888 and Dallas, 972-503-4846. **Sunglasses** by *Persol*, call 888-589-6884 for store locations.

**ON THE SCENE**

Page 167: "Passport to Fun": **Foreign delivery programs:** By *Saab Cars USA, Inc.*, 800-955-9007, www.saabusa.com. By *Porsche Cars North America, Inc.*, at your local Porsche dealers, www.porsche.com. By *BMW of North America, Inc.*, 800-932-0831, www.bmw.com. By *Mercedes-Benz of North America, Inc.*, 800-367-6372, www.mbusa.com. By *Volvo Cars of North America, Inc.*, 800-631-1667, www.volvocars.com.

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superior. He regarded a lack of responsiveness as a virtue. After all, the devil was in the flesh. But Kinsey concluded that women had been crippled by culture, by religion and by silence. Repression turned most people into "conforming machines."

The antisexual prejudice of our essentially Puritan society demanded conformity. Benjamin Gruenberg, a biology teacher and sex educator called on to critique Kinsey, defended repression.

"Conformity in sex behavior," he wrote, "is as necessary for the stability of any society as conformity in relation to property or in the daily intercourse of individuals or groups. In any given society there is rarely any doubt as to what is considered right and what is considered wrong. And for all practical purposes, the 'right' is absolute, as it has been in our traditions."

And in an oddly prescient moment, he warned against the possible rebellion against such unthinking conformity: "The polarity of good and evil, when both are absolutes, will make the individual who rejects the code, or its sanctions, seek good at the opposite pole. Sex becomes a major good for its own sake, so that, for example, the typical playboy will make his chief game a career of sex."

Anthropologist Margaret Mead also saw the Kinsey Report as an unfortunate, ill-timed attack on conformity. Young people, she said, had a need to conform. It was their only defense. To confront sexual diversity—the idea that humans could be sexual creatures—would be a major threat to the "previously guaranteed reticence" of young people.

The Reverend Billy Graham read the news of the report and concluded, "It is impossible to estimate the damage this book will do to the already deteriorating morals of America." Another religious leader called the report "statistical filth."

According to Henry Pitney Van Dusen, head of the Union Theological Seminary and one of Kinsey's most relentless critics, the studies depicted "a prevailing degradation in American morality approximating the worst decadence of the Roman Empire." Kinsey, said Van Dusen, viewed sex as being "strictly animalistic."

Not unexpectedly, Congress convened a special committee to investigate the funders of the Kinsey Institute. Was the entomologist from Indiana part of a Communist plot? Not likely. A fruit of capitalism, the Rockefeller Foundation, had underwritten Kinsey's research for years. Under pressure (and a new leader, Dean Rusk) the Foundation terminated Kinsey's funding, opting instead to give more than half a million dollars to Van Dusen's Union Theological Seminary.

The local U.S. Customs agent at Indianapolis took to opening packages addressed to the Institute and decided that the erotica being collected from around the world was "damned dirty stuff." Washington, D.C. Customs officials agreed; in their opinion, Kinsey's status as a scientist did not redeem the material. At issue was not just sexual freedom, but scientific freedom as well. Eventually judge Edmund Palmieri would rule that Customs officials did not have the right to dictate to scientists what they should or should not study.

It was too late. Kinsey died an exhausted and broken man on August 25, 1956. His dream of a sexual revolution remained unfulfilled. That task would fall to someone else.

### THE MALE REBELLION

In 1953 a young Hugh Hefner sat at the kitchen table of his Chicago apartment making plans for the launch of a new magazine for the indoor male.

"We like our apartment," he wrote. "We enjoy mixing up cocktails and an hors d'oeuvre or two, putting a little mood music on the phonograph and inviting in a female for a quiet discussion on Picasso, Nietzsche, jazz, sex."

He would create a *romantic* men's magazine, the first of its kind. One had only to look at what passed for men's magazines in 1950 to realize the boldness of the idea.

Macho men's magazines such as *True*, *Argosy* and *Stag* dominated the market after the war. They reflected the male camaraderie and bonding of the war years, with an emphasis on outdoor adventure and derring-do. A whole generation of men had returned from the war restless and discontent. These magazines perpetuated the segregation of the sexes—a woman's place was in the home; a man's place was at the poker table, in the barroom or camping in the wilderness with the guys. Hefner wanted something more sophisticated. "I wanted a romantic men's magazine," he would write, "one based on a real appreciation of the opposite sex. It would act as a handbook for the young urban male."

*Esquire* had suffered a lengthy battle with the Post Office over second-class mailing privileges. Chastened by the skirmish, the postwar Esky had lost its way. Gone were the sexy cartoons and pin-up pictures by Petty and Vargas. By the end of the decade the editor of *Esquire* would actually be calling for a New Puritanism.

*Esquire* may have been afraid of the Post Office, but Hefner wasn't. "I had less to lose," he said, "but I was also convinced that sex and nudity were not obscene per se. The Post Office was acting as if it had won the *Esquire* case back in 1945—but I knew better.

"I planned on publishing a sophisticated men's magazine and I didn't think the Post Office had the right to stop me. This was the revolutionary thought on

which PLAYBOY was based, because no other magazine containing nudity was being sent through the mail at the time.

"I didn't have any money, but I had taken a loan on my apartment furniture, and a printer had promised me credit." And Hefner had something special for that first issue—a full-color nude of Marilyn Monroe. She was the most promising star on the horizon. She had posed for photographer Tom Kelley with "nothing on but the radio" when she was still a starlet. The calendar picture had caused some controversy, but few had seen it—the calendar company was afraid to send it through the mail. Like everyone else, it was afraid of the Post Office.

Hefner wrote a letter touting the new magazine—and the nude photo of Marilyn—to wholesalers across the country. With orders for 70,000 copies, all that was left was to create the magazine. He spent the summer and fall of 1953 working on the first issue. It went on sale in November with no date on the cover, "because I wasn't sure there would be a second." But it was a sellout. And so were the second and third issues as well.

Hefner's editorial mix of fiction, satire, sexy cartoons, lifestyle features and a centerfold was an unbeatable combination in a decade that was as conservative as this one.

Years later, social critic Max Lerner would explain that in the sexual revolution Kinsey was the researcher and Hef its pamphleteer. "What Kinsey did was give the American male permission to change his basic life way, his basic lifestyle. And what Hefner did was show the American male how to do it."

Comedian Dick Shawn would say that Hefner "introduced clean, wholesome sex at a time when a male and a female were not allowed to be shown in the same bed. I remember Doris Day and Rock Hudson. In two different beds. Two different rooms. Two different movies."

Hefner celebrated sex as a part of the total man. He loved women, but he also cared about jazz, sports cars, art, literature, gear, gadgetry, grooming, good food and drink. He reinvented masculinity. In the pages of PLAYBOY, men cooked for women, appreciated art and refused to surrender to anyone else's definition of what it meant to be male. They would not, to use Kinsey's phrase, become "conforming machines."

The magazine created and described a new male authority. Articles by Philip Wylie attacked *The Abdicating Male* and *The Womanization of America*. Mourning the day that the women's movement broached the saloon and invaded the men's club, Wylie gave a glimpse at the heart of the magazine of a place where "he and his fellow men could mutually revive that integrity which Victorian prissiness, superimposed on Puritanism, elsewhere sabotaged. He could talk and think of himself as a sportsman, a lover, an adventurer, a being of intellect, passion, erudition, philosophical wisdom, valor and sensitivity. In sanctuary he could openly acknowledge that his true male feelings did not in his opinion make of him the beast that 19th century Western Society claimed he was. He could furthermore discuss females as other than the virginal, virtuous, timid, pure, passionless images that constituted the going female ideal."

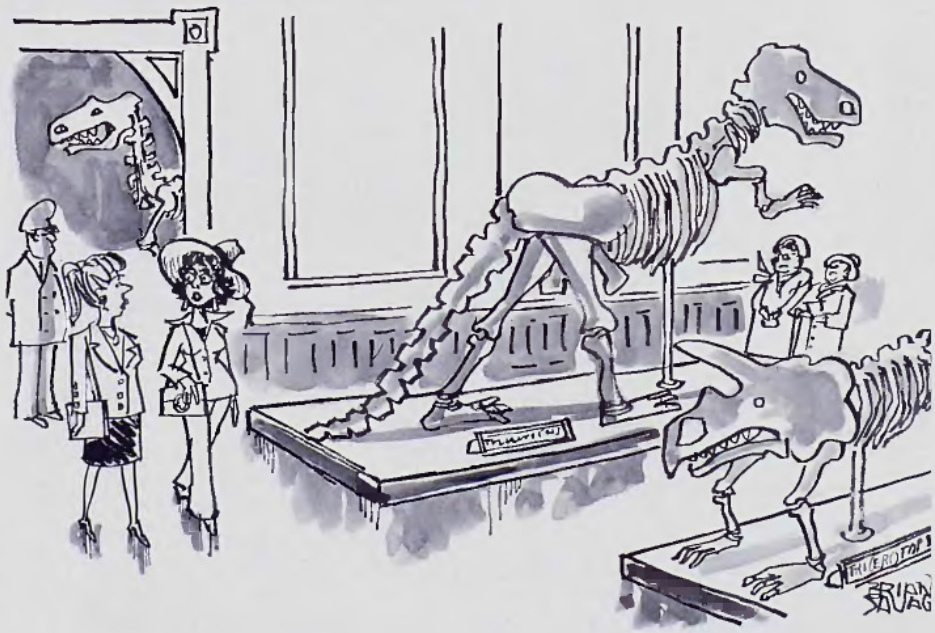
Wylie attacked the nightmare of togetherness: "The American home, in short, is becoming a boudoir-kitchen-nursery, dreamed up by women, for women, as if males did not exist as males."

•

Barbara Ehrenreich, author of *The Hearts of Men: American Dreams and the Flight From Commitment*, gave us this feminist assessment of the magazine: In Hef's world, "Women would be welcome after men had reconquered the indoors, but only as guests—maybe overnight guests—not as wives. In 1953 the notion that the good life consisted of an apartment with mood music rather than a ranch house with a barbecue pit was almost subversive. . . . A man could display his status or simply flaunt his earnings without possessing either a house or a wife—and this was, in its own small way, a revolutionary possibility."

She continues, "PLAYBOY's visionary contribution—visionary because it would still be years before a significant mass of men availed themselves of it—was to give the means of status to the single man; not the power lawnmower, but the hi-fi set in a mahogany console; not the sedate, four-door Buick but the racy little Triumph; not the well-groomed wife, but the classy companion who could be rented (for the price of drinks and dinner) one night at a time. So through its articles, its graphics and its advertisements, PLAYBOY presented something approaching a coherent program for the male rebellion: a critique of marriage, a strategy for liberation (reclaiming the indoors as a realm for masculine pleasure) and a utopian vision (defined by its unique commodity ensemble)."

"Critics," she writes, "misunderstood PLAYBOY's historical role. PLAYBOY was not the voice of the sexual revolution, which began, at least overtly, in the Sixties, but of the male rebellion, which had begun in the Fifties. The real message was not eroticism, but escape—literal escape, from the bondage of breadwinning. For that, the breasts and bottoms were necessary not just to sell the magazine, but to protect it. When, in the first issue, Hefner talked about staying in his apartment, listening to music and discussing Picasso, there was the Marilyn Monroe centerfold to let you know there was nothing queer about these urbane and indoor pleasures. And when the articles railed against the responsibilities of marriage, there were the nude torsos to reassure you that the alternative was still within the bounds of heterosexuality. Sex—or Hefner's Pepsi-clean version of it—was there to legitimize what was truly subversive about PLAYBOY. In every issue, every month, there was a Playmate to prove that a playboy didn't have to be



*"Whenever I come here with a date, the conversation invariably ends up in a discussion about 'jumping my bones.'"*

a husband to be a man."

Her tone is oddly sexist: Hefner wanted to liberate males. When feminists borrowed the same blueprint a decade later (in finding their identity outside the home), it was hailed as heroic. When a man dreamed of the same sort of freedom, women saw it as a flight from commitment.

Not all feminists would express the same prejudice. Camille Paglia, defining today's man, remarked, "Hugh Hefner has never received the credit he deserves for creating a sophisticated model of the suave American gentleman in the Marlboro Man years following shoot-'em-up World War Two. Contemporary feminism has tried to ditch male gallantry and chivalry as reactionary and sexist. Eroticism has suffered as a result. Perhaps it's time to bring the gentleman back. He may be the only hero who can slay that mythical beast, the date-rape octopus, currently strangling American culture."

By the end of the decade, PLAYBOY was selling a million copies a month. The Rabbit Head logo was recognized around the world. Men were cutting out the logo and taping it to car windows. Colleges were holding PLAYBOY theme parties. And the centerfold—the idealized image of the girl next door—had become an American icon. Magazines tried to duplicate Hefner's formula of "torso, only more so," making PLAYBOY the most imitated magazine in America. Mort Sahl would quip that an entire generation of men was growing up convinced that women folded in three places and had staples in their navels.

But to understand the appeal of PLAYBOY, one had only to look at the alternative.

## ROCK AROUND THE CLOCK

### tunes from the fifties

*Mona Lisa • Good Night Irene • A Bushel and a Peck • C'est Si Bon • From This Moment On • If I Knew You Were Comin', I'd've Baked a Cake • It's So Nice to Have a Man Around the House • Luck Be a Lady • I Wanna Be Loved • Autumn Leaves • Tennessee Waltz • How High the Moon • Too Young • Hello, Young Lovers • Come On-a My House • In the Cool, Cool, Cool of the Evening • I Get Ideas • If*

♪

*Cry • Blue Tango • The Wheel of Fortune • Wish You Were Here • You Belong to Me • Takes Two to Tango • I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus*

♪

*Secret Love • Your Cheatin' Heart • No Other Love • I Love Paris • I Believe • Pretend • Stranger in Paradise • That's Amoré • How Much Is That Doggie in the Window • No Other Love • Sh-Boom • The Man That Got Away • Arrivederci Roma • Three Coins in the Fountain • Young at Heart • Hey There • Misty • Little Things Mean a Lot • Fly Me to the Moon*

♪

*Rock Around the Clock • Ballad of Davy Crockett • Ain't That a Shame? • Teach Me Tonight • Love Is a Many Splendored Thing • Let Me Go, Lover! • Whatever Lola Wants • Unchained Melody • Something's Gotta Give • Mr. Sandman*

♪

*Don't Be Cruel • Hound Dog • Singing the Blues • Heartbreak Hotel • Blue Suede Shoes • True Love • Love Me Tender • Que Será, Será • I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face • My Prayer • Tonight You Belong to Me • Love and Marriage • The Great Pretender • Tutti Frutti • See You Later, Alligator • Why Do Fools Fall in Love?*

♪

*All Shook Up! • Young Love • Love Letters in the Sand • April Love • Party Doll • Tammy • That'll Be the Day • Bye Bye Love • Jailhouse Rock • Teddy Bear • Chances Are • Little Darlin' • Blueberry Hill • Wake Up Little Susie • Diana • It's Not for Me to Say • You Send Me • All the Way • At the Hop • Witchcraft • Thank Heaven for Little Girls • Volare • Lollipop • It's All in the Game • All I Have to Do Is Dream • Twilight Time • Fever • Great Balls of Fire • Splish Splash • La Bamba • Sixteen Candles • Donna • Venus • Dream Lover • Mack the Knife • Come Softly to Me • Mr. Blue • Put Your Head on My Shoulder • The Hawaiian Wedding Song • A Teenager in Love • Kookie, Kookie, Lend Me Your Comb*

#### TOGETHERNESS

The Fifties saw the start of a great exodus that changed sex as significantly as the Depression or war had in previous decades. The American dream of a city on the hill gave way to a nation of Cape Cods grouped across the land. These enclaves were called bedroom communities, in an ironic twist on their actual effect on the libido. Every morning throngs of commuters in Burberry raincoats would board a train, or drive off in the family Buick. Every night, at exactly the same hour, they would return. The American family had become as regimented as the military.

The Fifties sugar-coated repression and called it conformity. The spread of cookie-cutter houses and mass-produced dreams was as relentless as Chinese water torture.

John Keats, one of the first journalists to investigate suburbia, described this new vision of America: "For literally nothing down . . . you too can find a box of your own in one of the fresh-air slums we're building around the edges of American cities . . . inhabited by people whose age, income, number of children, problems, habits, conversation, dress, possessions and perhaps even blood type are also precisely like yours. . . . [They are] developments conceived in error, nurtured by greed, corroding everything they touch. They actually drive mad myriads of housewives shut up in them."

In 1954 the editors of *McCall's* tried to put a positive name on the phenomenon. They called the new lifestyle togetherness. The magazine noted that "men and women in ever increasing numbers are marrying at an earlier age, having children at an earlier age, rearing larger families. For the first time in our history the majority of men and women own their own homes, and millions of these people gain their deepest satisfaction from making them their very own."

Suburbia represented a wider range of living that was "an expression of the private conscience and the common hopes of the greatest number of people in this land of ours."

There was a new social organism, the American family, in which "men, women and children are achieving it together . . . not as women *alone*, or men *alone*, isolated from one another, but as a *family*, sharing a common experience."

According to one profile of the American male printed in *McCall's*, husband Ed likes to "putter around the house; make things; paint; select furniture, rugs and draperies; dry dishes; read to the children and put them to bed; work in the garden; feed and dress the children and bathe them; pick up the babysitter; attend PTA meetings; cook; buy clothes for his wife; buy groceries." What Ed doesn't like, we were told, was to "dust or vacuum, or to finish jobs he's started, repair furniture, fix electrical connections and plumbing, hang draperies, wash pots and pans and dishes, pick up after the children, shovel snow or mow the lawn, change diapers, take the babysitter home, visit school, do the laundry, iron, buy clothes for the children, go back for the groceries Carol forgot to list."

Ed, it seems, must have lost an essential part of his anatomy in the war. Doesn't Ed like to fuck? *McCall's* wasn't saying.

Bob Hope saw the humor of "togetherness" almost immediately, joking that there was so much togetherness "now the old folks have to go out to have sex."

Betty Friedan, a writer turned housewife turned writer, began to research a book on the togetherness phenomenon. She found that a whole generation of women had turned their backs on dreams of emancipation, settling instead for the security of being housewives. She claimed that togetherness was concocted by male editors at women's magazines, a revisionist scheme foisted on receptive women. It had begun as early as 1949, when the *Ladies' Home Journal* ran the feature "Poet's Kitchen," showing Edna St. Vincent Millay cooking. "Now I expect to hear no more about housework's being beneath anyone," said the magazine. "For if one of the greatest poets of our day, and any day, can find beauty in simple household tasks, this is the end of the old controversy."

Edna St. Vincent Millay, the goddess of Greenwich Village in the Teens and Twenties, love object of the Lost Generation, reduced to a housewife? Anthony Comstock must have rejoiced in the grave.

Whether it was a conspiracy of magazine editors, the seductive vision of Madison Avenue or the plot of primetime television, we had returned America to the Victorian era, with a perverse twist. The world of work was man's domain; the home was woman's. The sex of the guys wearing the aprons was unclear.

Togetherness drove women crazy. Friedan would find that housewives survived by wolfing down tranquilizers "like cough drops." Consumption of tranquilizers in 1958 was 462,000 pounds per year. By 1959 it reached 1.1 million pounds. Doctors told of women who had snapped, who ran naked through the streets of suburbia screaming.

*Invasion of the Body Snatchers* captured the horror of suburbia, with its image of pod people taking over individual humans. The cover of the paperback asked the question: "Was this his woman, or an alien life-form?"

Americans turned their backs on the sensual city, the city electric, to sit huddled around the cold fire of television. We watched fictitious families live perfect lives. *The Adventures of Ozzie & Harriet*, *Life With Father*, *Father Knows Best*—these were the pod people. No one on those shows ever dragged a spouse into the master bedroom or copped a feel from the next-door neighbor under the bridge table.

This was an America dreamed of by the Puritans.

Some called this progress. The automotive industry acquired trolleys and train lines—those avenues of escape which had made the city possible—and put them out of business. Eisenhower ordered interstate highways, which Detroit filled with gas-guzzling cars, cars big enough to hold the new family. What had once been a vehicle for escape and escapades became another room of the house. In the space of a decade about 4500 drive-in movies sprang up, catering to the family trade (and subsequently to teenage lust). It was possible to do almost everything as a family—except to get away.

Oddly enough, this congested landscape contained the seeds of the sexual revolution. Friedan found women who said the only time during the day that they felt alive was during sex. And when left alone for hours at a time, sex filled their time—in fantasy at least.

David Riesman, a sociologist whose book *The Lonely Crowd* became a surprise best-seller in 1950, charted the shift in the American personality from rugged individualist to tradition-worshiping conformist. "The other-directed person," wrote Riesman, looks to sex "for reassurance that he is alive." Sex became part of keeping up with the Joneses. Riesman noted that while any person could assess a Cadillac parked in a driveway, knowing the horsepower, the accessories and how much it cost, sex remained "hidden from public view."

"Sex," he said, is "the last frontier."

There was pressure to find paradise in the bedroom. According to Riesman, "Though there is tremendous insecurity about *how* the game of sex should be played, there is little doubt as to *whether* it should be played." And new to the game was the specter of the "Kinsey athletes" with their "experience" and "freedom." The Fifties guy, according to Riesman, was "not ambitious to break

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# THE GOOD PARTS

## sex scenes from the golden age of paperbacks

### THE CATCHER IN THE RYE

Half the time, when I'm horsing around with a girl, I have a hell of a lot of trouble just *finding* what I'm looking for, for God's sake, if you know what I mean. Take this girl that I just missed having sexual intercourse with, that I told you about. It took me about an *hour* to just get her goddamn brassiere off. By the time I did get it off, she was about ready to spit in my eye."

•

"Ya got a watch on ya?" she asked me again, and then she stood up and pulled her dress over her head.

I certainly felt peculiar when she did that. I mean she did it so *sudden* and all. I know you're supposed to feel pretty sexy when somebody gets up and pulls their dress over their head, but I didn't. Sexy was about the *last* thing I was feeling. I felt much more depressed than sexy.

### THE BLACKBOARD JUNGLE

The boy turned suddenly, moving to Miss Hammond's side. It was then that Rick saw the torn front of her suit jacket and the ripped blouse and lingerie. My God, he thought, wildly, that's her breast, and then he was clamping his hand on the boy's shoulder and spinning him around.

Miss Hammond, her mouth free now, screamed. Rick probably wouldn't have hit the boy if Miss Hammond hadn't screamed, but the scream gave urgency to the situation. The boy bounced back against the radiator, and Miss Hammond screamed again, holding her hand up to cover the purple nipple and roseate of her breast behind the torn slip and brassiere.

Rick stripped off his jacket, handing it to Miss Hammond. She slipped into it quickly, still sobbing, her hair disarranged, her hands trembling. The jacket was too large for her, but she clutched it to her exposed breast thankfully, her cheeks flushed with excitement. Rick looked at her again, at the delicate features, the full body thrusting against his jacket. He thought of the innocent exposure of Miss Hammond's breast as he had seen it, full and rounded, the torn silk of her underwear framing it, providing a cushion for it. A youthful breast it had been, firm, with the nipple large and erect. He concentrated on the embarrassment he felt for her, and he concentrated on his hatred for the boy, and he seized the boy roughly and shouted, "Come on, mister. The principal wants to see you."

### I, THE JURY

*Her fingers were sliding the zipper of her skirt. The zipper and a button. Then the skirt fell in a heap around her legs. Gorgeous legs. Legs that were all curves and strength and made me see pictures that I shouldn't see anymore. Passionate legs. All that was left were the transparent panties. And she was a real blonde.*

A NOVEL OF WAYWARD YOUTH IN BROOKLYN
THE
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by Irving Shulman
This book specially revised and edited for Avon Books

"No Charlotte, I'm the jury now, and the judge, and I have a promise to keep. Beautiful as you are, as much as I almost loved you, I sentence you to death."

*Her thumbs hooked in the fragile silk of the panties and pulled them down. She stepped out of them as delicately as one coming from a bathtub. She was completely naked now. A suntanned goddess giving herself to her lover. With arms outstretched she walked toward me. Lightly, her tongue ran over her lips, making them glisten with passion. The smell of her was like an exhilarating perfume. Slowly a sigh escaped her, making the hemispheres of her breasts quiver. She leaned forward to kiss me, her arms going out to encircle my neck.*

The roar of the .45 shook the room. Slowly, she looked down at the ugly swelling in her naked belly where the bullet went in.

"How c-c-could you?" she gasped.

I only had a moment before talking to a corpse, but I got it in.

"It was easy," I said.

### FROM HERE TO ETERNITY

She put one hand behind her and flipped the snap of her halter and tossed it to the floor. Staring at him with eyes of liquid smoke in which there was a curious and great disinterest she unzipped her shorts and shucked out of them without moving from the chair and dropped them with the halter.

"There," she said. "That is what you want. That's what all the talk's about. That's what all you virile men, you intellectual men, always want. Isn't it? You big strong male men who are virile and intelligent, but who are helpless as babies without a fragile female body to root around on."

"Come here," he said, hoarsely, gently. "Come here, little baby. Come here to me."

The great gentleness that was in him, that he was always wanting to bring forward but never could, rose up in him now like a flood, blindingly.

"Oh," Karen said. "I never knew it could be like this."

### PEYTON PLACE

She had stood like a statue, one hand on the back of her neck where she had put it to fluff out her hair, when he spoke. He did not speak again, but when she did not move he stepped in front of her and untied the top strap of her bathing suit. With one motion of his hand, she was naked to the waist and he pulled her against him without even looking at her. He kissed her brutally, torturously, as if he hoped to awaken a response in her with pain that gentleness could not arouse. His hands were in her hair, but his thumbs were under her jawbone, at either side of her face, so that she could not twist her head from side to side. She felt her knees beginning to give under her, and still he kissed her, holding her upright with his hands tangled in her hair. When he lifted his bruising, hurtful mouth at last, he picked her up, carried her to the car and slammed the car door behind her. She was still crum-

pled, half naked on the front seat, when he drove up in front of her house. Without a word, he carried her out of the car and she could not utter a sound. He carried her into the living room where the lights still blazed in front of the open, uncurtained windows and dropped her onto the chintz-covered couch.

"The lights," she gasped finally. "Turn off the lights."

**LOLITA**

"You mean," she persisted, now kneeling above me, "you never did it when you were a kid?"

"Never," I answered truthfully.

"OK," said Lolita, "here is where we start."

However, I shall not bore my learned readers with a detailed account of Lolita's presumption. Suffice it to say that not a trace of modesty did I perceive in this beautiful hardly formed young girl whom modern coeducation, juvenile mores, the campfire racket and so forth had utterly and hopelessly depraved. She saw the stark act merely as part of a youngster's furtive world, unknown to adults. What adults did for purposes of procreation was no business of hers. I feigned supreme stupidity and had her have her way—at least while I could still bear it. But really these are irrelevant matters; I am not concerned with so-called "sex" at all. Anybody can imagine those elements of animality.

**LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER**

And softly, with that marvelous swoon-like caress of his hand in pure soft desire, softly he stroked the silky slope of her loins, down, down between her soft warm buttocks, coming nearer and nearer to the very quick of her. And she felt him like a flame of desire, yet tender, and she felt herself melting in the flame. She let herself go. She felt his penis risen against her with silent amazing force and assertion, and she let herself go to him. She yielded with a quiver that was like death, she went all open to him. And oh, if he were not tender to her now, how cruel, for she was all open to him and helpless!

the quantitative records of the acquisitive consumers of sex like Don Juan, but he does not want to miss, day in, day out, the qualities of experience he tells himself the others are having."

Sex had been drawn into the postwar phenomenon of rising expectations. The problem for women who lost themselves in sexual fantasy every day was the husbands who couldn't keep up, who came home tired. Magazine ads promoted stimulants such as No-Doz: "Too Pooped to Play, Boy?" An ad for Rybutol showed a distraught, sexually frustrated woman next to a sleeping husband. (Lenny Bruce would lampoon this ad, saying the woman discovered the real reason for her husband's listless libido when she found the wig, dress and makeup in his closet.)

Friedan's women wrapped their fantasy lives in torrid novels and magazines that offered articles asking, "Can This Marriage Be Saved?" By 1958 some six million of them had bought *Peyton Place*, a salacious novel by Grace Metalious that "lifts the lid off a small New England town." Rape, incest, illegitimate children, spectacular affairs, teenage lust—bring it on.

But by most accounts, suburbia was a goldfish bowl that made fooling around almost impossible. Herbert Gans, in his sociological study *The Levittowners*, found that "a woman neighbor did not visit another when her husband was home, partly because of the belief that a husband has first call on his wife's companionship, partly to prevent suspicion that her visit might be interpreted as a sexual interest in the husband."

Friedan also noted extramarital sex was frustrated by the "problems posed by children coming home from school, cars parked overtime in driveways and gossiping servants." Women, she said, were turned into sex seekers, but not sex finders. If sex was the last frontier, it would remain unexplored—and unsettled—for at least another decade.

Gans found a disturbing side effect of life on the suburban frontier: "Some adults seem to project their own desires for excitement and adventures onto the youngsters. For them, teenagers function locally as movie stars and beatniks do on the national scene—as exotic creatures reputed to live for sex and adventure. Manifestly, teenagers act as more prosaic entertainers: in varsity athletics, high school drama societies and bands, but the girls are also expected to provide glamour. One of the first activities of the Junior Chamber of Commerce was a Miss Levittown contest in which teenage girls competed for honors in evening-gown, bathing-suit and talent contests—the talent contest usually involving love songs or covertly erotic dances. At such contests unattainable maidens showed off their sexuality—often unconsciously—in order to win the nomination. Men in the audience commented sotto voce about the girls' attractiveness, wishing to sleep with them and speculating whether that privilege is available to the contest judges and boyfriends. From here it was only a short step to the conviction that girls were promiscuous with their teenage friends, which heightens adult envy, fear and the justification for restrictive measures."

The paranoia exploded in a whispering campaign that swept the town with "rumors of teenage orgies in Levittown's school playgrounds, in shopping center parking lots and on the remaining rural roads of the township. The most fantastic rumor had 44 girls in the senior class pregnant, with one boy single-handedly responsible for six of them. Some inquiry on my part turned up the facts: Two senior girls were pregnant and one of them was about to be married."

The sexual paranoia of parents became one of Hollywood's favorite themes in the Fifties. *A Summer Place*—the make-out movie of 1959—depicted mother as monster. After Sandra Dee is shipwrecked with Troy Donahue for an unchaperoned evening, the first thing her mother does is have her virginity inspected by the local doctor.

The 1955 film classic *Rebel Without a Cause* offered the definitive portrait of the breakdown in family communications. The only point of contact between teens and parents seemed to be the booking room at the local police station. Getting in trouble was a way of life for juveniles. Faced with an ineffective father and a manipulative mother who bombarded him with conflicting messages, James Dean would scream in anguish: "You're tearing me apart!"

So much for togetherness.

**REBELS WITHOUT A CAUSE**

Parents and schools attempted to regulate teenagers in ways both ludicrous and ineffective. The enforcement of dress codes (shirts and ties for boys at school dances, skirts for girls) led to truly aberrant forms of social control. Principals would force a golf ball down a boy's trouser leg to make sure his pants weren't too tight.

The house in Levittown might represent the American dream for a returning veteran, but it was a prison cell for a teenager. The Depression may have created a separate substratum for teens—with high schools as holding pens—but the adolescent of the Fifties had more autonomy and ready cash than Andy Hardy ever did. Teenagers became a true subculture in this decade.

Previously, teenagers had shared their parents' world—watching the same movies, listening to the same songs on the radio. Now they had their own teenage idols, their own films, music, fads and fashions. They borrowed the family car, bought their own or stole one for

joyrides. Any kid with a convertible was guaranteed a sex life.

Wheels allowed one to cruise, to hang out at the drive-in, to explore sex while parked for a little submarine-race watching, listening to songs coming in over new stations devoted to a new teenage music called rock 'n' roll. Teens staked out the balcony of the local theater, or their own row of cars at the drive-in, and feasted on movies made just for them—low-budget science fiction thrillers such as *The Blob*, *I Was a Teen-age Werewolf* and *Teenagers From Outer Space*, or sexy exploitation flicks such as *High School Confidential!*, *The Cool and the Crazy*, *Teen-age Rebel*, *Hot Rod Girl*, *Joy Ride*, *High School Hellcats* and *Eighteen and Anxious*.

Some schools instituted "health," or "life science," lectures—sermons delivered separately to male and female students by members of the athletic department. The sight of a coach with a whistle around his neck giving a chalk talk about sperm may have temporarily reduced lust to the level of calisthenics, but we doubt it. The alternative experts—the biology teachers—still had the scent of formaldehyde and dissected frogs about them.

Teenagers traditionally learned about sex from their peers. Patricia Campbell, author of *Sex Education Books for Young Adults*, reports that in 1938 only four percent of young people learned the facts of life from the printed page. But by the end of the Fifties, that figure had increased to 33 percent for girls and 25 percent for boys.

The available books had more to do with etiquette than with sex. Consider this detailed advice about the proper way to end a date from Evelyn Duvall's long-selling *Facts of Life and Love for Teenagers*: "Mary gets out her key, unlocks the door and then turns to John with a smile. She says, 'It's been a lovely evening. Thank you, John.' Or something similar that lets John know she has enjoyed the date. John replies, 'I have enjoyed it too. I'll be seeing you.' Then she opens the door and goes in without further hesitation. Since this is the first date, neither John nor Mary expect a goodnight kiss. So Mary is careful not to linger at the door, which might make John wonder what she expects him to do."

Duvall warned against petting ("the caressing of other, more sensitive parts of the body in a crescendo of sexual stimulation"), stating, "These forces are often very strong and insistent. Once released, they tend to press for completion."

Girls were given the job of controlling male arousal. "Changes in his sex organs are obvious," warned Duvall. Oh, yes. Especially if you were slow-dancing to *Earth Angel*.

This was the decade that labeled the stations of lust in terms such as "first base," "second base" and "all the way." The focus on female anatomy turned the body into an erotically charged battleground. (No girl in her right mind would respond by, say, touching the male genitals. Unless you begged.)

In *Heavy Petting*, a documentary devoted to the state of sex in the Fifties, David Byrne recounts the stages of making out: "There was kissing with your mouth closed. Arm around. Kissing with your mouth open and French kissing. Feeling a girl's breast with her bra on. Then with her bra off. Then beyond that, all hell kind of broke loose. If you want to feel somebody's genitals—if the girl felt yours, or you felt hers—you were getting beyond the bases. The steps didn't go in order anymore."

In the same film Spalding Gray remembers learning about masturbation from a friend, who told him that if he stroked his penis with a piece of animal fur, something nice would happen. "I didn't have any animal fur around the house. But I remember a lot of Davy Crockett hats. They were really popular then."

Holden Caulfield, the antihero of Salinger's *Catcher in the Rye*, captured the confusion: "Sex is something I really don't understand too hot. You never know *where* the hell you are. I keep making up these sex rules for myself, and then I break them right away. Last year I made a rule that I was going to quit horsing around with girls that, deep down, gave me a pain in the ass. I broke it, though, the same week I made it—the same night, as a matter of fact. I spent the whole *night* necking with a terrible phony named Anne Louise Sherman. Sex is something I just don't understand. I swear to God I don't."

Grace Palladino, author of *Teenagers: An American History*, says that "the real difference between good teenagers and bad was a matter of appearance. Good teenagers kept their private lives private, which meant, in effect, they remained 'technical virgins.'"

The ethic, if that's what it could be called, was simply: Don't get in trouble. The sexually active lived in fear of pregnancy. The Kinsey Report had revealed that a large number of women were having premarital sex. A third Kinsey Institute report on *Pregnancy, Birth and Abortion*, which was published in 1958, would reveal that one out of every five women who had premarital sex became pregnant. Of those, one in five would be forced into marriage. The other four women had their pregnancies terminated by abortion.

Scandal wagged its finger from the daily headlines: In 1956 girls read about a young fashion designer whose "body was cut into 50 pieces, placed in Christmas wrapping paper and dumped into various trash cans." She was the victim of an illegal abortion. On the East Coast, girls read this story in the *Daily Mirror*: DIG UP BODY OF GIRL, 17, ON LONG ISLAND. "The body of a pretty, blonde, 17-year-old bank clerk, missing ten days from her home, was dug out of a rubbish heap

*"Thank you, kind stranger, but I was just clearing my throat."*

yesterday near the Jamaica Racetrack. Police said she had died after an abortion." Marvin Olasky, author of *The Press and Abortion*, tells how "the girl had put together $300 to pay an abortionist her boyfriend had found for her. He went with her and she died. When the boyfriend demanded a refund he was given back $160 to give the kid a decent burial, but he dumped her body in the rubbish near the racetrack."

There was teenage rebellion bubbling right below the surface, rooted in the cruel hypocrisy of their parents' world, but it would take another decade for the rebels to find a cause worth fighting for. For now, they identified with the inarticulate confusion of James Dean and Marlon Brando. When a town girl asked a biker in *The Wild One*, "What are you rebelling against, Johnny?" Brando replied, "Whaddya got?"

In 1955 we got a look at the future: Richard Brooks' *Blackboard Jungle* was an exposé of juvenile delinquency in inner-city high schools. The film had everything—sex, unruly students, the attempted rape of a teacher and a great soundtrack featuring Bill Haley and the Comets playing *Rock Around the Clock*.

The music went right into the veins of teenage America. No more togetherness, singing along with Mitch Miller or slowly going crazy to your parents' mood music. Jazz, the music that had inspired the sexual dreams of earlier generations, had become so cerebral you could only sit and nod in cool appreciation. But rock was hot. It was physical. It had a beat and you could dance to it.

When a young truck driver named Elvis Presley stood in Sam Phillips' Memphis studio and told a crew of backup musicians, "Let's get real, real gone," the nation followed. *Heartbreak Hotel. Don't Be Cruel. Love Me Tender*. Each single sold more than a million copies.

But the voice was only part of the show. Elvis sang with his whole body. He was sex personified, straddling the microphone, then breaking into wild gyrations. His band said Elvis was "wearing out britches from the inside." A critic for *The New York Times* noted that Elvis was a "virtuoso of the hootchy-kootchy. His one specialty is an accented movement of the body that heretofore has been primarily identified with the repertoire of the blonde bombshells of the burlesque runway. The gyration never had anything to do with the world of popular music."

But it had everything to do with sex.

Elvis had what one critic would call his "I'm-gonna-get-your-daughters zeitgeist." Elvis, one review noted, was "a terrible popular twist on darkest Africa's fertility tom-tom displays," and his performance was "far too indecent to mention in any detail."

Girls attacked Elvis, tore off his clothes, wrote their names and numbers in lipstick on his limousines. A judge in Jacksonville threatened to arrest Elvis' body for obscenity. When Elvis appeared on *The Ed Sullivan Show* in 1956, the camera was allowed to show him only from the waist up—but it didn't matter.

Years later, the lead singer for the rock group U2 would say that Presley did what years of the civil rights movement had failed to do: "He jammed together two cultures, and in that spastic dance of his you could actually see that fusion and that energy. It has the rhythm and the hips of African music and the melody of European music."

### BLOOD SACRIFICE

Elvis and other rock musicians may have jammed together two cultures to create a sexual frenzy, but it opened a Pandora's box of racial fears and animosity.

Protecting white girls from black sexuality had been the excuse for demonic behavior on the part of white Americans for centuries. As Americans struggled with integration in the mid-Fifties, sex was never far from the conversation. At a White House dinner in the spring of 1954, Dwight Eisenhower told Supreme Court Chief Justice Earl Warren that the lawyers arguing in favor of segregated schools weren't all bad. They just didn't want their young daughters sitting next to "big, overgrown Negroes."

The Supreme Court's unanimous decision in favor of school integration had dramatic consequences. On August 24, 1955 Emmett Till, a 14-year-old black boy from Chicago, walked into Bryant's Grocery and Meat Market in Money, Mississippi. Depending on which account you believe, Till was told there was a white woman in the store. He entered the store, bought some bubble gum and, as he left, either whistled at Carolyn Bryant, or said, "Bye, baby," or grabbed her wrist and made a lewd suggestion, adding, "Don't be afraid of me, baby. I been with white girls before."

Three days later Bryant's husband, Roy, and his half brother, J.W. Milam, went hunting for the Chicagoan. They dragged the 14-year-old from his bed and drove to the banks of the Tallahatchie. They stripped him naked, and when he refused to show fear (they said), they fired a .45 bullet into his head. They wired a propeller from a cotton gin to the body and dumped it into the river.

Till's family called the police. A few days later the mangled, waterlogged body was found. Pictures appeared in *Jet*, *Life*, *Look*—and in the nightmares of black families all across the country. You could die for being black, and for being fresh with the wrong people.

Police arrested Bryant and Milam. The trial took five days. After an hour, the jury acquitted both men.

Milam bragged, "As long as I live and can do anything about it, niggers are


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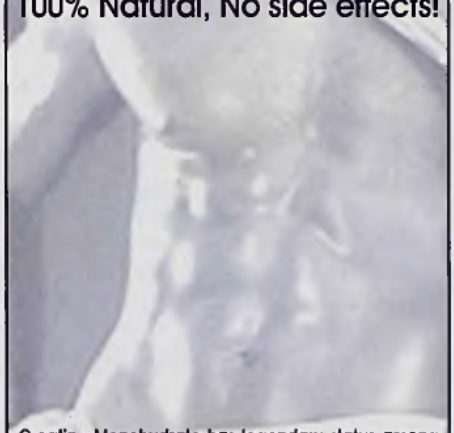

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going to stay in their place. Niggers ain't gonna vote where I live. If they did, they'd control the government. They ain't gonna go to school with my kids. And when a nigger even gets close to mentioning sex with a white woman, he's tired of living."

Milam wanted to make an example of the Chicago boy, "just so everybody can know how me and my folks stand."

### THE SEARCH FOR SOPHISTICATION

Not all Americans stood for ignorance or prejudice. World War Two had taken millions of Americans overseas—and some of those who returned did not care to continue the repressive patterns of the past. They rejected conformity and its illusion of security. They wanted new scripts in every area of life—from personal and political freedom to the pursuit of pleasure.

While middle America was buying chrome-plated bulgemobiles, there were some who preferred the Thunderbird, Corvette, Jaguar or Mercedes 300SL. While mainstream America was watching television, others preferred FM radio and foreign films. They ignored rock 'n' roll and dug the new post-Oscar Frank Sinatra, Ella, Chet Baker and Bird. Mainstream America had Martin and Lewis, but the more discerning college crowd was listening to Mike Nichols and Elaine May, Mort Sahl and Lenny Bruce.

These young moderns were the Lost Generation reincarnate—people who came home from the war hoping to recreate the energy of the Roaring Twenties—and were appalled at the Cold War repression of what *Village Voice* cartoonist Jules Feiffer called "The Ike Age."

Leisure time, discretionary income and the American desire for upward mobility merged into a quest for sophisticated entertainment—in film, literature and other art forms. What had been isolated voices reached out to a growing audience, and, in doing so, expanded the boundaries of expression.

In retrospect, the events that broke the stranglehold on the arts and entertainment in America seem inconsistent with the conservative climate of the decade. In 1950 the New York screening of Roberto Rossellini's *The Miracle*, about a simpleminded peasant girl (Anna Magnani) seduced by a stranger she believed to be Saint Joseph, encountered fierce Catholic opposition, headed by Francis Cardinal Spellman and the Legion of Decency. Theaters that attempted to show the film were picketed, and there were bomb threats. The state censor board revoked the license for the film, calling *The Miracle* "sacrilegious," an action that was upheld by the New York courts.

In 1952 the Supreme Court ruled in favor of the film. For the first time in history, the High Court held that motion pictures were protected by the First and Fourteenth Amendments.

The Cardinal and the Legion of Decency might try to tell Catholics what films they could see, but local governments could not.

Foreign films offered earthy tales of sex and passion, but Hollywood still had to contend with the Production Code. Howard Hughes had challenged the code with Jane Russell in *The Outlaw*, but a far more chaste film changed history. In 1952 Otto Preminger submitted the screenplay for *The Moon Is Blue*, based on a play he had produced on Broadway without causing any undue concern to the citizenry. It was a lighthearted tale of seduction, but the PCA rejected the script, saying the story made sex between consenting adults "a matter of moral indifference."

Preminger went ahead anyway. The PCA refused to grant the film a seal in 1953, saying it had an "unacceptably light attitude toward seduction, illicit sex, chastity and virginity."

As the success of PLAYBOY would prove later that same year, the country was ready for just that attitude. The film was a major hit, grossing nearly $6 million. Preminger had proved that Hollywood could make a successful film without Production Code approval. He did it again with *The Man With the Golden Arm*, starring Frank Sinatra and Kim Novak, in 1955.

Nudity was still taboo in Hollywood movies, but it could be found in foreign films and in the low-budget fare of the grind houses. As American audiences became more sophisticated, the grind houses became art houses. In *Grindhouse*, Eddie Muller and Daniel Faris note, "Some theaters catered to a sophisticated crowd: fresh-brewed coffee in the lobby, imported chocolates, the latest Dave Brubeck recording blowing cool."

Theater owners redefined the way we viewed sex. The former grind houses showed the same old imported films such as *Devil in the Flesh* and *One Summer of Happiness*, and homegrown hymns to nudism such as the 1954 classic *Garden of*

HI, THIS IS DARLENE. I CAN'T COME TO THE PHONE RIGHT NOW BECAUSE I'M BLOWING THE PIZZA DELIVERY GUY, BUT IF YOU'LL LEAVE YOUR NAME AND NUMBER...
WOODMAN

# TIME CAPSULE

## raw data from the fifties

### FIRST APPEARANCES

*The Mickey Mouse Club*. Disneyland. 3-D movies. Cinemascope. McCarthyism. *Red Channels*. PLAYBOY. Centerfolds. Rock 'n' roll. Tranquilizers. Transistor radios. Xerox copiers. Credit cards. Frozen TV dinners. *TV Guide*. *Sports Illustrated*. *Mad*. Diet soft drinks. Kentucky Fried Chicken. Corvette. Thunderbird. Edsel. The sack dress. Pantyhose. Stereo records. Videotape recording. Mercedes 300SL. Nikon 35mm SLR. 007. Sputnik. Astronauts. ICBM. Barbie. *Lolita*. Frisbee. Hula Hoop. Ann Landers. Vibrating mattresses. Mattachine Society. Daughters of Bilitis. Society for the Scientific Study of Sex. Citizens for Decent Literature. John Birch Society. Beat Generation.

### WHO'S HOT

Ike. Uncle Miltie. Joe McCarthy. Edward R. Murrow. Frank Sinatra. Marilyn Monroe. Marlon Brando. James Dean. Elvis. Annette Funicello. Brigitte Bardot. Liz Taylor. Doris Day. Rock Hudson. Lucille Ball. Sid Caesar. Martin and Lewis. Mitch Miller. Liberace. Harry Belafonte. Mickey Mantle. Willie Mays. Rocky Marciano. Sugar Ray Robinson. Mort Sahl. Lenny Bruce. Mickey Spillane. Grace Metalious. Jackson Pollock. Jack Kerouac. Hef. Lady Chatterley.

### WHO'S NOT

People blacklisted for suspected Communist leanings: Larry Adler, Alvah Bessie, Bertolt Brecht, Charlie Chaplin, Norman Corwin, José Ferrer, John Garfield, Jack Gilford, Lee Grant, Dashiell Hammett, Lillian Hellman, Kim Hunter, Ring Lardner Jr., Canada Lee, Gypsy Rose Lee, Arthur Miller, Zero Mostel, Larry Parks, Dore Schary, Pete Seeger, Irwin Shaw, Lionel Stander, Dalton Trumbo and Josh White.

### WE THE PEOPLE

Population of U.S. in 1950: 151 million. Population of U.S. in 1960: 179 million. Life expectancy of a male in 1950: 65.6 years. Life expectancy of a female: 71.1 years. Life expectancy of a male in 1960: 66.6; of a female: 73.1. Marriages per 1000 in 1950: 11.1. In 1960: 8.5. Births per 1000 in

1950: 24.1. In 1960: 23.7. In the Thirties, number of months after marriage first baby born: 24. In the Fifties: 13. Total number of babies born 1946 to 1964: 76.4 million. Percentage of population that believes in God: 94.

### MONEY MATTERS

Gross national product in 1950: $284.8 billion. Gross national product in 1960: $503.7 billion. Year the Dow Jones Industrial Average reached 404, surpassing the level of the pre-Crash high of 1929: 1954. The year minimum hourly wage rose from 75 cents to $1: 1955. Median income of a U.S. family in 1948: $3187. In 1958: $5087. The number of individuals earning $1 million or more a year in 1929: 513. Number earning $1 million or more in 1954: 154.

### THE TUBE

Number of U.S. homes with television sets in 1948: 172,000. In 1952: 15.3 million. In 1955: 32 million. Percentage of population that owns a television by 1959: 86. Circulation of *TV Guide* in 1954 (after one year of publication): 1.5 million. Number of stations in 1950: 97. In 1960: 579. Number of hours average person spends watching TV per week in 1959: 42.

### BACHELOR BLUES

Percentage of people interviewed in 1955 who thought an unmarried person could be happy: 10. Typical adjectives used to describe bachelors, according to *The Way We Never Were*: immature, infantile, narcissistic, deviant, pathological. Percentage of people interviewed in 1957 who thought bachelors were sick, neurotic and immoral: 80. Name of one man who didn't: Hugh M. Hefner.

### DRIVE-IN MOVIE TRIVIA

Year the first drive-in movie theater built (by Richard Hollingshead in Camden, New Jersey): 1933. Number of drive-ins built between 1946 and 1953: 2976.

What teens watched when they weren't making out: *Eighteen and Anxious*, *Born to Be Bad*, *I Was a Teenage Werewolf*, *Teenagers From Outer Space*, *Hard, Fast and Beautiful*, *High School Confidential!*, *Born Reckless*, *Teenage Crime Wave*, *Untamed Youth*, *The Beat Generation*, *Vice Raid*, *The Innocent and the Damned*. Number of these 12 motion pictures that starred Mamie Van Doren: 6.

### SLANG ME

New terms added to the language, according to *American Chronicle*: captive audience, integration, mambo, rat pack, spaceman, cool jazz, hot rod, panty raid, printed circuit, drag strip, countdown, doublethink, girlie magazine, split-level, fallout, hip, cool, crazy pants, greaser, isolation booth, cue card, blast off, atomic rain, fuzz, cop-out, put-on, shook up, funky, sex kitten, action painting, reentry, beatniks, gung ho, joint, head, make the scene, a groove, bugged, chick.

### FINAL APPEARANCES

1950: Edna St. Vincent Millay
1955: Theda Bara
1955: James Dean
1955: Charlie Parker
1956: Alfred Kinsey
1956: H.L. Mencken
1957: Humphrey Bogart
1957: Senator Joseph McCarthy
1959: Errol Flynn
1959: Billie Holiday
1959: Buddy Holly

*Eden*. That film prompted a New York judge to declare that nudity was not indecent, and that *Garden* was neither sexy nor obscene. "Nudists are shown as wholesome, happy people in family groups, practicing their sincere but misguided theory that clothing, when climate does not require it, is deleterious to mental health by promoting an attitude of shame with regard to natural attributes and functions of the body."

Misguided theory? Nudity was arthouse fare. We discussed the French New Wave, Italian neorealism and auteur filmmaking, while watching Sophia Loren and Gina Lollobrigida fill peasant blouses, or Anita Ekberg take a spontaneous dip in the Trevi Fountain of Rome. European films did not condemn the erotic—they simply presented its many complications.

Foreign films showed us sin and sex the way continentals did it, after centuries of practice. Indeed, Fellini's *La Dolce Vita* was a blueprint for "hedonism and debauchery," sybaritic living or decadence, depending on your viewpoint.

American film directors struggled with sexuality. Film versions of Tennessee Williams' *Baby Doll* with Carroll Baker, *A Streetcar Named Desire*, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* and *Suddenly, Last Summer* with Marlon Brando, Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman and Montgomery Clift were dark testaments to the power of repression. *Tea and Sympathy* portrayed Deborah Kerr's seduction of a young student as an act of kindness because he thought he might be gay, although by the time the PCA finished with the script he was merely "sensitive."

The major sex star of the decade—and the century—was Marilyn Monroe, though she never appeared nude on the screen. In contrast, her continental counterpart, Brigitte Bardot, could be counted on for some nudity in almost every one of her films. *And God Created Woman*, Roger Vadim's 1956 hit, opened with a wide-screen caress of Bardot's bare buttocks. BB stood for far more than the actress' name.

*The Lovers*, Louis Malle's classic tale of a repressed wife finding salvation through adultery, gave us the details of a sophisticated affair. Jeanne Moreau and her lover made love in a rowboat and in a tub, traced the letters of each other's names on bare skin, performed finger-curling oral sex. The usual stuff, if you lived in France, maybe.

*The Lovers* would play at more than 100 theaters in the U.S., eventually resulting in the arrest of a theater manager in Ohio. The theater's owner launched a challenge that worked its way to the Supreme Court.

The test case resulted in one of the most famous lines in judicial lore. When asked to define obscenity, Justice Potter Stewart remarked, "I know it when I see it." *The Lovers* was judged to be not obscene.

Foreign films educated the Supreme Court. When New York tried to ban a film version of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* because it advocated immoral ideas, Justice Stewart said in 1959 that the First Amendment protected ideas, including the idea that "adultery may sometimes be proper."

### LOVE AMERICAN STYLE

American studios responded to the European invasion by churning out a series of movies about seduction that the entire family could see. In *Pillow Talk*, Doris Day played a professional virgin who steadfastly resists the advances of Rock Hudson. His apartment is the classic playboy pad—one switch turned out the lights, turned on the stereo and locked the front door. A critic for *Time* said of Doris and Rock: "When these two magnificent objects go into a clinch, aglow from the sunlamp, agleam with hair lacquer, they look less like creatures of flesh than a couple of Cadillacs parked in a suggestive position."

Doris Day played the chaste career girl in so many movies that Oscar Levant was prompted to observe, "I knew Doris Day before she was a virgin."

But the increasing sophistication of American audiences started to have an effect on Hollywood: By the end of the decade Billy Wilder would film *Some Like It Hot*, with Jack Lemmon and Tony Curtis escaping gangsters by going drag. When Lemmon's cross-dressing prompts a proposal from Joe E. Brown, Lemmon is forced to confess the deception. To which Brown simply replies, "Well, nobody's perfect." The gender-bending signaled that perhaps the great homosexual panic of the Fifties was abating.

For years, European directors had made two versions of many films—one for continental tastes and another more subdued take for America. In 1959 Hollywood reversed the trend. The American director of *Cry Tough*, Paul Stanley, shot two versions of a love scene between Linda Cristal and John Saxon. In the U.S. release, Cristal wore a slip; in the export version, she did not.

When PLAYBOY published stills from the two scenes, the police chief in San Mateo, California pulled the magazine from the stands. Hefner responded, "If the reading matter of the citizens of any community is to be preselected—a pretty abhorrent thought in itself—I can't think of anyone less qualified to do it than a local police chief."

Congresswoman Kathryn Granahan, one of Washington's several sex-obsessed crusaders, flew to California to express her views on the subject. The newspaper headlines declared: SMUT PROBER HERE—HINTS RED PLOT.

In the Fifties anything controversial—from sex to fluoridation—was considered to be Communist inspired.

### HIP SUBVERSIVES

Mort Sahl stood on the stage in a red sweater, a folded newspaper clutched in his hand. America's only working philosopher launched into a free-form rap, touching on hi-fi, sports cars, McCarthy and Sahl's reaction to a sexy, oversize billboard.

"Outside the theater there's this picture of a girl about 25 feet high and she has a towel around her from the Hilton Hotel chain. It's kind of like, you know, like good taste in panic. And she's got this kind of terror in her face, she looks real bugged and her face is a social indictment of the entire insensitivity of society, you know, and there's a synthesis within her expression of a rejection of old-world thinking and yet a kind of dominance of this phony puritanical strain, which makes our mores, you know. In other words, she's operating under the ostensible advantages of suffrage and, on the other hand, this phony standard of morality. So, anyway, over her head there's an indictment of all of us and it says, *You did it to her*. Wonderful. I was standing there on the street digging this sign and I noticed a lot of young men walking by had looks of communal guilt across their faces."

He shifts to a memory of World War Two sex-hygiene units that would direct soldiers to VD centers via little green arrows. "The men reacted in three different ways to the Army's protection. First of all, there were the conformists. No imagination. I hate those guys. The worst, you know. The Good Soldier. The Organization Man. They simply did as they were told—got sick, followed the arrows in. First aid. Thanks. And that was that. The second group was a little sharper. They weren't actually sick, but they reported in anyway, you know, in an attempt to build reputation. The last were the real sophisticates. They were the perceptive people. What they did was to follow the arrows in reverse direction and find the action."

Sahl had landed his first job at the Hungry i in San Francisco with a joke about a McCarthy jacket. Like the famous Eisenhower, this one would have lots of flaps and zippers—plus one that could be closed over the mouth. "Tell your children about McCarthy and Roy Cohn," he would say, "before they find out about it on the streets."

The hipster rebellion had begun. Defiance through humor. If we could laugh at repression, perhaps it would slink off into the night.

In another part of town, Lenny Bruce waxed profane. Having started out as an emcee at strip clubs, Bruce developed irreverent and, some thought, obscene humor. Like Sahl he was an archetype of the hipster. Having grown up around

jazz musicians, Bruce used routines that were closer to improvisation than to punch line–pratfall shtick. Above all, he was a social critic: "The truth is what is, not what should be. What should be is a dirty lie."

And he had an eye for the underdog. Referring to a newspaper with the headline FLOODWATERS RISE. DYKES THREATENED, he would deadpan, "It's always the same. In times of emergency, they pick on minorities."

Bruce attacked that which he considered to be truly obscene. "I would rather my child see a stag film than *The Ten Commandments* or *King of Kings*—because I don't want my kid to kill Christ when he comes back. I never did see one stag film where anybody got killed in the end. Or even slapped in the mouth."

He articulated our fantasies: "Sometimes when I'm on the road in a huge hotel, I wish there was a closed-circuit television camera in each room and at two o'clock in the morning the announcer would come on: 'In room 24B there is a ripe, blue-eyed, pink-nippled French and Irish court stenographer lying in bed tossing and turning, fighting the bonds of her nightgown. All the ashtrays in her room are clean, her stockings and panty girdle have just been washed and are hanging on the shower curtain bar. This is a late model, absolutely clean, used only a few times by a sailor on leave.'"

On sex: "If you put a guy on a desert island, he'll do it to mud. A girl doesn't understand this: 'You'd do it to mud—you don't love me!' Sex is a different emotion for women."

The hip subversives went from playing in basement clubs to national exposure in PLAYBOY, on television and on best-selling comedy albums. A Harvard student named Tom Lehrer built a campus following all across the country with an LP of his songs spoofing sex, drugs and atomic annihilation:

*We will all go together when we go,*
*Every Hottentot and every Eskimo;*
*When the air becomes uranious,*
*We will all go simultaneous.*
*Yes, we will all go together when we go.*

He could take the Boy Scout motto and turn it into a public information campaign for condoms:

*If you're looking for adventure*
*of a new and different kind*
*And you come across a Girl Scout*
*who is similarly inclined.*
*Don't be nervous, don't be flustered,*
*Don't be scared: Be Prepared!*

At the University of Chicago an off-campus group of performers called the Compass Players, which included Mike Nichols, Elaine May and Shelley Berman, was doing similar offbeat extemporaneous comedy routines to increasingly appreciative audiences. After Mike,

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Elaine and Shelley departed for the Big Apple, the performers who stayed in Chicago evolved into Second City.

Improv comedy was not limited to the stage. Jules Feiffer did his sketches on paper. He tried to explain the rebellion of the hip humorists in Tony Hendra's *Going Too Far*: "I think everything's political. I think that in those years, certainly whoever you hit was an appropriate target. You know, there could hardly be a wrong target. They all represented authority with very repressive social and political structures. So whether it was your mom or your boss or your teacher or your president, there was no confusion in targets. They were all the enemy. Because—and this is about language—they were all lying to us. They were all saying things they didn't mean. They were all using language as code. Certainly what my work was about in the beginning was people saying one thing and meaning something different. It was a direct reflection of the society we lived in where on every level, from one's parents to one's teachers to one's leaders, one learned automatically to decode what was being told you. And so automatic had it become that it took years to find anything wrong with this. You know, to feel outraged. Hypocrisy is too mild a word. The blatant, mischievous disinformation practiced on us from birth seemed like such a norm that you didn't know you had a right to expect anything different. And so, often when you did complain, it was turned around on you as if there were something abnormal in expecting something other than that, just as Huck Finn felt foolish and self-conscious for feeling loyal to Jim when he should have turned him in. The rules of society were so corrupt and so cynical that anybody pointing out the obvious was considered the cynic instead."

The establishment called the new art form Sick Humor, but it was the culture that was sick. The hip subversives were members of some kind of underground, a privileged social movement, said Feiffer. "You did get a sense that something was happening. That the laughter was a laughter of real humor, but also of defiance, that there was anger here. That these perceptions were necessary in order to breathe. It wasn't just about being funny. It was about being true."

Tony Hendra, who was one of the founding editors of *The National Lampoon*, noted the same thing: "People began to draw strength from the simple awareness that they were not alone. The subversives were exchanging handshakes all over the place, as nightclubs proliferated, comedy album sales soared, banned books were passed from hand to hand. Old Uncle Joe's worst fears were being realized. The things were coming out from under the bed, but instead of slipping six frames of Lenin into the latest Doris Day movie, they were doing something much worse—they were laughing. And what's more, they were laughing at *him* and his cherished vision of a rigid-with-fear, screwed-shut, dumbly obedient, boot-in-the-mouth America."

*"Now don't you bother your pretty little head about going to some silly ball. We could both have a much better time here on our own."*

#### KEFAUVER AND KLAW

Joe McCarthy may have been laughed off the scene by 1955, but Senator Estes Kefauver still roamed the country, stomping out the forces of sin and nonconformity. With aspirations for higher office, he posed as a homespun hero.

He needed a new target, but most of the obvious ones—from Communists to comic books—were taken. He picked pornography and its supposed connection to juvenile delinquency. He compared porn to narcotics—calling it addictive. The only problem Kefauver faced in this investigation was that there wasn't a lot of real pornography around in the Fifties, so he settled for the next best thing—Irving Klaw, "the Pin-up King," and Klaw's favorite model, Bettie Page.

In the hinterlands, Kefauver's investigators had collected circulars advertising "real nudes unretouched in any way" and "snappy photographs, the kind men like." He expressed shock and outrage at a "deck of 52 playing cards with different scenes of perverted acts shown on each

card" and the eight-page comic books that showed "some popular comic strip character or prominent person performing perverted sex acts." And he sent his political posse after the itinerant stag film projectionist who showed lusty loops at smokers.

But Kefauver defined a pornographer as loosely as McCarthy defined a Communist. When he came to New York, he focused on Klaw, calling him "one of the largest distributors of obscene, lewd and fetish photographs throughout the country by mail."

Irving Klaw and his sister, Paula, ran *Movie Star News*. They sold publicity photos of movie stars and pin-up pictures of burlesque queens and camera club models—the kinds of shots that servicemen carried through World War Two and Korea.

When Klaw's customers wanted something more provocative, he provided playful photos of girls wrestling, spanking one another or practicing the kind of knot tying one didn't learn in Girl Scouts. These were the same burlesque and bondage sensibilities found in Robert Harrison's *Beauty Parade*, *Wink* and *Titter*. But if Kefauver was in need of a damsel in distress, he had a beauty in Bettie Page.

Bettie had come to New York in 1950 with acting aspirations—a 27-year-old with a trim, athletic body and a winning, fresh-faced, wholesome personality and appearance. By 1952 she was the most popular model on the camera club circuit and a favorite in Harrison's girlie magazines.

Irving and Paula Klaw had become her close friends. "We had a big sister–little sister relationship," Paula said. Bettie appeared in a feature-length burlesque film titled *Striporama*, starring Lili St. Cyr, in 1953. Its success prompted Irving Klaw to produce two similar films titled *Varietease* and *Teaserama*, starring St. Cyr, Tempest Storm and Bettie.

Hef purchased a picture taken by Bunny Yeager, in which Bettie is trimming a Christmas tree and wearing naught but a Santa Claus cap and a smile, and made her Miss January 1955. By then she had become the most popular pin-up model of the decade, appearing on the covers of everything from *Jest* and *Breezy* to John Willie's *Bizarre*.

She was the living embodiment of the "naughty but nice" calendar art of the Thirties and Forties, but it was the bondage and fetish photos for Klaw that earned Bettie the title the Dark Angel. She brought the same playful innocence to her spanking and bondage photos as she did to her other pin-up poses, turning perversion into parody.

Senator Kefauver's investigators tried to get Bettie to testify against Klaw, but she defended her friend. "I told them very frankly that Irving Klaw never did any pornography at all, not even nudes, and that I would say that if they put me on the stand," she said.

The committee blamed the strange death (possibly from autoerotic asphyxiation) of a 17-year-old Eagle Scout in Florida on a bondage photo of Bettie Page. His father had found the boy's body tied up in a manner similar to a photo in Klaw's catalog. There was no actual connection between the youth's death and the photo, but no matter.

Kefauver called Dr. Benjamin Karpman, a Washington-based psychotherapist, who claimed, "A normal 12- or 13-year-old boy or girl exposed to pornographic literature could develop into a homosexual. You can take healthy boys or girls, and by exposing them to abnormalities, virtually crystallize and settle their habits for the rest of their lives."

Klaw pleaded the Fifth and Bettie never testified, but the harassment continued. In 1957, weary of the conflict and in ill health, Irving called Bettie and told her that he was getting out of the business. She left Manhattan and simply disappeared.

Four decades later, Bettie Page had become a cult icon. Rock stars wrote songs about her, artists captured her on canvas, books and magazines were devoted to her legend, she became the heroine of the comic book *The Rocketeer* and fashion models and superstars such as Madonna paid tribute to her Dark Angel persona.

Whatever it was that Kefauver feared was now being celebrated.

### LAST OF THE OLD TIME PORNOGRAPHERS

The government also targeted Samuel Roth, an anarchist and sexual radical who had a long string of run-ins with censors and with other members of the literary community. When he reprinted excerpts of James Joyce's *Ulysses* without the author's permission, even some supporters turned against him. He went to jail for selling unexpurgated copies of *Ulysses* in 1930, and again for selling copies of *The Perfumed Garden* to agents of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice. A book that described 237 sexual positions no doubt offended those who were comfortable with only one—the missionary.

For decades, Roth *was* the sexual underground. He published unauthorized editions of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, the *Kama Sutra* and a book on masturbation called *Self-Amusement*. He smuggled in works by Henry Miller and Frank Harris. In 1936 the Postmaster General charged him with sending obscenity through the mail. Roth served three years in prison.

He learned to survive the harassment of raids and federal indictments. He sent his advertising circulars first class—mail that could not be opened legally by inspectors. If a citizen complained about a


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solicitation from one company, he would switch to a different letterhead for the next mailing. Roth was *American Aphrodite*, Seven Sirens Press, Gargantuan Books, Falstaff Press, Paragon Press, Candide Press, Golden Hind Press, Hogarth House or Book Gems—as the need arose.

He had 400,000 customers and he claimed to have sent out 10 million fliers. John Makris, in *The Silent Investigators*, leveled the charge that "Roth used no discretion in compiling his lists and indiscriminately sent his circulars to many small children—even to orphanages."

From 1928 through 1956, no fewer than ten postal inspectors maintained open files on Roth, placing orders to a degree that Roth joked he was being supported by the Post Office. In the December 1953 issue of Roth's *American Aphrodite*, he wrote an open letter to Postmaster General Arthur Summerfield: "While I have no wish to offend persons who seem to me both prudish and unrealistic, neither have I any wish to trim my sails to their faint breezes. I want freedom of speech as a publisher. I know that people are interested in sex, as they are interested in all other aspects of living, and I believe that this is healthy, normal interest—vigorous and creative. Those people who think that sexual love is dirty may leave my books alone. I do not publish for such as those."

On July 30, 1955 the Feds indicted Roth on 26 separate violations of the Comstock Act—the federal statute that forbids sending obscenity, or advertisements for obscenity, through the mails. At Roth's trial the government paraded a prude's gallery of mothers, ministers, lawyers, plumbers and housewives willing to testify they had been shocked by the circulars, ads for an issue of *American Aphrodite* that contained a story and drawings by Aubrey Beardsley.

The jury found Roth guilty on four counts. The judge sentenced him to five years and a $5000 fine. At the age of 62, Roth went to jail. His lawyers appealed.

### A NEW DEFINITION OF OBSCENITY

In April 1957 the Supreme Court heard arguments in the case. At issue was the Comstock Act, a law that had been on the books for more than three quarters of a century. Did the federal government have the constitutional right to keep the mails free of "obscene materials"?

The Solicitor General brought in a crate of hard-core porn. Edward De Grazia, in *Girls Lean Back Everywhere*, suggests that the idea probably came from Arthur Summerfield, who kept an exhibit of provocative photos, films, books and drawings at the Post Office building. Visitors could get a crash course in kink.

The photos, booklets and comics were

not connected to Roth, but they served to shock the Justices. De Grazia reports that Justice William Brennan sent the box back to the Solicitor's office after the hearing, only to get an irate call that half the stuff was missing.

The Court voted six to three to uphold the conviction, concluding that obscenity was not protected. The Comstock Act was, it seems, constitutional. But here Brennan, speaking for the majority, tried to define his terms: "Sex and obscenity are not synonymous," he wrote. "Obscene material is material that deals with sex in a manner appealing to the prurient interest. The portrayal of sex in art, literature and scientific works is not itself sufficient reason to deny material the constitutional protection of freedom of speech and press. Sex, a great and mysterious motivating force in human life, has indisputably been a subject of absorbing interest to mankind through the ages; it is one of the vital problems of human interest and public concern."

Prior to this decision, if a work depicted sex—no matter how briefly—it could be considered obscene. For decades jurists had worried about the effect of isolated passages on "the most susceptible" persons. Brennan had greater faith in the citizenry and proposed a new test.

"The test is not whether it would arouse sexual desires or sexually impure thoughts in those comprising a particular segment of the community, the young, the immature or the highly prudish, or would leave another segment, the scientific or highly educated or the so-called worldly-wise and sophisticated indifferent and unmoved. . . . The test in each case is the effect of the book, picture or publication considered as a whole, not upon any particular class, but upon all those whom it is likely to reach. In other words, you determine its impact upon the average person in the community."

Obscenity was "utterly without redeeming social importance" in the Court's view and, in the future, the test would become "whether to the average person, applying contemporary community standards, the dominant theme of the material, taken as a whole, appeals to prurient interest."

The Supreme Court integrated sex into the context of the whole work. A book couldn't be banned just because it had what some considered to be "good parts." They took sex out of the ghetto. In a way, the decision confirmed Hef's view that sex was part of the complete man, of interest to all—and that any work that hoped to capture the human experience would have to deal with sex.

But the decision sent Roth to prison. One writer noted with irony that Roth was put behind bars for mailing material far more innocent than the magazines and books that appeared in the wake of the Court's decision.

### POSTAL REPRESSION

The Post Office celebrated the decision and used it to tighten the screws on sexual expression. It hadn't read the small print.

In 1958 it conducted 4000 separate investigations relating to the mailing of obscene and pornographic matter and caused the arrest of 293 persons.

The media reprinted the government claim that mail-order porn was a $500 million–a–year business. Postal inspectors estimated that 200,000 circulars went out every day, "decorated with teasing pictures and spiced with provocative erotica."

According to an article in the April 27, 1959 *Newsweek*, the Post Office received an average of 700 letters of complaint each day "from parents protesting the corrupting of their children." (One assumes the other 199,300 recipients of the circulars were not bothered.)

J. Edgar Hoover, always vigilant and ready to confront a paper villain, warned the nation that "millions of innocent children are exposed in their formative years to reading matter and art depicting shocking sexual travesties" and that such material was "creating criminals faster than jails can be built."

The panicmongers moved for greater control of the mails, including the suspension of all mailing privileges to anyone suspected of producing obscenity. But Brennan had opened a door that invited change. In the next few years the courts used the *Roth* decision to encourage increasing communication on sex. In a case involving *One*—an overtly gay magazine—the Supreme Court ruled that discussions of homosexuality were not obscene. In a case involving *Sunshine & Health*—a case involving those misguided sunbathers—it declared that nudity was also not obscene.

And a jury of average persons had a better sense of justice than the crusaders. Gay Talese, in *Thy Neighbor's Wife*, reported that in 1959, "after a Chicago vice squad had arrested 55 independent news vendors for selling girlie magazines, a jury of five women and seven men—uninfluenced by a church group that sat in the courtroom holding rosary beads and silently praying—voted to acquit the defendants. After the verdict had been announced, the judge seemed stunned, then slumped forward from the bench and had to be rushed to a hospital. He had had a heart attack."

### LADY CHATTERLEY AND BEYOND

In the wake of the *Roth* decision, Americans discovered long-suppressed classics. During the war soldiers had filled duffel bags with the works of Frank Harris, Henry Miller and D.H. Lawrence. Throughout the Fifties it had been a mark of sophistication to come back from Paris with the green bound


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*Don Henley, founder of The Walden Woods Project, a nonprofit group engaged in protecting Walden Woods. Photo: Firooz Zahedi*

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volumes published by the Olympia Press. One of Shel Silverstein's first travel satires in PLAYBOY showed the bearded artist at a book stall ordering "10 copies of *Tropic of Cancer,* 12 copies of. . . ."

You went to Paris to acquire Vladimir Nabokov's dark comedy about an obsessive love for an underage girl. (*Lolita* had been published in France in 1955, but then was declared obscene. It was finally published in America in 1958—after being turned down repeatedly by major houses.) Or you could visit Paris to devour Terry Southern's delightful *Candy*.

In 1959 Barney Roset published an unexpurgated edition of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. Post Office inspectors promptly confiscated 24 cartons of the books. The legal defense was inspired: Yes, Lawrence's work—the whole living, breathing masterpiece—was concerned with sex, and might actually arouse, but arousal, in the hands of an artist, might not be obscene. And certainly not offensive to the average person with an appetite for sophistication.

The Court agreed.

In an article celebrating the decision, critic Alfred Kazin tried to put the novel into perspective: "Lawrence's exultant, almost unbearably sensitive descriptions of the countryside can mean little to Americans, for whom the neighborhood of love must be the bathroom and the bedroom, both the last word in sophisticated privacy. Lawrence's descriptions of the naked lovers gamboling in the rain, his ability to describe a woman's sensations and a man's body with feminine sureness—all this belongs to another world. *Lady Chatterley's Lover* brings back memories of a time when men still believed in establishing freedom as their destiny on earth, when sex was the major symbol of the imprisoned energies of man, for when that castle was razed, life would break open and flow free."

Contrary to what Kazin assumed, at least one American couple knew exactly what *Lady Chatterley* represented.

In Princeton, New Jersey a family of five went into an 8′x9′ fallout shelter as part of an experiment. They would spend two weeks in isolation, trying to duplicate the response to an atomic catastrophe. There was a panic button in case the isolation proved too great. (Unbeknownst to the couple, the scientists performing the experiment taped every sound through hidden microphones.)

This was the ultimate test of togetherness. *The New York Times* reported that the couple had "tranquilizer pills for the children, a bottle of whiskey for themselves and a library that included a copy of the unexpurgated *Lady Chatterley's Lover*."

### THE BEAT GENERATION

By the end of the Fifties, new role models were capturing America's attention. The hip humorists celebrated Bohemia (defined by Mort Sahl as one of those neighborhoods where Jews tried to act like Italians). A significant number of Americans were turning their backs on conformity, conservatism and the notion that money assured happiness. They gathered in coffeehouses, digging the cool sounds of Bach, Bartók and Bird. They smoked dope, listened to beat poetry and folk music and spoke in a hipster's language derived directly from black musicians. Organization Men they were not.

Detachment, not rebellion, marked the Beats. In *Howl,* poet Allen Ginsberg spoke of seeing "the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness, starving hysterical naked." The poem, published by Lawrence Ferlinghetti's City Lights, was seized in San Francisco in 1957 by Customs officials and declared obscene. A judge ruled the work had redeeming social importance. A journalist from *Time* described Ginsberg as "leader of the pack of oddballs who celebrate booze, dope, sex and despair."

To the new bohemians, mainstream America was Squaresville. The Beats offered a crack in the conformity and an alternative lifestyle that simply ignored the rat race.

The movement went mainstream with Jack Kerouac's novel *On the Road*. More than half a million people read the picaresque account of hitchhiking, wild parties and casual sex. Suddenly there were beatniks in Venice Beach, beatniks in Greenwich Village and beatniks on Long Island, at least on weekends—all looking for satori, or at least the chance to get laid.

In the pages of PLAYBOY, Kerouac explained the origins of Beat in a long, rambling, mystic invocation of Americana—everything from King Kong, Clark Gable, Krazy Kat and Buddhism to private eyes and great baseball players. The Beats, he said, were not against anything. "Why should I attack what I love out of life? This is Beat. Live your lives out? Naw, *love* your lives out. When they come and stone you at least you won't have a glass house, just your glassy flesh."

They were outsiders by choice, who rejected traditional values and relationships, who could find love over a bottle of wine. They believed in the great goof and offered an escape route from the conformity and conservatism of the Fifties. Who could say where they were heading? Life was trajectory.

The hero of Jack Kerouac's *On the Road* sounded a new call—to move, to flee, to escape. "Somewhere along the line I knew there'd be girls, visions, everything; somewhere along the line the pearl would be handed to me."

Anyone want to hitch a ride to the Sixties?

# CONAN O'BRIEN

*(continued from page 58)*

**O'BRIEN:** I didn't realize that one does not pick up a famous person in a 1976 station wagon. They like to fly first-class, to be picked up in a Town Car and put up in a nice hotel. Fortunately I am not directly involved in celebrity care anymore.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you bring other comics to Harvard?

**O'BRIEN:** Yes. John Candy's people warned me that John was on the Pritikin diet. They gave me strict dietary instructions. John immediately ran into a bakery on Harvard Square to get pastries. He said they were Pritikin éclairs.

**PLAYBOY:** You once stole a famous television costume.

**O'BRIEN:** When Burt Ward visited Harvard there were fliers all over campus: *Burt Ward to Appear With Original Robin Costume (Insured by Lloyd's of London for $500,000).* In fact, Burt Ward was said to keep a bunch of them in his car; he'd pass them out to impress girls. Naturally, I wanted to screw with him. A few friends and I attended his speech at the science center. We went dressed as security guards. I said, "Mr. Ward, I've been sent by the dean to safeguard the costume." As if it were the Shroud of Turin. But the guy is humorless. "Yes, very good. That costume is very valuable," he says.

That's when we hit the lights. Which works great in the movies. In the movies, the lights go out and suddenly the jewel is gone. In real life, though, what you get is some dimming. You hit the lights and people can see a little less well.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you grab the costume?

**O'BRIEN:** We grabbed it and the chase was on. Some Burt Ward admirers—young Republicans, I guess—took off after us yelling, "Stop them!" But we escaped in a waiting car. We proceeded to torment Burt Ward for hours on the phone, saying, "This is the Joker, hee-hee-hee. I've got your costume."

**PLAYBOY:** How did Burt react?

**O'BRIEN:** Robinlike. He said, "Return it or you will feel my wrath!"

**PLAYBOY:** Burt Ward used to tell reporters he had an IQ of 200.

**O'BRIEN:** He may be delusional.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you always starstruck?

**O'BRIEN:** Stars are fascinating. When I was a writer for *Saturday Night Live*, Robert Wagner did the show. One day he was sitting offstage, talking on the phone. He had on a camel-hair jacket, silk scarf and of course his perfectly arranged Robert Wagner hair. "Very good, goodbye," he says, and hangs up. Suddenly his hand shoots up and touches the right side of his head, where the phone receiver may have disturbed a few hairs. At that point you know he has done this smooth move every day since 1948.

**PLAYBOY:** You seem to prefer goofy celebs—Jack Lord, William Shatner, Robert Stack. There are photos of Stack and Adam West, TV's Batman, here in your office. Do those guys know you're making fun of them?

**O'BRIEN:** I'm not. I have real affection for those men. To me, meeting Andy Griffith is just as interesting as interviewing Allen Ginsberg. I'm interested in Martin Scorsese and Gore Vidal as well as Jaleel White, TV's Urkel.

**PLAYBOY:** How do Gore Vidal and Urkel compare?

**O'BRIEN:** I'd say Jaleel White's prose style is not taken as seriously. But then the same is true of Vidal's nerd character.

**PLAYBOY:** As one of the writers on *The Simpsons* you helped create some memorable characters.

**O'BRIEN:** What I loved about *The Simpsons* was that it wasn't a cartoon for kids. A cartoon might look like the friendliest thing in the world, but we were subversive. I loved it when we had Lisa write a patriotic essay in school: "Our country has the strongest, best educational system in the world after Canada, Germany, France, Great Britain. . . ." It was this great sugarcoated cutting remark. I loved her for it.

**PLAYBOY:** Tell us a *Simpsons* secret.

**O'BRIEN:** When Dan Castellaneta started doing Homer's voice, he was doing Walter Matthau. Like I said, it takes time to find your rhythm.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you satisfied with your work?

**O'BRIEN:** Intellectually, yes. The show works. Advertisers like to buy time on it. Young people really like it. But I was a moody, driven, self-critical person before I got this show, and that hasn't changed. It's just that I now have something even more frightening than a *Saturday Night Live* sketch or a Bart Simpson joke to worry about. I have an hour of comedy broadcast every night. My anxiety has finally met its match.

**PLAYBOY:** Will you and Lynn get married?

**O'BRIEN:** The core idea of being a comic, particularly a comic with a talk show, is control. Marriage is a leap of faith, a giving up of control. I'm not sure I can make that leap.

**PLAYBOY:** What about kids?

**O'BRIEN:** What sort of dad would I make? Maybe this job and a normal family life are diametrically opposed. Dave, Jay, Bill Maher, Arsenio—where are your kids? Jack Paar seems to have had a normal life with a wife and child, but you don't see much of that. And I believe that your kid should be the most important thing in your life. I may not have room, at least not now. I have Pimpbot to think about.

**PLAYBOY:** Another foulmouthed *Late Night* character.

**O'BRIEN:** Half-robot, half-Seventies street pimp. He's got a feathered hat and a


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metallic voice: "Gotta run my bitches. Run my ho's. I'll cut you." Right now my life revolves around Pimpbot.

**PLAYBOY:** We need you to settle a fashion question. You, Leno and Letterman seldom wear suits offstage. Leno likes flannel shirts, Letterman prefers jeans and sweatshirts. You wear T-shirts. Why wear a suit and tie on the air?

**O'BRIEN:** There are two schools of thought on that. The Steve Martin approach says you're putting on a show, so dress up for the people. The George Carlin approach says all that old showbiz stuff is over, this is the new way, so wear a T-shirt. I chose a jacket and tie because that's the uniform people expect talk show hosts to wear. If I came out in a mesh T-shirt and chains it might distract people from the comedy.

**PLAYBOY:** How would you describe your show?

**O'BRIEN:** It's a hybrid. If Carson defined the talk show and Letterman was the anti–talk show, where do you go next? That was the question we faced. What we did was make a show that has the visual trappings of the classic *Tonight Show*—the desk, the band, the sidekick—but with everything else perverted. When it works well I'd say my show is one part Carson, one part Charlie Rose and one part *Pee-Wee's Playhouse*.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you have any advice for future talk show hosts?

**O'BRIEN:** You had better love the job. Some hosts don't. You can see it in their eyes. Chevy Chase's talk show—he did not want to be there. And if that's in your eyes you're finished, because there's another show tomorrow and next week and the week after that. You can't conquer it. You can do two or three or ten good shows in a row and still want to punch a wall when you slip up.

**PLAYBOY:** Can you ever conquer your repressed childhood?

**O'BRIEN:** It's always there. I still believe in moral absolutes. Murder, for instance, is wrong, unless it helps the show.

**PLAYBOY:** Still, talk show hosts have perks most guys can only dream of.

**O'BRIEN:** It's great to be "played over" to the desk. You finish your monolog, then the band kicks in as you cross the set. Fortunately, we have a great band. Even when people didn't like anything else about the show, they loved the Max Weinberg Seven. The music heightens everything. Now you are more than just a guy in a suit, you're *Co-nan O'Bri-en!* I think every guy should have that—if a band played you over to your rental car at the airport, you'd have a cooler day.

**PLAYBOY:** Is Andy Richter your Ed McMahon?

**O'BRIEN:** He's Andy. When we were getting started and the network wasn't sure of me, they kept asking, "Who's that Andy guy?" I think we've answered that question. Part of the show's rhythm is my energy played against the quiet steadiness of Andy.

**PLAYBOY:** Is that rhythm genuine?

**O'BRIEN:** Yes. Our mentalities mesh. I'm always dissatisfied. He's the guy saying, "Hey, relax. It's good enough." My girlfriend would be happy if I had a bit more of that in me.

**PLAYBOY:** Who is a guest you can't get?

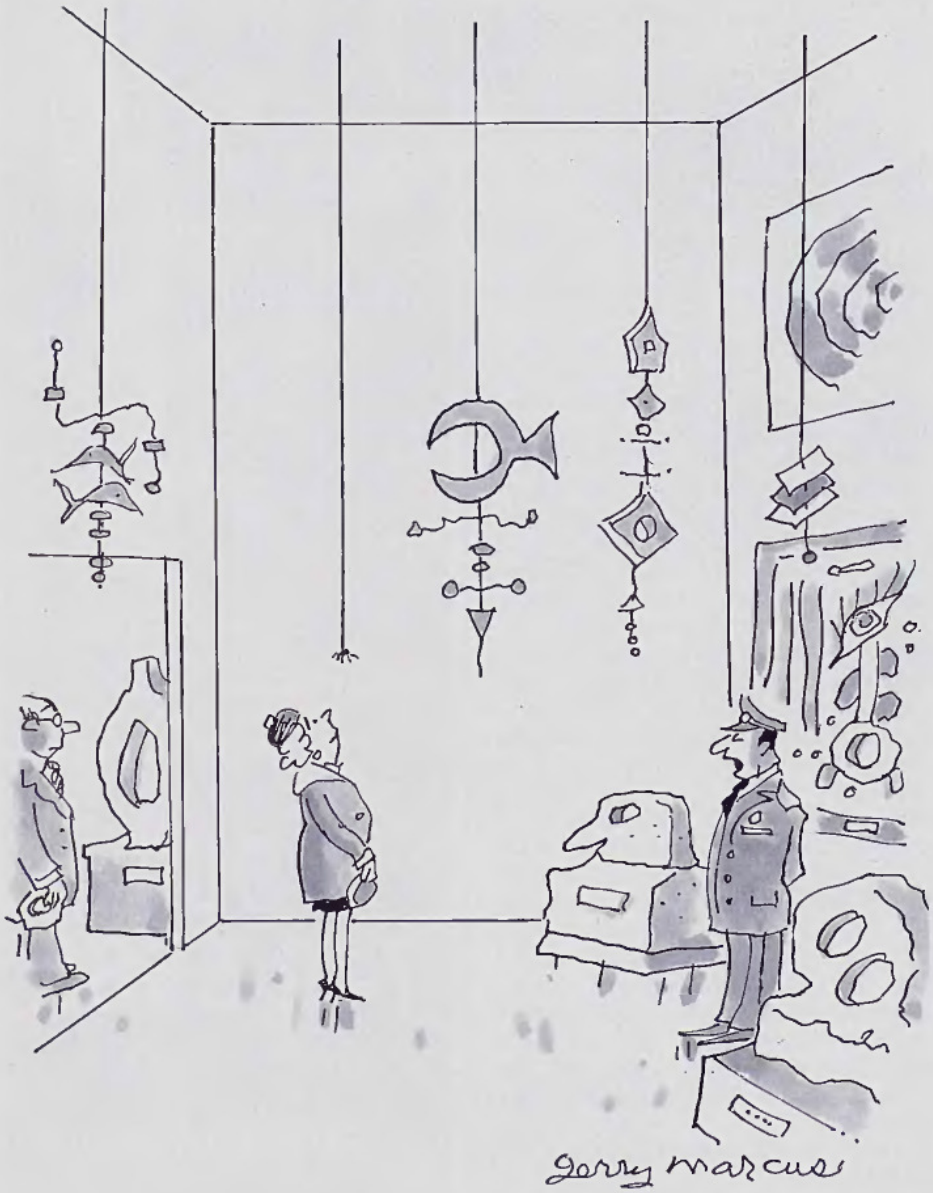
**O'BRIEN:** Werner Klemperer. He refuses to revive Colonel Klink, the commandant he played in *Hogan's Heroes*. Which confuses me. Is he going to come up with another character at this late date—Werner Klemperer as the aging black man or kung fu fighter? No, he's Colonel Klink.

**PLAYBOY:** You once said that as a boy you wanted to be like Bob Crane in *Hogan's Heroes*, the cool guy who "wore a bomber jacket and wised off to Nazis."

**O'BRIEN:** I asked Werner Klemperer to do some bits as Colonel Klink. He refused. Then a strange thing happened. We're shooting a bit on the West Side when Werner Klemperer comes around the corner. Pulling his parka up to his chin, just like Colonel Klink, he walks past our film crew and says, "Hello, Conan. I must say the show is very good lately. Give my best to Andy. Farewell!" It was a cameo appearance in reality. He was there, he was gone. I wanted to shout, "Hey, Werner Klemperer just did a walk-on in my life."

**PLAYBOY:** Are you losing the boundaries between your life and your job?

**O'BRIEN:** There are no boundaries. At any minute Werner Klemperer may step in here and give me 30 days in the cooler. It's getting surreal. Just this morning I'm going through the lobby downstairs when two girls see me. One girl nudges the other and says, "Look, it's the guy from Conan O'Brien!" I guess she couldn't quite place me, but she knew which show I was on.




*"That's a spider."*

# PLAYMATE NEWS

## IT'S A DOG'S LIFE

Hef's Playmate for Life, Kimberley Conrad Hefner, practices what she preaches. She's an animal rights advocate and activist who takes in abandoned dogs from Los Angeles shelters and provides a temporary foster home. On any given day, there are at least a dozen dogs at the Mansion. That's in addition to the other nonhuman residents—cats, exotic birds, fish, rabbits, monkeys—that make up one of the most elaborate private zoos in America. Hef began his collection in 1972. But for Kimberley Hefner, the phrase top dog has more than one meaning.

Kimberley Conrad Hefner, 1989 Playmate of the Year, enjoys a romp on the grounds of the Playboy Mansion with two of her adopted Shiloh shepherds, Bunny Ears (front) and Charlie.

**PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS — FEBRUARY**

**Debra Jo Fondren**—Miss September 1977 will be 43 on February 5.
**Susan Bernard**—Miss December 1966 will be 50 on February 11.
**Traci Adell**—Miss July 1994 will be 29 on February 17.
**Teri Weigel**—Miss April 1986 will be 36 on February 24.
**Jonnie Nicely**—Miss August 1956 will be 62 on February 25.

## TWICE IS NICE

PLAYBOY trivia buffs know that Janet Pilgrim was our first girl next door. In fact, she appeared as a Playmate three times between July 1955 and October 1956, when she wasn't working in the Playboy offices. But Janet wasn't the only Playmate to make a return appearance in the magazine. Margie Harrison was featured in January 1954 and June 1954. Marilyn Waltz was a Playmate in April 1954 and April 1955. (She may also be the "Margaret Scott" who posed in February and June 1954.) And Marguerite Empey was Miss May 1955 and Miss February 1956. In the Fifties there were fewer beautiful models willing to pose nude than there are now. It goes to show that once is often not enough.

**VERONICA GAMBA:**
"PLAYBOY treated me like gold the first time. And I'm going for it again, in *Playmate Revisited.*"

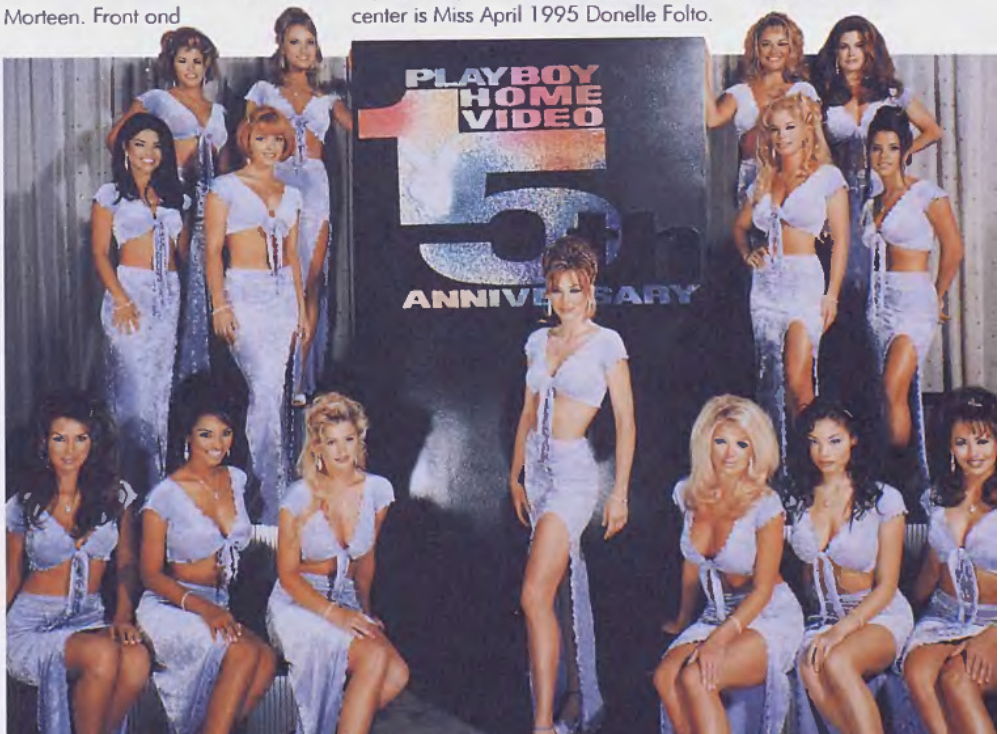
## PLAYMATES 101: PLAYMATES OF THE YEAR

Miss December 1959 Ellen Stratton—PMOY in 1960, the year the title became a tradition.
Miss December 1963 Donna Michelle—the youngest PMOY, at 18, in 1964.
Miss May 1985 Kathy Shower—the oldest PMOY, then 33, in 1986.
Miss December 1962 June Cochran—the shortest PMOY, at 5'2", in 1963.
Miss February 1994 Julie Cialini, Miss December 1987 India Allen and Miss May 1992 Anna Nicole Smith—the tallest PMOYs, at 5'11".

Donna Michelle

## HAPPY 15TH ANNIVERSARY

Fifteen Playmates posed for conventioneers at the Video Software Dealers Association Convention in Los Vegas to celebrate Playboy Home Video's 15th anniversary. Pictured from top to bottom, left to right, are: Miss March 1997 Jennifer Miriam, Miss November 1996 Ulriko Ericsson, Miss January 1993 Echo Johnson, Miss June 1997 Carrie Stevens, Miss August 1994 Mario Checa, Miss July 1996 Angel Boris, Miss November 1995 Holly Witt, Miss April 1997 Kelly Monaco, Miss September 1992 Morena Corwin, Miss June 1996 Korin Taylor, Miss January 1997 Jami Ferrell, Miss October 1994 Victoria Zdrok, Miss May 1997 Lynn Thomas and Miss August 1995 Rachel Jeón Morteen. Front and center is Miss April 1995 Donelle Folto.



# PLAYMATE NEWS

## JEN IS AN OPEN BOOK

Is there a guy on the planet who doesn't recognize Jenny McCarthy? We doubt it. There have been magazines, TV shows, CDs, ads and now *Jen-X: Jenny McCarthy's Open Book* (written with Neal Karlen). Jenny's life story is told in detail, but we couldn't help flipping right to the PLAYBOY part. As Jenny tells it: "My first job in front of a camera was taking off my clothes for PLAYBOY. I knew my mother would probably have a heart attack, but it was a step that I had to take if I was ever going to get out of Chicago. I wanted that Playmate of the Year title as badly as I wanted to make the high school cheerleading team. I would never pose in PLAYBOY again, but I still think Hef is a great guy." Jenny also reveals in her book that "a man has to be able to make me laugh and give me respect, or there's no chance we'll make it." Her favorite talk-show experience? "During *Singled Out*, I was on the *Late Show With David Letterman*. I was scared, because David is so sarcastic. It was obvious that he was trying to fluster me by flipping through the pages of my last pictorial. 'Hey, Dave,' I barked at him, pointing, 'my eyes are right up here.' The audience howled and he looked me straight in the eye." Hey, Jenny, we're still looking at you, kid.

## FAN MAIL

I give *Playmates of the Seventies* on E! an enthusiastic thumbs-up. Carrie Stevens looked terrific as the hostess. The Playmates selected to represent the decade—Lillian Müller, Carol Vitale, Cyndi Wood, Rosanne Katon, Bonnie Large, Martha Smith, Janet Quist and Patti McClain—were all great choices. One admirable thing about the show was its honesty. The Playmates acknowledged that being in the magazine opened many doors for them but were willing to admit that it also caused some problems. Martha Smith even said she had concealed her Playmate past from most of her movie and TV employers. I'm looking forward to *Playmates of the Eighties*, but I really hope that the Fifties will get similar coverage. Bring Yvette Vickers, Jonnie Nicely, Joyce Nizzari, Lari Laine, Dolores Del Monte and Marlene Callahan together with Hef, photographer Bunny Yeager and director Russ Meyer, and you'll have a fantasy-packed hour of television.—Steve Sullivan, Washington, D.C.

CYNDI WOOD:
"I am grateful to Hef for his generosity to me in print. I had thought I was too ordinary for PLAYBOY. I give him credit for my success."

## QUOTE UNQUOTE

"I've enjoyed the notoriety of being a Playmate and I've used it to my advantage. My father found out I'd posed quite by accident. Someone at his office asked him if he was related to the centerfold. He took one look and yelled, 'That's my daughter!' He wasn't angry, except that I hadn't told him. I didn't because I didn't want to jinx it."—CAROL VITALE, Miss July 1974

"I heard about my centerfold a couple of weeks after my 18th birthday. I told my mother first because she took my test shot. You can't get too excited until your issue reaches the newsstand. Then it really hits you. You get to sign autographs and go places and meet people. I try to use the attention now to promote safe sex and to get my AIDS message out."—REBEKKA ARMSTRONG, Miss September 1986

CAROL ZUBER MALLISON

PLAYMATE TRIVIA
WHERE ARE THEY FROM?
Not all Playmates are American. Countries that have loaned us Playmates include Argentina, Australia, Austria, Canada, Denmark, the UK, France, Germany, Holland, Jamaica, Norway.

## PLAYMATE GOSSIP

1997 PMOY **Victoria Silvstedt** is shooting a 1999 calendar, and her Guess ads will be out no later than next month. . . . Miss June 1969 **Helena Antonaccio** has a spot in **Steve Sullivan's** book *Glamour Girls of the Century*, based on a survey of pin-up collectors who voted on the most glamorous women of the past 100 years. . . . Miss September 1997 **Nikki Schieler Ziering** made a Dr Pepper commercial that's airing in Russia. . . . Actor and talk-show host **Keenen Ivory Wayans** greeted Miss October 1997 **Layla Roberts** on his show this past fall. . . . Miss October 1994 **Victoria Zdrok** received her law degree last May and has passed the bar exam. . . . Miss June 1997 **Carrie Stevens** is modeling the new Bunny costumes with Layla Roberts for PLAYBOY's reentry in-

LEROY NEIMAN

Wayans and Roberts

Vaccaro, Harney, Sanches

to the casino business, in the Greek islands. . . . Miss August 1994 **Maria Checa** has been promoting PLAYBOY's Spanish-language international editions and shooting a swimwear catalog. . . . Miss January 1995 **Melissa Holliday** is a country singer and is hosting a syndicated radio show called *Hot Tracks*. . . . Miss October 1983 **Tracy Vaccaro**, 1992 PMOY **Corinna Harney** and 1996 PMOY **Stacy Sanches** visited Matador Tobacconist in Las Vegas to promote Playboy by Don Diego cigars. They really lit up the room.

 *(continued from page 120)*

## *Maybe all those Hitchcock movies can be done better. Yeah. He's overrated, that Hitch guy.*

your own mom. What are you trying to work out? Has she seen the movie?

ANDERSON: I've been reluctant to talk about that because maybe I'll deal with it in another movie. It's not so much about trying to guard privacy; it's about trying to guard, in a mysterious way, the stories I might tell. I don't want to give away the ending. I also don't want to be the guy who's dealing with his mother for 30 years. However, I heard from my sister that my mother saw the movie. As far as her response, I don't really know.

**15.**

PLAYBOY: Clearly, you're a student of dysfunctional and reinvented families. Is there an on-screen or TV family that reflects your ideal?

ANDERSON: There's a Max Ophuls movie with Joan Bennett called *The Reckless Moment*. A great little noir thriller. In it, Bennett has two or three kids. Someone gets murdered and she discovers the body and she wants to figure out how to dispose of it. Turns out the mother thinks her daughter has killed this guy, but he actually died accidentally. The great thing is that throughout the second half of the movie, the mom manages to focus on taking care of her kids. She has a teenage daughter who's nervous about a date and wants to take the car, and whose stocking is ripped. She has a son who is hungry and can't find his schoolbooks, and he rags on his sister for being nervous. The movie is all this stuff on top of all this other stuff—and here is the mother, taking care of everything. Whenever I think of that movie I go, "I want to be in that family!"

**16.**

PLAYBOY: Defend remakes.

ANDERSON: My feeling about remakes is: Just rip it off. Don't call it a remake. Don't bastardize it. Just give it another title. Isn't re-creating and rehashing and ripping off and riffing off patterns that have already been created part of what we do? So just make it your own and call it something else. Without trying to insult anyone, and unfortunately Gwyneth is in this movie, I'm not sure about the thinking behind remaking *Dial M for Murder*. Do they think they can do it better? On second thought, maybe all those Hitchcock movies can be done better. Yeah. He's overrated, that Hitch guy.

**17.**

PLAYBOY: Now that you're a hot commodity, meeting all the industry power players, what's worse, talking to a suit old enough to be your parent or talking to one your own age?

ANDERSON: It's weirder talking to a suit my age. Staring across the desk at someone of my generation who doesn't love movies hurts even more than when it's some old fogey. I want to shake him and say, "How come you're in this job and you don't love movies? I could kill you with my bare hands."

**18.**

PLAYBOY: What can't film school teach?

ANDERSON: Anything. I use my brief experience with film school to bad-mouth it with authority. The first day I walked into the classroom I was faced with seeing *Battleship Potemkin* and a professor who said, "If you want to write *Terminator 2*, get out." Well, fuck you. Maybe there's some kid who wants to write *Terminator 2*, and how dare you start with *Potemkin*? Why not start with *Terminator 2* and work backward? To me, that's the way to learn. That's how I learned about movies, tracing them back from what I just saw. I'd see *Raging Bull* and ask myself, "What was that guy watching?" OK, I'm going to see every Elia Kazan movie; I'm going to go rent Max Ophuls' movies; I'm going to watch *The Searchers*.

**19.**

PLAYBOY: Which test-screening experience will you never forget?

ANDERSON: One of the scariest was during our first test for *Boogie Nights*, when Bill Macy gets the gun to kill his wife. It was a crowd of 18- to 24-year-old college students and kids in Westwood. They cheered when he got the gun. I sank in my seat and thought, What have I done? How did I fuck up? Then he killed her and they cheered again. Then he shot himself. That time they shut the fuck up real quick. I felt better. I thought, OK, a point can come through here. But it still didn't wipe away the notion that I'd somehow blown it. Plus, we'd gotten the audience with the usual sort of bullshit carnival-barker street recruitment. They're always amped up for something that doesn't accurately reflect what the film is. On *Boogie Nights* it was, "Come see the raucous new comedy about the porn industry." Raucous comedy? Well, the first half is sort of wild and fun and outrageous. If that's raucous, OK. So I figured, go ahead. Have your fun, because pretty soon someone will get hurt and what you have to watch will punish you many times over. Then the movie was 20 minutes longer, and those minutes showed incredibly severe, violent stuff. At the time I felt pretty good making them suffer. [*Laughs*]

**20.**

PLAYBOY: You're just beginning your relationship with the press. Is there a rumor or a factual error following you around that you'd like to nip in the bud?

ANDERSON: Well, there is that fucking gerbil thing people are saying about me. I mean, I'm tired of it. Enough is enough already. I'm new at this and I just wish people would respect my privacy.

*"I'm doing OK. I'm selling sunglasses now."*

# JIMMY BUFFETT *(continued from page 84)*

*"Their mouths dropped open. And that was that. No deal. Disney was too pristine."*

spread over both beds. He looked at me and said, 'Don't tell anybody, OK?'"

"I think that I have a pretty good business sense," Buffett told me that afternoon at his Georgia plantation. "It goes back to my old days. It was a necessity when I was a one-man show traveling in a station wagon. I booked myself, ran my own sound, paid my taxes. I was 21, self-contained. The guys who become leaders of bands are the ones who can take care of business, hassle club owners over the gate, get bookings. They are the ones who are still around. And I've always liked working. Because it gave me independence. I was strongly independent as a kid, and I still am now. I turned down the Mouse!" he said grinning.

He'd been approached in 1989 by Disney to put a Margaritaville in Disney World. (Proof, perhaps, that there are still bizarre ideas out there in the business community.) The Margaritaville crowd with the Frontierland crowd? Frightening to imagine.

The potential numbers were such that Buffett turned to his dad for advice—something he does fairly regularly.

"He said, 'Well, you've got enough money to do whatever you want to do, right?' And I said, 'Yeah.' He said, 'Then you decide what you want out of it. Don't commit to anything you feel uncomfortable doing.'"

And so Buffett came up with a counteroffer he knew they could refuse, reverting to his musician's instincts.

"I asked for a percentage of the gate on the nights I played. I told them I work on 80-20 splits most of the time doing concerts, so I want 20 percent of the whole gate on the nights I work. Twenty percent of everything you take in that night.

"Their mouths dropped open. And that was that. No deal. Disney was too pristine. In Margaritaville you expect to see dope dealers, various riffraff—and Disney World is too clean. I could have made a jillion dollars doing it, but I would get the feeling I had sold out. And I think the people who look to me would feel that way too. So I turned down the Mouse."

When I talked to him recently on the phone, he said his latest project is what he hopes will be a Broadway musical. It's based on Herman Wouk's *Don't Stop the Carnival*, a 1965 novel about a former New York press agent and compulsive philanderer who runs a semi-rundown hotel in the Caribbean. Wouk, now 82, wrote the stage script himself, with Buffett doing the music. It had a fairly successful trial run last spring in Miami, but everyone agreed it needed some major reworking before it would be ready for Broadway.

"I want the character to be a flirt, not a philanderer," Buffett told a Florida journalist after the show's trial in Miami. "A flirt is a lot more acceptable to me as a hero than a philanderer."

Yet another project is a book that will be out in the spring. It's a memoir, with the memorable title *A Pirate Looks at 50*. "I attempted to write a novel," Buffett said, "with Frank Bama in it again. But I had to shelve it because *Carnival* kind of consumed all my creative energy for a while—and writing a novel is a 100-percent full-time job. Also a biography came out that didn't have much in it, and that kind of lit a fire under my ass. I thought, I've got to tell some of these stories before I forget 'em.

"Basically it's a story of a trip I took last year on my 50th birthday. I circled the Caribbean—4700 miles—with my family and my air force. I've got a Citation F2 and the *Albatross*"—his Grumman seaplane, a relic of a bygone era—"and we took both planes. I did a journal of that trip, and wrote reflections inspired by the trip. Recollections of a survivor."

He paused for a second and then laughed.

"It's amazing. I've kind of reinvented myself about three times. But I didn't really do a lot of reinventing. People just kind of rediscovered me. For whatever reason we've been able not only to sustain but to expand this thing, and it's been successful beyond my wildest imagination. I figured, Give me a five-year run, and I'll be fine. But now I'm lookin' at 27 years or something like that, and still rockin'. Staying one step ahead of the thundering hooves of the Dinosaur Monster, and fortunately we're not done yet."

I asked him, out of all of this, what's been the top kick of all? He beamed.

"Easy. Taking off and landing on an aircraft carrier in an F-14 Navy jet fighter. Top of the list. I rode in the navigator's seat. Unbelievable. There's nothing like it. It's beyond anything you can describe. I fly, but this takes flying to another level.

"I always wanted to do it," he said. "I used to drive over to Pensacola from Mobile, and I'd see all the Navy officers in flight training. I'd see these guys tearing up the sky, then driving sports cars, and they'd have their uniforms on, and it looked pretty snappy. If I had not become a musician, I would probably have become a pilot. Something had to get me out of my dull existence in Mobile. I wanted to see the world, and these guys moved and traveled, and I wanted to go. That was just in my blood. I always was a road dog."

*"Now, how about <u>that</u> for leg room?"*

# PASSPORT TO FUN

You could push the 282-horsepower BMW 540i Sport to its limit on the way home from the dealership and end up in traffic court. Or you could take advantage of BMW's European Delivery Program, open up the car on the autobahn—and save a cool $4800 off the list price. Foreign delivery programs are offered by most European carmakers and are one of the best-kept secrets in the auto biz. You get the same vehicle you would buy here, with the same specs, except you pick it up where it's made. After driving the automobile around Europe for a while (racing down German highways or tooling through villages in the Swiss Alps), you drop it off at a preselected destination and fly home. Your car is shipped across the Atlantic, then trucked to your local dealership, where you pick it up. It's a hassle-free process that can save you big bucks on the price of the vehicle—enough to cover your European vacation.

The program offered by Mercedes-Benz is the most comprehensive in the industry. You can walk into any Mercedes dealership in this country and pick the model and options you want. Every Mercedes available here is eligible, except for the M-class, which is manufactured in Alabama. The program offers a five percent discount and includes leased vehicles. And although you have to order your car three to four months in advance, it's worth the wait.

When you arrive at the plant in Sindelfingen (outside Stuttgart), the carmaker pays your cab fare from the airport or train station. It also throws in two nights with breakfast at the Hotel Intercontinental Stuttgart (or at one of five other hotels) as well as a meal at the delivery center. You tour the factory and learn how your car was made. Then Mercedes turns you loose with a full tank of gas and 15 days' worth of free insurance. The company offers an optional driving itinerary called the Black Forest–Alps Rally Package, with a route chosen to showcase the car's performance, plus meals and an additional four nights at deluxe hotels—all for about $1000 per couple. To make the most of your time in Europe, you can drop off the car in one of 20 cities. Six to nine weeks later it's at your dealership.

BMW offers larger discounts, with prices up to ten percent below retail. Any German-built Beemer that can be purchased in the States is available and can be picked up at the BMW dealership in Munich. Though the program does not cover hotel stays, you get lunch and the choice of nearly 20 drop-off points from Italy to London. It also includes a month's worth of insurance.

Saab allows customers to choose among 11 pickup points. The purchase price, also about ten percent below retail, includes delivery to the main Saab factory, in Trollhättan, Sweden. For a surcharge, you can pick up the car in any of the remaining ten European cities. Likewise, Saab offers three free drop-off points, and 26 others for a nominal fee. Insurance plans are available at a cost.

The Saab program is especially popular with people who will be in Europe for an extended time—for work, study or pleasure. While most other manufacturers require the cars to be shipped to the States within six or 12 months, Saab's complimentary shipping service is available for a full five years after purchase. The program includes the 900 series and the 9000, which is in its final year of production for the U.S. market. This spring, the 1999 9-5 models will be available as well.

Volvo's program allows free pickup at its Göteborg, Sweden plant, with the option of 16 other cities at various charges. The company offers about a ten percent discount but lacks additional incentives. For example, the only models available for foreign delivery are the V70 and S70, and the company charges for insurance. What's more, back in the U.S. you have to pick up your car at the dock or pay an extra $625 for inland delivery to a dealer. For those who want a really hot car, discounts may not apply. Porsche dropped the discounts offered in previous years and tacked on surcharges: $1150 for the Boxster and $2250 for 911 models delivered overseas in 1998.

—LARRY OLMSTED

**Saab's 900 SE convertible (top), Porsche's 911 Carrera Targa (bottom) and BMW's 540i Sport (right) are all available through foreign delivery programs. The bonuses of buying a car this way? You can save up to ten percent off the retail price—and drive on Europe's open roads.**



WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 143.

## A Delightful Cover-Up

You can see MARLENE REDMAYNE dancing in *Reasonable Doubt*, starring Melanie Griffith. Did you catch her on *Baywatch* or in the current issue of *Lowrider* magazine? Hurry.

© DOUGLAS STREGLEITER

© TIM JAHNS

## Le Is Lovely

KATY LE has made music videos with Asian singers Tai Thai and Keith To, appeared in *Phat Beach* and has been a promotional model for boxing matches. She sure knocks us out.

## Read All About It

How does 61 look? Like singer SHIRLEY BASSEY, who was in the States in concert this past fall in New York and Los Angeles. Best remembered for her brush with 007, singing the *Goldfinger* theme, Shirley still has her chops—and her legs.

© TOBI CORNEY/RETNA

© PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC

## In a State

Any day now, the cult followers of MORPHINE will start a stampede. The no-guitar, heavy-on-the-sax band has four albums. The most recent, *Like Swimming*, will make you a convert.

ROY BARNETT/GLOBE PHOTOS

## In All Her Gloria

As Jeanie Boulet, the HIV-positive physician's assistant, actress GLORIA REUBEN puts an entirely different face on the epidemic every Thursday night on *ER*. Now that we've had a peek under her whites, we need medical attention ourselves.

## What's Up, Tigerlily?

NATALIE MERCHANT is back in the studio working on a follow-up to *Tigerlily*, her first solo album. She played some festival dates last spring and summer, but now Natalie is letting her songs do the talking.

## Suited for the Sea

Czech-born model MONIKA HÁJKOVÁ had a small part in the Oscar-winning foreign film *Kolya* and also appeared in the Czech edition of PLAYBOY. Beach bunny, indeed.

© ANDY PEARLMAN

## BOX FULL OF MOONLIGHT

"You are my sun, my moon, my stars . . . ," reads the card that accompanies Heart's Desire, a romantic gift set to be given by men who are into valentines, passion and one-stop shopping. The package includes 3.3 ounces of Mezzaluna perfume by Jean Philippe Paris, the *Worlds Away* jazz CD or cassette, a shiny gold star-shaped candle, a white silk thong adorned with red hearts and a handmade heart-shaped pillow with a secret wish pocket—for the key to a new Porsche, perhaps? Price: $79. To order, call Bright Ideas at 888-LUV-4332.

## IT'S NOT A DRAG

*The Smoking Life*, Ilene Barth's witty survey of tobacco customs past and present, includes personal anecdotes, the all-time best movie smoking scenes, quotes from famous puffers, recipes for tobacco-based products, a list of "never-evers" (people who avoided tobacco like the plague), a smoking time line, an ode to cigars and more. Barth confesses in her introduction (called "Would You Care to Join Me?"), "I bought my first pack of Newports at 15," and goes on to admit: "Celebrating smoking is a hard job, but someone's got to do it—honestly." And Ilene Barth does. Price: $29.95. Call 888-463-4461.

## JUNK BONDING

Matthew Labul, a co-founder of the International Junk Food of the Month Club, has a tasty offer. Join his club, and a combined box of candy, cake, cookies and chips from around the world will be delivered to your door each month. "The planet's best" goodies include macadamia-and-coconut-covered popcorn from the U.S. and hazelnut cakes from Italy. The price ranges from $20 for a one-pound, eight-ounce box to $40 for the "insanely deluxe" four-pound box. One-time gifts are also available. Call 888-SNACK-U4EA to sign on.

JOHN O'BRIEN

## MAY THE HELMETS BE WITH YOU

*Star Wars* fanatics who can't wait for a prequel can scratch their itch with the authentic miniature helmets of Darth Vader, C-3PO, Boba Fett, a stormtrooper and an X-wing pilot. Replicas of the movie originals (at 45 percent scale) are mounted on a swivel display base and come with a certificate of authenticity from Lucasfilm Ltd. Price: $70 to $95. Call 800-RIDDELL.

## LEGENDS OF THE MALL

When you think classic, do you picture Mont Blanc pens, Louis Vuitton luggage and Harry Winston jewelry? Or is it more like Levi's jeans, Heinz ketchup and Louisville Sluggers? All of these objects make the cut in *Classics: The Best the World Has to Offer*, by Mon Muellerschoen. The book features 250 photographs and showcases 75 items that have "transcended their original purpose and become icons of perfection." Price: $30 in bookstores.

## NOW THAT'S A DRINK

There are only 300 bottles of A. Hardy's Perfection Cognac available, and for good reason. The unblended, pre-phylloxera colombard, dating to the mid-1800s, was aged in oak kegs and "set aside by Antony Hardy for what eventually became his fifth generation of grandchildren." The limited-edition cognac comes in a genuine Daum French crystal decanter and costs $5000 per unit (750 milliliters). That's about $50 a sip. We suggest you sip it slowly. Very slowly. To order, call 847-698-9860 or write A. Hardy/USA at 9501 West Devon Avenue, Rosemont, IL 60018.

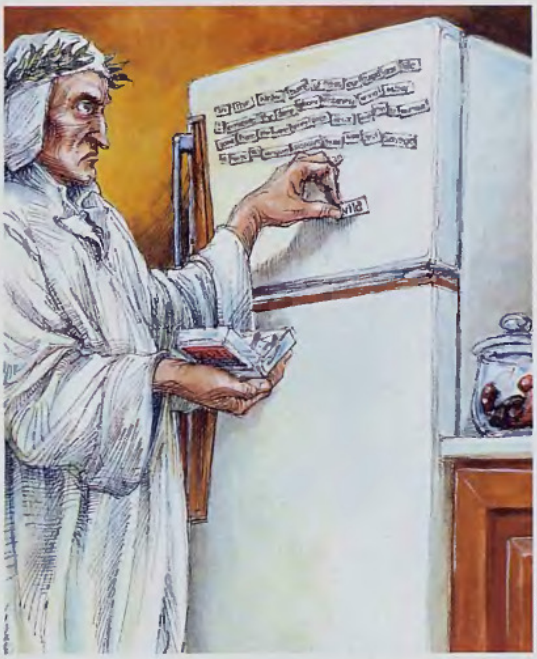
## FOR SPEED RACERS ONLY

Doak Ewing has turned an interest in sports nostalgia into Rare Sportsfilms, a company that restores historical sports films from the Forties through the Seventies. Ewing's latest endeavor is a collection of vintage Nascar racing videos (made from the original 16-millimeter prints and featuring historical narration, soundtrack and titles) that range from 1951's Daytona to the Southern 500 at Darlington, South Carolina in 1978. Price: $24.95 each. Call 630-527-8890.

DARREN THOMPSON

## PERVERSE VERSE

It was only a matter of time before Magnetic Poetry, the tiny, word-imprinted magnets, got kinky. Invented in 1993, Mag-Po (as devotees call it) has spawned a slew of spinoffs, including Athletica (sports words) and Epicura (food terms). But our favorite is Erotica, which enables lusty lyricists to add *squeeze*, *shudder*, *gyrate* and *penetrate* to their lexicon. Price: $9.95. To order, call 800-370-7697.



JOHN SCHNELLER

## AT HOME AT THE MOVIES

We give two thumbs-up to *Theo Kalomirakis' Private Theaters*, a book that takes you inside 11 of the designer's custom-made home theaters. Included is Bubble Hill, the Thirties-style screening room in Eddie Murphy's home, and the Mayfair, a lavish Italian Renaissance–style theater he created for a New Jersey businessman. Written by Brett Anderson and photographed by Phillip Ennis, the tome shows interesting aspects of each theater, such as full-scale marquees, ticket booths and fully stocked snack bars. Price: $50 at bookstores.

# NEXT MONTH

BATHING BONANZA

HIRED KILLER

CRITICS' CHOICE

JAIME PRESSLY

**PLAYBOY'S SPECIAL SWIMSUIT ISSUE**—WITH NO SWIMSUITS! THAT'S RIGHT, 12 PAGES OF BATHING BEAUTIES WITH NO DISTRACTIONS FROM TRENDY DESIGNERS. PLUS, THIS YEAR'S NUMBER ONE SAND STAR AND NEW *BAYWATCH* BABE, **MARLIECE ANDRADA**

**THE TOUGHEST JOB IN NEW YORK**—IT'S THE ULTIMATE HIGH-PRESSURE JOB FOR THE COPS WHO NEGOTIATE WITH HOSTAGE TAKERS. WE GO BEHIND THE SCENES WITH NEW YORK CITY'S COP TALK TEAM—ARTICLE BY **ED CONLON**

**JOHN HOLMES**—THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS PORN STAR WAS THE REAL DIRK DIGGLER. LONG AFTER HE DIED OF AIDS, HIS LEGEND LIVES ON. **CRAIG VETTER** GOES DEEP IN A PLAYBOY PROFILE

**A GUY'S GUIDE TO DATING**—LONG ON ROMANTIC IMPULSE BUT SHORT ON THE RIGHT MOVES? NOT TO WORRY. TWO SHREWD GUYS SHOW YOU HOW TO SEAL THE DEAL IN THEIR NEW BOOK—ARTICLE BY **BRENDAN BABER** AND **ERIC SPITZNAGEL**

**25 BEST RESTAURANTS**—PLAYBOY'S EXCLUSIVE POLL. THE NATION'S PREMIERE FOOD WRITERS, CRITICS AND RESTAURATEURS TELL YOU WHERE TO EAT AND WHY, FROM NEW YORK TO LOS ANGELES, FROM FISH TO FUSION. DON'T MISS IT

**KEVIN KLINE**—FROM *A FISH CALLED WANDA* TO *IN & OUT*, HE HAS CRACKED US UP FOR YEARS. IN THIS MONTH'S INTERVIEW THE OSCAR HOPEFUL FOR *THE ICE STORM* TALKS ABOUT WANDA MANIA AND HOLLYWOOD'S OBSESSION WITH OUTING

**KELLER'S LAST REFUGE**—LIFE AS A PROFESSIONAL ASSASSIN IS FULL OF SURPRISES, AS KELLER FINDS OUT WHEN HE TAKES UP WITH THE U.S. GOVERNMENT—NONSTOP FICTION BY **LAWRENCE BLOCK**

**TREND SPOTTING**—GET A SNEAK PEAK AT WHAT THE DESIGNERS HAVE IN STORE WITH OUR EXCLUSIVE TOUR OF THE RUNWAYS. WE WANT YOU TO BE PREPARED FOR SPRING. AND BE SURE TO INVEST IN PLENTY OF BLUE SHIRTS—THEY'RE HOT. FASHION BY **HOLLIS WAYNE**

**PLUS:** 20 QUESTIONS WITH THE ULTIMATE CATALOG MAN **JOHN PETERMAN,** A TWISTED SELECTION OF CORKSCREWS, **HELMUT NEWTON'S** PLAYMATE, A DANGEROUS TAKE ON *POISON IVY* STAR **JAIME PRESSLY,** FUTURISTIC WATCHES AND ANOTHER FABULOUS LOOK AT PLAYMATE **ERIKA ELENIAK**

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